A Bib. Julian

SELECTION

OF

HYMNS

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS,

INTENDED TO BE AN

APPENDIX

TO

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.

BY JOHN RIPPON, A. M.

LONDON.

PRINTED BY THOMAS WILKINS.

And Sold on Week Days, at the Vestry of Mr Rippon's Meeting-House.

MDCCLXXXVII.

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PREFACE.

THE Hymns and Pſalms of that ſweet Singer in Iſrael, Dr. Watts, have juſtly obtained a diſtinguiſhed Reputation, among different Denominations of good Men, and rendered his Memory dear to Thouſands. They appear to me better adapted to public Worſhip, than any other Book which I have ſeen, and it would pain me very much, to find any One ſuſpecting my moſt cordial Attachment to them. Unleſs I am very much miſtaken, I have often felt their beneficial Influence on my Mind, and I do, with the greateſt Pleaſure, rank among their warmeſt Admirers.

OCCASION OF THIS SELECTION.

But it was never imagined, by Dr. Watts, or, any other intelligent Perſon, that it would be for ever improper to introduce other Hymns into a Congregation where his are uſed. And it muſt be acknowledged, copious and excellent as they are, that they do not include every Subject that is needful for public Worſhip; for it has often been very difficult if not impoſſible after Sermon, to find a Hymn quite ſuitable to the Diſcourſe which has been delivered. Hence, the Miniſter, or the Leader of the Pſalmody has been under a Neceſſity of taking a Hymn, now from one Author, and then from another, and ſome of our ſenior Miniſters have

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ſometimes introduced a Hymn of their own. Theſe Methods have been edifying to the People, but an Inconvenience has attended them; the People have not had, in their own Books, the Hymn which has been ſung, and, To-day they have aſked, "Who was the Author of it?" and they have been told, it was one of Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems; a Month after they have made a ſimilar Enquiry, and have learned that the Hymn was Dr. Doddridge's; the next Time they enquired, they found they had been comforted, by one of Preſident Davies's of America, or elſe, by the united Piety and Poetry of Theodoſia.—At laſt, not being able to find all theſe Hymns, in any two or three, or ten Books, they have aſked another Queſtion, "Why could we not have ſome of the beſt Hymns in all theſe Authors put together, and uſed with Dr. Watts?" Such Enquiries gave Birth to the preſent Publication.

INTENTION OF THIS VOLUME.

This Selection was never intended, either directly or indirectly, to ſet aſide Dr. Watts, in any Congregation upon Earth; on the contrary, it is hoped that he will be more uſed than ever. And that he may be ſo, his Hymns and Pſalms keeping their former Place, a Number of Hymns has been introduced from his Lyric Poems, Sermons, and Miſcellanies, into this Volume, not only greater than has yet appeared in any one Collection of Hymns for public Worſhip; but, I believe, exceeding what has been printed in all of them put together.

ther. Theſe, I flatter myſelf, will be highly acceptable to the *real* Friends of Dr. Watts.

But as Dr. Watts has not many *whole* Hymns, on the Characters of Chriſt—the Work of the Spirit—the Graces and Chriſtian Tempers—the Parables of the New Teſtament—the Ordinance of Baptiſm—and but few ſuited to Aſſociations and General Meetings of Churches and Miniſters—Ordinations—Church Meetings—Meetings of Prayer—Annual Sermons to young People, &c. great Care has been taken, that this Book ſhould be on the one Hand, a good *Supplement*, filling up, in ſome Meaſure theſe Deficiences; while it is on the other, an *Appendix*, containing ſome Hymns on the ſame Subjects, as may be found in Dr. Watts: theſe have been ſelected that we may not always ſing of the ſame Thing in the ſame Words, but enjoy Variety in the Work of Praiſe, which is generally ſo acceptable in the Duty of Prayer.

When Dr. Watts's Hymns and Pſalms were introduced, there were ſome who found great Fault with them, intimating that they had Pſalms enough already; and it may be there are ſome well-meaning Perſons now, of a ſimilar Deſcription—to ſuch, I take the Liberty of ſaying, that, I think, it will be very difficult to find any wiſe and good Man, who has taken the Lead in public Pſalmody, with proper Attention, for Seven Years, and is, after ſuch a Trial, of their Way of thinking. A too great Variety is a Thing ſcarcely to be conceived of, and I confeſs my Fear is, not-

withſtanding this Addition of above Five-Hundred Hymns, that after Sermon there will be many Subjects ſought for in vain, both in this Appendix, and in Dr. Watts. To provide for this Inconvenience, as far as poſſible, I have placed together a Number of ſhort Hymns, to be ſung after Sermon. Theſe will, perhaps, often be helpful, when no one can be found, exactly ſuitable to the Diſcourſe, as they are on very general Subjects, ſuch as "Praiſe for the Goſpel—A Bleſſing requeſted on the Word preached," and, on many other Topicks of very common Concern.

Some of the beſt Judges who have been conſulted on this Head, have recommended a Variety of Meaſures. Patrick's Pſalms are confined, I obſerve, to three Meaſures; Dr. Watts's Pſalms are thrown into nine; but ſome of theſe Meaſures are now ſo much out of Uſe that they are ſcarcely ever ſung. In their Room, I have introduced a few others, perhaps not enough to gratify every one, but, I believe, moſt of thoſe, which are known, and valued in our diſſenting Congregations, throughout England.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

The numerous Miniſters, and other Brethren to whom I have read, or ſent my Deſign, have, one and all, unanimouſly encouraged me to go forward; and after I had laid my Plan, and collected great Part of my Materials, I was, more than ever, convinced that an Appendix, to Dr. Watts's Hymns and Pſalms, was a Thing very generally deſired, from one End of the Kingdom to the other. For I found, that ſeveral

veral Miniſters, in very different Counties, who were unacquainted with each others Intention, had actually begun a Work of this kind; but, hearing that I had advanced pretty far in a Selection, which ſhould be diſtinguiſhed from others, by an orderly Arrangement of Subjects, they dropped their Deſign, and three of them, very politely and voluntarily favored me with ſuch Communications as lay me under very conſiderable Obligations. My grateful Acknowledgments attend theſe my Brethren, as well as ſeveral other of my Friends, who have in different Ways, generouſly contributed towards this Compilation.

MATERIALS AND AUTHORS.

As this Book is an Appendix to Dr. Watts, I have not ſelected from his Hymns and Pſalms, but I have gone through more than *Ninety* printed Volumes of Hymn-Books, Hymns, Pſalms, &c. attentively peruſing all the Collections I could obtain in this Country and in America. That publiſhed about the Year 1770, by the Rev. Meſſrs. Aſh, and Evans, is a Collection indeed. I will not ſay all the honorable Things which my Mind dictates concerning it, but I will ſay, that it is by no Means inferior to any Collection of Hymns that I have ſeen; yet, as Dr. Watts is but ſeldom uſed where the Briſtol Collection is introduced, mine will not be likely to claſh with it. For though its great Variety of Subjects renders this Selection more fit to be uſed alone, than moſt of the Collections

lections extant, it is designed to be used, where Dr. Watts's Hymns and Psalms have the Preference to all others.

I hope it will be observed, that some of the Hymns which I have chosen, have been inserted in the greater Part of the best Collections, and, I judge it is a sufficient Proof of their Worth that they have been esteemed by so many good Men. There are more than *Three Hundred* others, some of which indeed have been printed before, but none of them, I think have ever appeared in any Collection for public Worship, till now.

The ORIGINAL Hymns which adorn this Volume, and which were never before printed, make almost one-fourth Part of the Whole. For these (not to mention here all the valuable Persons, whose Names or Signatures stand in the Book) I am indebted to the present Dr. Stennett, the Rev. Mr. Turner of Abingdon, the Rev. Mr. Beddome of Bourton, and the Rev. Mr. Francis of Horsely; Names, which have been for many Years, Ornaments of the Denomination to which they belong, and which I mention, with the highest personal Respect—a Respect, in which I am joined by the wisest and best Men, in all our Churches. The friendly Communications of these Gentlemen have been no inconsiderable Acquisition—but it is proper to remark, that though this Volume is indebted to them, for many of its Beauties, they are accountable for none of the

the Blemiſhes, that may appear in Hymns which do not bear their Names.

In moſt Places, where the Names of the Authors were known, they are put at full Length, but the Hymns which are not ſo diſtinguiſhed, or which have only a ſingle Letter prefixed to them, were, many of them com-compoſed by a Perſon unknown, or elſe have undergone ſome conſiderable Alterations. The Author of the firſt Hymn wiſhes it ſomewhere to be ſaid, that the leading Idea of it was taken from Addiſon.

I truſt it will be found, that the Hymns in this Selection, are truly evangelical; but if any Sentiment or Expreſſion has eſcaped me, that is contrary to the ſacred Oracles, I hope I ſhall be willing to correct it, whenever an Opportunity may offer. It would pain me beyond Expreſſion, if there were any Hymn in the Book, that might give juſt Reaſon for Offence, to any ſerious Mind. I hope no Line, nor even Syllable will be found, tending to make the Breaches between good Men, wider than they are already. It has given me no ſmall Pleaſure, to unite, as far as I could, different Denominations of Miniſters, and Chriſtians on Earth, in the ſame noble Work, which ſhall for ever employ them above. It has not been my Enquiry, *whoſe* Hymns ſhall I chooſe, but *what* Hymns; and hence it will be ſeen, that Churchmen and Diſſenters, Watts and Tate, Weſley and Toplady, England and America ſing Side by Side, and very often join in the ſame Triumph, uſing the ſame Words. And when Chriſt has been the Subject of the Song, we have been ready to ſay,

Europe, and *Asia* shall resound,
With *Africa*, his Fame;
And thou, *America*, in Songs
Redeeming Love proclaim.

ORDER OF THE VOLUME.

I have aimed, all through the Book, at an easy Method, a Scheme of which may be seen in the Page which faces the first Hymn. By this Means, I hope, it will be easy to find almost any Subject. But as no two Persons would be likely to arrange five Hundred Hymns alike, and as some Hymns may bear two or three Titles (as many in Dr. Watts's Book do) and therefore stand with Propriety under different Heads, perhaps it may turn out on Examination, that I have not placed all the Hymns, where some attentive Persons would have expected to find them. Should any of them be found in a less proper Place than they might have had, it will give me Pleasure if none of them stand in an improper Place. There appeared to me some Reason for placing them where they are, if this should not appear to others, I have the Consolation to reflect that the intrinsic Merit of the Hymn will not be lessened by its standing in a wrong Leaf, and that if the whole Book is not reduced to a *perfect* Method, a copious Index will be very likely to make Amends, for all Deficiences of this Sort.

MANNER OF SINGING.

"It were to be wished," says Dr. Watts, "that we might not dwell so long upon every single

ſingle Note, and produce the Syllables to ſuch a tireſome Extent with a conſtant Uniformity of Time; which diſgraces the Muſic, and puts the Congregation quite out of Breath in ſinging five or ſix Stanzas: Whereas if the *Method of Singing* were but reformed to a greater Speed of Pronunciation, we might often enjoy the Pleaſure of a longer Pſalm, with leſs Expence of Time and Breath; and our Pſalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient Churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourſelves —It were to be wiſhed alſo, that all Congregations and private Families, would ſing as they do in foreign Proteſtant Countries, without reading Line by Line."

The ſeveral Miniſters who preached a Courſe of Sermons in EAST CHEAP, dated 1708, 1711, 1717, ſay under the Duty of Singing "There remains one Thing we are concerned to plead for, and this is a Practice which has lately obtained in ſome of our Congregations, and that is *Singing of Pſalms without Reading*. This has been Matter of Scruple to ſome People. And to remove an old Cuſtom, *though a bad one*, is like removing the ancient Land-Marks." The Arguments which are given in theſe Sermons for Singing without parcelling out the Lines, are very convincing—and I have the Pleaſure to remark that this Practice is gaining Ground in ſome Congregations of the firſt Note in London, at Briſtol, and elſewhere—and it is hoped that it will ſoon become pretty general where it can be conveniently introduced.

CON-

CONCLUSION.

I have not the Vanity to ſuppoſe, that theſe Materials would not have appeared to greater Advantage, if they had paſſed through other Hands, but I can ſay with Truth, I have done my beſt. And when I have looked around, and ſeen the Men who were moſt fitted for this Work, buſily and honorably engaged, in writing and printing on ſuch Subjects, as the Spirit of the Times makes it neceſſary to diſcuſs, or in preaching very frequently; Bleſſings to the Churches over which they preſide, and to the Villages, all around them; a Hope has been indulged, that it would not be thought criminal in a Junior Brother, were he, (uſing an old Simile) to walk abroad and gather up the Golden Ears which have long lain ſcattered in the Fields of Piety and Genius, that ſo a Sheaf of Gratitude might be preſented by an affectionate Paſtor, to his affectionate People.

J. R.

No. 10, GRANGE-ROAD,
Southwark.

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HYMNS, &c.

GOD.

HYMN I. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

A Song of Praiſe to God.

TO God the univerſal King
Let all Mankind their Tribute bring:
All that have Breath, your Voices raiſe,
In Songs of never-ceaſing Praiſe.

The ſpacious Earth on which we tread,
And wider Heavens ſtretch'd o'er our Head,
A large and ſolemn Temple frame,
To celebrate its Builder's Fame.

Here the bright Sun that rules the Day,
As thro' the Sky he makes his Way,
To all the World proclaims aloud
The boundleſs Sov'reignty of God.

When from his Courts the Sun retires,
And with the Day his Voice expires,
The Moon and Stars adopt the Song,
And thro' the Night the Praiſe prolong.

The liſt'ning Earth with Rapture hears
Th' harmonious Muſick of the Spheres;
And all her Tribes the Notes repeat,
That God is wiſe, and good, and great.

But Man endow'd with nobler Pow'rs,
His God in nobler Strains adores:
His is the Gift to know the Song,
As well as ſing with tuneful Tongue.

II. L. M. WILLIAMS's PSALMS.

The Unity of GOD, Deut. vi. 4.

1 ETERNAL GOD! Almighty Cauſe
Of Earth and Seas and Worlds unknown;
All Things are ſubject to thy Laws;
All Things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious Being ſingly ſtands,
Of all within itſelf poſſeſt;
Control'd by none are thy Commands;
Thou from thyſelf alone art bleſt.

3 To thee alone Ourſelves we owe;
Let Heaven and Earth due Homage pay;
All other Gods we diſavow,
Deny their Claims, renounce their Sway.

4 Spread thy great Name thro' Heathen Lands;
Their Idol-deities dethrone;
Reduce the World to thy Command,
And reign, as thou art, GOD alone.

III. L. M.

The Spirituality of GOD, John iv. 24.

1 THOU art, O GOD! a Spirit pure,
Inviſible to mortal Eyes;
Th' immortal, and the eternal King,
The Great, the Good, the only Wiſe.

2 Whilſt Nature changes, and her Works
Corrupt, decay, diſſolve and die,
Thy Eſſence pure no Change ſhall ſee,
Secure of Immortality.

3 Thou great Inviſible! what Hand
Can draw thy Image ſpotleſs fair?
To what in Heaven, to what on Earth,
Can Men th' immortal King compare?

4 Let ſtupid Heathens frame their Gods
Of Gold and Silver, Wood and Stone;
Ours is the GOD that made the Heavens,
JEHOVAH HE, and GOD alone.

5 My Soul, thy pureſt Homage pay,
In Truth and Spirit him adore;
More ſhall this pleaſe than Sacrifice,
Than outward Forms, delight him more.

IV. L. M. STEELE.

The Eternity of GOD *and Man's Mortality*, Pſ. xc.

1 LORD, thou haſt been thy Children's GOD,
All-powerful, wiſe, and good, and juſt,
In every Age their ſafe Abode,
Their Hope, their Refuge, and their Truſt.

2 Before thy Word gave Nature Birth,
Or ſpread the ſtarry Heavens abroad,
Or form'd the varied Face of Earth,
From everlaſting thou art GOD.

3 Great Father of Eternity,
How ſhort are Ages in thy Sight!
A thouſand Years, how ſwift they fly,
Like one ſhort ſilent Watch of Night!

4 Uncertain Life, how ſoon it flies!
Dream of an Hour, how ſhort our Bloom!
Like Spring's gay Verdure now we riſe,
Cut down e'er Night to fill the Tomb.

5 Teach us to count our ſhort'ning Days,
And with true Diligence apply
Our Hearts to Wiſdom's ſacred Ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

6 O make our ſacred Pleaſures riſe,
In ſweet Proportion to our Pains,
'Till ev'n the ſad Remembrance dies,
Nor one uneaſy Thought complains.

7 Let thy Almighty Work appear,
With Power and Evidence divine;
And may the Bliſs thy Servants ſhare,
Continued to their Children ſhine.

8 Thy glorious Image fair impreſt,
Let all our Hearts and Lives declare;
Beneath thy kind Protection bleſt,
May all our Labors own thy Care.

V. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

The Immutability of God *and the Mutability of the Creation*, Pſalm cii. 25.—28.

1 GREAT Former of this various Frame,
Our Souls adore thine awful Name;
And bow and tremble, while they praiſe
The Ancient of eternal Days.

2 Thou, Lord, with unſurpriſ'd Survey,
Saw'ſt Nature riſing Yeſterday;
And, as To-morrow, ſhall thine Eye
See Earth and Stars in Ruin lie.

3 Beyond an Angel's Viſion bright,
Thou dwell'ſt in ſelf-exiſtent Light;
Which ſhines with undiminiſh'd Ray,
While Suns and Worlds in Smoke decay.

4 Our Days a tranſient Period run,
And change with ev'ry circling Sun;
And in the firmeſt State we boaſt,
A Moth can cruſh us into Duſt.

5 But let the Creatures fall around:
Let Death conſign us to the Ground:
Let the laſt general Flame ariſe,
And melt the Arches of the Skies:

6 Calm as the Summer's Ocean, we
Can all the Wreck of Nature ſee,
While Grace ſecures us an Abode,
Unſhaken as the Throne of GOD.

VI. C. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.

The Infinite.

1 THY Names, how infinite they be!
Great EVERLASTING One!
Boundleſs thy Might and Majeſty,
And unconfin'd thy Throne.

2 Thy Glories ſhine of wonderous Size,
And wonderous large thy Grace;
Immortal Day breaks from thine Eyes,
And *Gabriel* veils his Face.

3 Thine Eſſence is a vaſt Abyſs,
Which Angels cannot ſound,
An Ocean of Infinities
Where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

4 The Myſteries of Creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd Minds;
Thoughts can aſcend above the Sky,
And fly before the Winds.

5 Reaſon may graſp the maſſy Hills,
And ſtretch from Pole to Pole,
But half thy Name our Spirit fills,
And overloads our Soul.

6 In vain our haughty Reaſon ſwells,
For Nothing's found in Thee
But boundleſs Unconceivables,
And vaſt Eternity.

VII. L. M. MERRICK'S PSALMS.

Omnipotence, or, *the Power and Providence of* GOD, Pſalm CXXXV.

1 YE Servants of your GOD, his Fame
In Songs of higheſt Praiſe proclaim:
Ye, who on his Commands intent,
The Courts of Iſrael's LORD frequent.

2 Him praiſe, the everlaſting King,
And Mercy's unexhauſted Spring:
Haſte, to his Name your Voices rear;
What Name like his the Heart can cheer?

3 Thy Greatneſs, LORD, my Thoughts atteſt,
With awful Gratitude impreſs'd,
Nor know, among the Seats divine,
A Power that ſhall contend with thine:

4 O Thou, whoſe all-diſpoſing Sway,
The Heavens, the Earth, and Seas obey;
Whoſe Might through all Extent extends,
Sinks through all Depth, all Height tranſcends;

5 From Earth's low Margin to the Skies,
Now bids the pregnant Vapors riſe,
The Lightning's pallid Sheet expands,
And glads with Show'rs the furrow'd Lands:

6 Now from thy Storehouſe, built on high,
Permits th' impriſon'd Winds to fly,
And, guided by thy Will, to ſweep
The Surface of the foaming Deep.

7 Him praiſe, the everlaſting King,
And Mercy's unexhauſted Spring:
Haſte, to his Name your Voices rear;
What Name like his the Heart can cheer!

VIII. C. M. BLACKLOCK.

The Omnipreſence and Omniſcience of GOD.
Pſalm cxxxix.

1 LORD, thou with an unerring Beam
Surveyeſt all my Powers;
My riſing Steps are watch'd by thee,
By thee, my reſting Hours.

2 My Thoughts, ſcarce ſtruggling into Birth,
Great GOD, are known to thee:
Abroad, at Home, ſtill I'm inclos'd
With thine Immenſity.

3 To thee the Labyrinths of Life
In open View appear;
Nor ſteals a Whiſper from my Lips
Without thy liſtening Ear.

4 Behind I glance, and thou art there;
Before me ſhines thy Name;
And 'tis thy ſtrong Almighty Hand
Suſtains my tender Frame.

5 Such Knowledge mocks the vain Eſſays
Of my aſtoniſh'd Mind;
Nor can my Reaſon's ſoaring Eye
Its towering Summit find.

PAUSE.

6 Where from thy Spirit ſhall I ſtretch
The Pinions of my Flight?
Or where, thro' Nature's ſpacious Range,
Shall I elude thy Sight?

7 Scal'd I the Skies; the Blaze divine
Would overwhelm my Soul:
Plung'd I to Hell; there ſhould I hear
Thine awful Thunders roll.

8 If on a Morning's darting Ray
With matchleſs Speed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely Shore,
That bounds the Ocean's Flood;

9 Thither thine Hand, all-preſent GOD,
Muſt guide the wonderous Way,
And thine Omnipotence ſupport
The Fabric of my Clay.

10 Should I involve myſelf around
With Clouds of tenfold Night,
The Clouds would ſhine like blazing Noon
Before thy piercing Sight.

11 "The Beams of Noon, the midnight Hour
"Are both alike to thee:
"O may I ne'er provoke that Power
"From which I cannot flee."

IX. C. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.

Divine Sovereignty; or, GOD's *Dominion and Decrees.*

1 KEEP Silence all created Things,
And wait your Maker's Nod:
My Soul ſtands trembling, while ſhe ſings
The Honors of her GOD.

2 Life, Death, and Hell, and Worlds unknown
Hang on his firm Decree:
He ſits on no precarious Throne,
Nor borrows Leave TO BE.

3 Chain'd to his Throne, a Volume lies,
With all the Fates of Men,
With every Angel's Form and Size,
Drawn by th' eternal Pen.

4 His Providence unfolds the Book,
And makes his Counſels ſhine;
Each opening Leaf, and every Stroke
Fulfils ſome deep Deſign.

5 Here, he exalts neglected Worms
To Scepters and a Crown;
And there, the following Page he turns,
And treads the Monarch down.

6 Not *Gabriel* aſks the Reaſon why,
Nor GOD the Reaſon gives;
Nor dares the favorite Angel pry
Between the folded Leaves.

7 My GOD, I would not long to ſee
My Fate with curious Eyes,
What gloomy Lines are writ for me,
Or what bright Scenes may riſe.

8 In thy fair Book of Life and Grace,
O may I find my Name,
Recorded in ſome humble Place,
Beneath my LORD the Lamb.

X. SEVENS. B. FRANCIS.

The Majeſty of GOD.

1 GLORY to the eternal King,
Clad in Majeſty ſupreme:
Let all Heaven his Praiſes ſing,
Let all Worlds his Power proclaim.

2 Through Eternity he reigns
In unbounded Realms of Light;
He the Univerſe ſuſtains,
As an Atom in his Sight.

3 Suns on Suns through boundleſs Space,
With their Syſtems, move or ſtand,
Or, to occupy their Place,
New Orbs riſe—at his Command.

4 Kingdoms flouriſh, Empires fall,
Nations live, and Nations die,
All forms Nothing, Nothing all—
At the Movement of his Eye.

5 O let my tranſported Soul
Ever on his Glories gaze,
Ever yield to his Control,
Ever ſound his lofty Praiſe.

XI. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Wiſdom of GOD.

1 WAIT, O my Soul, thy Maker's Will,
Tumultuous Paſſions all be ſtill!
Nor let a murmuring Thought ariſe,
Juſt are his Ways, his Councils wiſe.

2 He in the thickeſt Darkneſs dwells,
Performs his Work, the Cauſe conceals;
But tho' his Methods are unknown,
Judgment and Truth ſupport his Throne.

3 In Heaven, and Earth, and Air, and Seas,
He executes his firm Decrees;
And by his Saints it ſtands confeſt,
That what he does is ever beſt.

4 Wait then, my Soul, ſubmiſſive wait,
Proſtrate before his awful Seat;
And 'midſt the Terrors of his Rod,
Truſt in a wiſe and gracious GOD.

XII. C. M. STEELE.

The Goodneſs of GOD, Nahum i. 7.

1 YE humble Souls, approach your GOD
With Songs of ſacred Praiſe,
For he is good, immenſely good,
And kind are all his Ways.

2 All Nature owns his guardian Care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler Benefits declare
The Wonders of his Love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ranſom rebel Worms;
'Tis here he makes his Goodneſs known
In its diviner Forms.

4 To this dear Refuge, LORD, we come,
'Tis here our Hope relies;
A ſafe Defence, a peaceful Home,
When Storms of Trouble riſe.

5 Thine Eye beholds, with kind Regard,
The Souls who truſt in thee;
Their humble Hope thou wilt rewar
With Bliſs divinely free.

6 Great GOD, to thy Almighty Love,
What Honors ſhall we raiſe?
Not all the raptur'd Songs above
Can render equal Praiſe.

XIII. L. M.

The Loving-kindneſs of the LORD, Iſa. lxiii. 7.

1 AWAKE my Soul, in joyful Lays,
And ſing thy great Redeemer's Praiſe;
He juſtly claims a Song from me,
His Loving-kindneſs O how free!

2 He ſaw me ruin'd in the Fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithſtanding all;
He ſav'd me from my loſt Eſtate,
His Loving-kindneſs O how great!

3 Tho' numerous Hoſts of mighty Foes,
Tho' Earth and Hell my Way oppoſe,
He ſafely leads my Soul along,
His Loving-kindneſs O how ſtrong!

4 When Trouble like a gloomy Cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my Soul has always ſtood,
His Loving-kindneſs O how good!

5 Often I feel my ſinful Heart,
Prone from my JESUS to depart;
But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His Loving-kindneſs changes not.

6 Soon ſhall I paſs the gloomy Vale,
Soon all my mortal Powers muſt fail;
Oh! may my laſt expiring Breath,
His Loving-kindneſs ſing in Death.

7 Then let me mount and ſoar away,
To the bright World of endleſs Day;
And ſing with Rapture and Surpriſe,
His Loving-kindneſs in the Skies.

VIX. C. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.

The Grace of GOD; or, *Divine Condeſcenſion.*

1 WHEN the Eternal bows the Skies,
To viſit earthly Things,
With Scorn divine he turns his Eyes
From Towers of haughty Kings:

2 He bids his awful Chariot roll
Far downward from the Skies,
To viſit every humble Soul,
With Pleaſure in his Eyes.

3 Why ſhould the LORD that reigns above
Diſdain ſo lofty Kings?
Say, LORD, and why ſuch Looks of Love
Upon ſuch worthleſs Things?

4 Mortals be dumb; what Creature dares
Diſpute his awful Will?
Aſk no Account of his Affairs,
But tremble, and be ſtill.

5 Juſt like his Nature is his Grace,
All ſovereign, and all free;
Great GOD, how ſearchleſs are thy Ways!
How deep thy Judgments be.

XV. Elevens. S———.

The Mercy of GOD, Pſalm lxxxix. 1.

1 THY Mercy, my GOD, is the Theme of my Song,
The Joy of my Heart, and the Boaſt of my Tongue:
Thy free Grace alone, from the firſt to the laſt,
Haſt won my Affections, and bound my Soul faſt.

2 Without thy ſweet Mercy I could not live here,
Sin ſoon would reduce me to utter Deſpair;
But, thro' thy free Goodneſs my Spirits revive:
And he that firſt made me, ſtill keeps me alive.

3 Thy Mercy is more than a Match for my Heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardneſs depart;
Diſſolv'd by thy Goodneſs, I fall to the Ground,
And weep to the Praiſe of the Mercy I found.

4 The Door of thy Mercy ſtands open all Day
To th' poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No Sinner ſhall ever be empty ſent back,
Who comes ſeeking Mercy for JESUS's Sake.

5 Thy Mercy in JESUS exempts me from Hell;
Its Glories I'll ſing, and its Wonders I'll tell:
'Twas JESUS my Friend, when he hung on the Tree,
Who open'd the Channel of Mercy for me.

6 Great Father of Mercies, thy Goodneſs I own,
And the Covenant Love of thy crucify'd Son:
All Praiſe to the Spirit, whoſe Whiſper divine,
Seals Mercy and Pardon and Righteouſneſs mine.

XVI. Sevens.

The Long-ſuffering or, *Patience of* GOD;

1 LORD and am I yet alive,
Not in Torments not in Hell!
Still doth thy good Spirit ſtrive!
With the chief of Sinners dwell!
Tell it unto Sinners tell,
I am, I am out of Hell!

2 Yes, I ſtill lift up mine Eyes,
Will not of thy Love deſpair;
Still in ſpite of Sin I riſe,
Still I bow to thee in Prayer. Tell it, &c.

3 O the Length and Breadth of Love!
JESUS, SAVIOUR, can it be?
All thy Mercies Height I prove,
All the Depth is ſeen in me. Tell it, &c.

4 See a Buſh that burns with Fire
Unconſum'd amid the Flame!
Turn aſide th' Sight to admire
I the living Wonder am. Tell it, &c.

5 See a Stone that hangs in Air!
See a Spark in Ocean live!
Kept alive with Death ſo near,
I to GOD the Glory give.
Ever tell—to Sinners tell,
I am, I am out of Hell.

XVII. C. M.

The Holineſs of GOD, Iſaiah viii. 13.

1 HOLY and reverend is the Name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy LORD! the Angels cry,
Thrice holy let us ſing.

2 Heavens brighteſt Lamps with him compar'd,
How mean they look, and dim!
The faireſt Angels have their Spots
When once compar'd with him.

3 Holy is he in all his Works,
And Truth is his Delight;
But Sinners and their wicked Ways
Shall periſh from his Sight.

4 The deepeſt Reverence of the Mind:
Pay O my Soul to GOD;
Lift with thy Hands a holy Heart
To his ſublime Abode.

5 With ſacred Awe pronounce his Name
Whom Words nor Thoughts can reach;
A broken Heart ſhall pleaſe him more
Than the beſt Forms of Speech.

6 Thou holy GOD! preſerve my Soul
From all Pollution free;
The pure in Heart are thy Delight,
And they thy Face ſhall ſee.

XVIII. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Juſtice and Goodneſs of GOD.

1 GREAT GOD, my Maker, and my King,
Of thee I'll ſpeak, of thee I'll ſing;
All thou haſt done, and all thou doſt
Declare thee good, proclaim thee juſt:

2 Thy ancient Thoughts, and firm Decrees,
Thy Threatnings and thy Promiſes,
The Joys of Heaven, the Pains of Hell,
What Angels taſte, what Devils feel.

3 Thy Terrors and thine Acts of Grace,
Thy threatening Rod, and ſmiling Face,
Thy wounding and thy healing Word,
A World undone, a World reſtor'd:

4 While theſe excite my Fear and Joy;
While theſe my tuneful Lips employ;
Accept, O LORD, the humble Song,
The Tribute of a trembling Tongue.

XIX. L. M. N———.

The Truth and Faithfulneſs of God, Num. xxiii. 19.

1 YE humble Saints proclaim abroad
The Honors of a faithful GOD,
How juſt and true are all his Ways,
How much above your higheſt Praiſe!

2 The Words his ſacred Lips declare
Of his own Mind the Image bear;
What ſhould him tempt, from Frailty free,
Bleſt in his Self-ſufficiency?

3 He will not his great Self deny:
A GOD all Truth can never lie:
As well might he his Being quit
As break his Oath, or Word forget.

4 Let frighten'd Rivers change their Courſe,
Or backward haſten to their Source;
Swift thro' the Air let Rocks be hurl'd,
And Mountains like the Chaff be whirl'd.

5 Let Sun and Stars forget to riſe,
Or quit their Stations in the Skies;
Let Heaven and Earth both paſs away,
Eternal Truth ſhall ne'er decay.

6 True to his Word, GOD gave his Son,
To die for Crimes which Men had done;
Bleſt Pledge! he never will revoke
A ſingle Promiſe he has ſpoke.

XX. L. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.

GOD *ſupreme and Self-ſufficient.*

1 WHAT is our GOD, or what his Name
Nor Men can learn, nor Angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant Flame,
Where neither Eyes nor Thoughts can reach.

2 The ſpacious Worlds of heavenly Light,
Compar'd with him, how ſhort they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and GOD is All.

3 He ſpoke the wonderous Word, and lo
Creation roſe at his Command:
Whirlwinds and Seas their Limits know,
Bound in the Hollow of his Hand.

4 There reſts the Earth, there roll the Spheres,
There Nature leans and feels her Prop:
But his own Self-ſufficience bears
The Weight of his own Glories up.

5 The Tide of Creatures ebbs and flows,
Meaſuring their Changes by the Moon:
No Ebb his Sea of Glory knows;
His Age is one eternal Noon.

6 Then fly, my Song, an endleſs Round,
The lofty Tune let Gabriel raiſe;
All Nature dwell upon the Sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the Praiſe.

XXI. C. M. Dr. S. Stennet.

Mercy and Truth met together; or, *the Harmony of the divine Perfections*, Pſ. lxxxv. 10.

1 WHEN firſt the God of boundleſs Grace
Diſclos'd his kind Deſign,
To reſcue our apoſtate Race
From Miſery Shame and Sin;

2 Quick, through the Realms of Light and Bliſs,
The joyful Tidings ran;
Each Heart exulted at the News,
That God would dwell with Man.

3 Yet midſt their Joys they paus'd awhile,
And aſk'd with ſtrange Surpriſe,
"But how can injur'd Juſtice ſmile,
"Or look with pitying Eyes?

4 ["Will the Almighty deign again
"To viſit yonder World;
"And hither bring rebellious Men,
"Whence Rebels once were hurl'd?

" Their Tears, and Groans, and deep Diſtreſs
" Aloud for Mercy call;
" But ah! muſt Truth and Righteouſneſs
" To Mercy Victims fall?"

So ſpake the Friends of GOD and Man,
Delighted, yet ſurpris'd;
Eager to know the wonderous Plan,
That Wiſdom had devis'd.]

The Son of GOD attentive heard,
And quickly thus reply'd,
" In Me let Mercy be rever'd,
" And Juſtice ſatisfy'd.

" Behold! my vital Blood I pour,
" A Sacrifice to GOD;
" Let angry Juſtice now no more
" Demand the Sinners Blood."

He ſpake, and Heaven's high Arches rung,
With Shouts of loud Applauſe;
" He dy'd" the friendly Angels ſung,
Nor ceaſe their rapturous Joys.

XXII. C. M. DR. WATTS's SERMONS.

The Doctrine of the Trinity, and the Uſe of it.
Eph. ii. 18.

FAther of Glory, to thy Name,
Immortal Praiſe we give,
Who doſt an Act of Grace proclaim,
And bid us Rebels live.

Immortal Honor to the Son,
Who makes thine Anger ceaſe;
Our Lives he ranſom'd with his own,
And dy'd to make our Peace.

3 To thy Almighty Spirit be
Immortal Glory given,
Whoſe Influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for Heaven.

4 Let Men, with their united Voice,
Adore th' eternal GOD,
And ſpread his Honors and their Joys,
Thro' Nations far abroad.

5 Let Faith, and Love, and Duty join,
One general Song to raiſe,
Let Saints in Earth and Heaven combine,
In Harmony and Praiſe.

XXIII. L. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.

The Incomprehenſibility of GOD.

1 GOD is a Name my Soul adores,
Th' ALMIGHTY THREE, th' Eternal ONE:
Nature and Grace, with all their Powers,
Confeſs the Infinite Unknown.

2 From thy Great Self thy Being ſprings;
Thou art thy own Original,
Made up of uncreated Things,
And Self-ſufficience bears them all.

3 Thy Voice produc'd the Seas and Spheres,
Bid the Waves roar, and Planets ſhine;
But Nothing like thy Self appears,
Thro' all theſe ſpacious Works of thine.

4 Still reſtleſs Nature dies and grows;
From Change to Change the Creatures run;
Thy Being no Succeſſion knows,
And all thy vaſt Deſigns are one.

5 Thrones and Dominions round thee fall,
And worſhip in ſubmiſſive Forms;
Thy Preſence ſhakes this lower Ball,
This little Dwelling-place of Worms.

6 How ſhall affrighted Mortals dare
To ſing thy Glory or thy Grace,
Beneath thy Feet we lie ſo far,
And ſee but Shadows of thy Face?

7 Who can behold the blazing Light?
Who can approach conſuming Flame?
None but thy Wiſdom knows thy Might
None but thy Word can ſpeak thy Name.

XXIV. L. M. N ——.

The Moral Perfections of Deity imitated,
Matt. v. 48.

1 GREAT Author of th' immortal Mind!
For nobleſt Thoughts and Views deſign'd;
Make me ambitious to expreſs
The Image of thy Holineſs.

2 While I thy boundleſs Love admire
Grant me to catch the ſacred Fire;
Thus ſhall my heavenly Birth be known,
And for thy Child thou wilt me own.

3 Father, I ſee thy Sun ariſe
To cheer thy Friends and Enemies;
And when thy Rain from Heaven deſcends
Thy Bounty both alike befriends.

4 Enlarge my Soul with Love like thine;
My moral Powers by Grace refine;
So ſhall I feel another's Woe,
And cheerful feed an hungry Foe.

5 I hope for Pardon thro' thy Son,
For all the Crimes which I have done:
O may the Grace that pardons me
Conſtrain me to forgive like thee.

XXV. L. M. MERRICK's PSALMS.

The Divine Perfections celebrated,
Pſalm lxxxix. cxlv.

1 MY grateful Tongue, immortal King,
Thy Mercy ſhall for ever ſing,
My Verſe to Time's remoteſt Day,
Thy Truth in ſacred Notes diſplay.

2 O ſay, what Strength ſhall vie with thine?
What Name, among the Seats divine,
Of equal Excellence poſſeſs'd,
Thy Sovereignty, great GOD, conteſt?

3 Thee, Lord, Heavens Hoſts their Leader own;
Thee Might unbounded, thee alone,
With endleſs Majeſty has crown'd,
And Faith, unſully'd, veſts thee round.

4 The Heaven above and Earth below,
Thee, LORD, their great Poſſeſſor know;
By Thee this Orb to Being roſe,
And all that Nature's Bounds incloſe.

5 From thee amid the aerial Space
The North and South aſſume their Place;
'Tis thine the Ocean's Rage to guide,
And calm at Will its ſwelling Tide.

6 O, bleſt the Tribes, whoſe willing Ear
Awakes the feſtal Shout to hear;
Who thankful ſee, where'er they tread,
Thy favoring Beams around them ſpread.

7 How ſhall they joy from Day to Day,
Thy boundleſs Mercy to diſplay,
Thy Righteouſneſs, indulgent LORD,
With holy Confidence record.

8 O wiſe in all thy Works! thy Name
Let Man's whole Race aloud proclaim,
And, grateful, thro' the Length of Days,
In ceaſeleſs Songs repeat thy Praiſe.

XXVI. L. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.

God exalted above all Praiſe.

1 ETERNAL Power! whoſe high Abode
Becomes the Grandeur of a God;
Infinite Length, beyond the Bounds
Where Stars revolve their little Rounds.

2 The loweſt Step above thy Seat
Riſes too high for *Gabriel*'s Feet;
In vain the tall Arch-angel tries
To reach the Height with wondering Eyes.

3 Lord, what ſhall Earth and Aſhes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From Sin and Duſt to thee we cry,
The GREAT, the HOLY, and the HIGH!

4 Earth, from afar, has heard thy Fame,
And Worms have learn'd to liſp thy Name;
But O, the Glories of thy Mind
Leave all our ſoaring Thoughts behind.

5 GOD is in Heaven, but Man below;
Be ſhort our Tunes; our Words be few:
A ſacred Reverence checks our Songs,
And Praiſe ſits ſilent on our Tongues.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE

XXVII. L. M. NEEDHAM.

A Summary View of the CREATION, Gen. i.

1 LOOK up, ye Saints, direct your Eyes,
To him who dwells above the Skies;
With your glad Notes his Praiſe rehearſe
Who form'd the mighty Univerſe.

2 He ſpoke, and from the Womb of Night
At once ſprang up the cheering Light;
Him Diſcord heard, and at his Nod
Beauty awoke, and ſpoke the GOD.

3 The Word he gave, th' obedient Sun
Began his glorious Race to run;
Nor ſilver Moon, nor Stars delay
To glide along th' aetherial Way.

4 Teeming with Life, Air, Earth and Sea
Obey th' Almighty's high Decree;
To every Tribe he gives their Food,
Then ſpeaks the whole divinely good.

5 But to complete the wonderous Plan,
From Earth and Duſt he faſhions Man;
In Man the laſt, in him the beſt,
The Maker's Image ſtands confeſt.

6 LORD, while thy glorious Works I view,
Form thou my Heart and Soul anew;
Here bid thy pureſt Light to ſhine,
And Beauty glow with Charms divine.

XXVIII. C. M. BLACKLOCK.

The Creation of Man; or, GOD *the Searcher of the Heart*, Pſalm cxxxix.

1 LORD, thy pervading Knowledge ſtrikes
Through Nature's inmoſt Gloom:
And in thy circling Arms I lay
A Slumberer in the Womb.

2 Thee will I honor, for I ſtand
A Volume of thy Skill,
Stupendous are thy Works, and they
My Contemplations fill.

3 Thine Eye beheld me, when the Speck
Of Entity began;
And o'er my Form, in Darkneſs fram'd,
Thy rich Embroid'ry ran.

4 Th' unfaſhion'd Maſs by thee was ſeen;
My Structure in thy Book
Was plann'd, before thy curious Mould
The future Embryo took.

5 How precious are the ſtreaming Joys
That from thy Love deſcend,
Would I rehearſe their Numbers o'er,
Where would their Numbers end?

6 Not Ocean's countleſs Sands exceed
The Bleſſings of the Skies;
With Night's deſcending Shades they fall,
With morning Splendors riſe.

7 "Thy awful Glories round me ſhine,
"My Fleſh proclaims thy Praiſe;
"LORD, to thy Works of Nature join
"Thy Miracles of Grace."

XXIX. C. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.

A Song to creating Wiſdom.

1 ETERNAL Wiſdom, thee we praiſe,
Thee the Creation ſings:
With thy lov'd Name, Rocks, Hills and Seas,
And Heaven's high Palace rings.

2 Thy Hand, how wide it ſpread the Sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a Blue of heavenly Dye,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling Gold.

3 Thy Glories blaze all Nature round,
And ſtrike the gazing Sight,
Thro' Skies, and Seas, and ſolid Ground,
With Terror and Delight.

4 Infinite Strength, and equal Skill
Shine thro' the Worlds abroad;
Our Souls with vaſt Amazement fill,
And ſpeak the Builder God.

5 But ſtill the Wonders of thy Grace
Our ſofter Paſſions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' Face
We ſee, adore and love.

XXX. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

God's *Goodneſs to the Children of Men*, Pſalm cvii. 31.

1 YE Sons of Men, with Joy record
The various Wonders of the Lord;
And let his Power and Goodneſs ſound
Thro' all your Tribes the Earth around.

2 Let the high Heavens your Songs invite,
Thoſe ſpacious Fields of brilliant Light;
Where Sun, and Moon, and Planets roll,
And Stars, that glow from Pole to Pole.

3 Sing, Earth, in verdant Robes array'd,
Its Herbs and Flowers, its Fruits and Shade;
Peopled with Life of various Forms,
Of Fiſh, and Fowl, and Beaſts, and Worms.

4 View the broad Sea's majeſtic Plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That Band remoteſt Nations joins,
And on each Wave his Goodneſs ſhines.

5 But O! that brighter World above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!
GOD's only Son, in Fleſh array'd,
For Man a bleeding Victim made.

6 Thither, my Soul, with Rapture ſoar;
There in the Land of Praiſe adore;
The Theme demands an Angel's Lay,
Demands an everlaſting Day.

XXXI. L. M.

Providence; or, GOD *working all Things after the Council of his own Will.*

1 THY Ways, O LORD, with wiſe Deſign,
Are fram'd upon thy Throne above,
And every dark or bending Line,
Meets in the Centre of thy Love.

2 With feeble Light, and half obſcure,
Poor Mortals thy Arrangements view,
Not knowing that the Leaſt are ſure,
And the Myſterious juſt and true.

3 Thy Flock, thy own peculiar Care,
Tho' now they ſeem to roam uney'd,
Are led or driven only where
They beſt, and ſafeſt may abide.

4 They neither know, nor trace the Way,
But truſting to thy piercing Eye;
None of their Feet to Ruin ſtray,
Nor ſhall the weakeſt fail or die.

5 My favor'd Soul ſhall meekly learn,
To lay her Reaſon at thy Throne;
Too weak thy Secrets to diſcern,
I'll truſt thee for my Guide alone.

XXXII. C. M. STEELE.

Creation and Providence.

1 LORD, when our raptur'd Thought ſurveys
Creation's Beauties o'er,
All Nature joins to teach thy Praiſe,
And bid our Souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing Eyes,
Thy radiant Footſteps ſhine;
Ten Thouſand pleaſing Wonders riſe,
And ſpeak their Source divine.

3 The living Tribes, of countleſs Forms,
In Earth, and Sea, and Air;
The meaneſt Flies, the ſmalleſt Worms
Almighty Power declare.

4 Thy Wiſdom, Power, and Goodneſs, LORD,
In all thy Works appear:
And, O! let Man thy Praiſe record;
Man, thy diſtinguiſh'd Care!

5 From thee the Breath of Life he drew;
That Breath thy Power maintains;
Thy tender Mercy, ever new,
His brittle Frame ſuſtains.

6 Yet nobler Favors claim his Praiſe,
Of Reaſon's Light poſſeſs'd;
By Revelation's brighteſt Rays,
Still more divinely bleſs'd.

7 Thy Providence, his conſtant Guard,
When threat'ning Woes impend;
Or will th' impending Dangers ward,
Or timely Succors lend.

8 On us that Providence has ſhone
With gentle ſmiling Rays;
O, may our Lips and Lives make known
Thy Goodneſs and thy Praiſe!

XXXIII. L. M.

Providence equitable and kind, Pſalm cvii.

1 THRO' all the various ſhifting Scene,
Of Life's miſtaken Ill or Good;
Thy Hand, O GOD, conducts unſeen
The beautiful Viciſſitude.

2 Thou giveſt with paternal Care,
Howe'er unjuſtly we complain,
To each their neceſſary Share
Of Joy and Sorrow, Health and Pain.

3 Truſt we to Youth, or Friends, or Power,
Fix we on this terreſtrial Ball?
When moſt ſecure, the coming Hour,
If thou ſee fit, may blaſt them all.

4 When loweſt ſunk with Grief and Shame,
Fill'd with Affliction's bitter Cup,
Loſt to Relations, Friends and Fame,
Thy powerful Hand can raiſe us up.

5 Thy powerful Conſolations cheer,
Thy Smiles erect th' afflicted Head;
Thy Hand can wipe away the Tear,
That ſecret wets the widowed Bed.

6 All Things on Earth, and all in Heaven
On thy eternal Will depend,
And all for greater Good were given
And all ſhall in thy Glory end.

7 This be my Care; to all beſide
Indifferent let my Wiſhes be;
"Paſſion be calm; and dumb be Pride,
"And fix'd, O GOD, my Soul on thee."

XXXIV. C. M. COWPER.

The Myſteries of Providence; or, *Light ſhining out of Darkneſs.*

1 GOD moves in a myſterious Way,
His Wonders to perform;
He plants his Footſteps in the Sea,
And rides upon the Storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable Mines
Of never-failing Skill,
He treaſures up his bright Deſigns,
And works his ſovereign Will.

3 Ye fearful Saints, freſh Courage take,
The Clouds ye ſo much dread
Are big with Mercy, and ſhall break
In Bleſſings on your Head.

4 Judge not the LORD by feeble Senſe,
But truſt him for his Grace;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a ſmiling Face.

5 His Purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding every Hour;
The Bud may have a bitter Taſte,
But ſweet will be the Flower.

6 Blind Unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his Work in vain;
GOD is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

XXXV. C. M. BEDDOME.

Myſteries to be explained hereafter, John xiii. 7.

1 GREAT GOD of Providence! thy Ways
Are hid from mortal Sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable Shades
Or cloth'd with dazz'ling Light.

2 The wonderous Methods of thy Grace
Evade the human Eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.

3 But in the World of Bliſs above
Where thou doſt ever reign,
Theſe Myſteries ſhall be all unveil'd,
And not a Doubt remain.

4 The Sun of Righteouſneſs ſhall there
His brighteſt Beams diſplay,
And not a hovering Cloud obſcure
That never-ending Day.

XXXVI. C. M. ADDISON.

The Travellers Pſalm.

1 HOW are thy Servants bleſs'd, O LORD,
How ſure is their Defence!
Eternal Wiſdom is their Guide,
Their Help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign Realms, and Lands remote,
Supported by thy Care,
Thro' burning Climes they paſs unhurt,
And breathe in tainted Air.

3 When, by the dreadful Tempeſt borne,
High on the broken Wave,
They know thou art not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

4 The Storm is laid, the Winds retire,
Obedient to thy Will:
The Sea, that roars at thy Command,
At thy Command is ſtill.

5 In 'midſt of Dangers, Fears and Deaths,
Thy Goodneſs we'll adore,
We'll praiſe thee for thy Mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our Life, while thou preſerv'ſt that Life,
Thy Sacrifice ſhall be;
And Death, when Death ſhall be our Lot,
Shall join our Souls to thee.

XXXVII. C. M. STEELE.

Praiſe for the Bleſſings of Providence and Grace, Pſal. cxxxix.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious LORD,
Kind Guardian of my Days,
Thy Mercies let my Heart record
In Songs of grateful Praiſe.

2 In Life's firſt Dawn, my tender Frame
Was thy indulgent Care,
Long e'er I could pronounce thy Name,
Or breathe the infant Prayer.

3 Around my Path what Dangers roſe!
What Snares ſpread all my Road!
No Power could guard me from my Foes,
But my Preſerver, GOD.

4 How many Bleſſings round me ſhone,
Where'er I turn'd my Eye!
How many paſt almoſt unknown,
Or unregarded, by.

5 Each rolling Year new Favors brought
From thy exhauſtleſs Store;
But ah! in vain my laboring Thought
Would count thy Mercies o'er.

6 While ſweet Reflection, thro' my Days
Thy bounteous Hand would trace;
Still dearer Bleſſings claim thy Praiſe,
The Bleſſings of thy Grace.

7 Yes, I adore thee, gracious LORD,
For Favors more divine;
That I have known thy ſacred Word,
Where all thy Glories ſhine.

8 LORD, when this mortal Frame decays,
And every Weakneſs dies,
Complete the Wonders of thy Grace,
And raiſe me to the Skies.

9 Then ſhall my joyful Powers unite,
In more exalted Lays,
And join the happy Sons of Light
In everlaſting Praiſe.

THE FALL.

XXXVIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.

Original Sin; or, *The first and second Adam.*

1 ADAM, our Father and our Head,
Tranſgreſs'd, and Juſtice doom'd us dead:
The fiery Law ſpeaks all Deſpair,
There's no Reprieve nor Pardon there.

2 Call a bright Council in the Skies;
Seraphs the mighty and the wiſe,
Speak: are you ſtrong to bear the Load,
The weighty Vengeance of a GOD?

3 In vain we aſk; for all around
Stand ſilent thro' the heavenly Ground;
There's not a glorious Mind above
Has half the Strength or half the Love.

4 But O! unmeaſurable Grace!
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's Place;
Down to our World the Savior flies,
Stretches his naked Arms and dies.

5 Amazing Work! look down, ye Skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your Eyes;
Ye Saints below and Saints above,
All bow to this myſterious Love.

XXXIX. C. M. Dr S. STENNETT.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

1 WITH Tears of Anguiſh I lament,
Here at thy Feet, my GOD,
My Paſſion, Pride, and Diſcontent
And vile Ingratitude.

Sure there was ne'er a Heart ſo baſe
So falſe as mine has been!
So faithleſs to its Promiſes,
So prone to every Sin!

My Reaſon tells me thy Commands
Are holy, juſt, and true;
Tells me whate'er my GOD demands
Is his moſt righteous Due.

Reaſon I hear, her Counſels weigh,
And all her Words approve:
But ſtill I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

How long, dear Savior, ſhall I feel
Theſe Struggles in my Breaſt?
When wilt thou bow my ſtubborn Will,
And give my Conſcience Reſt?

Break, ſovereign Grace, O break the Charm,
And ſet the Captive free:
Reveal, Almighty GOD, thine Arm,
And haſte to reſcue me.

XL. S. M.

The evil Heart, Jer. xvii. 19. Matt. xv. 19.

ASTONISH'D and diſtreſs'd,
I turn mine Eyes within;
My Heart with Loads of Guilt oppreſt,
The Seat of every Sin.

What Crouds of evil Thoughts,
What vile Affections there!
Diſtruſt, Preſumption, artful Guile,
Pride, Envy, ſlaviſh Fear.

3 Almighty King of Saints,
These tyrant Lusts subdue;
Expel the Darkness of my Mind,
And all my Powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful Voice
Shall loud Hosannas raise;
My Soul shall glow with Gratitude,
My Lips proclaim thy Praise.

XLI. L. M. CRUTTENDEN.

Sin and Holiness.

1 WHAT jarring Natures dwell within,
Imperfect Grace, remaining Sin!
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Tho' each by Turns my Heart assail.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
Now raise my Songs of Triumph high,
Sing a rebellious Passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy Hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native Skies,
While Faith assists my soaring Flight
To Realms of Joy, and Worlds of Light.

4 Scarce a few Hours or Minutes roll,
E'er Earth reclaims my captive Soul;
I feel its sympathetic Force,
And headlong urge my downward Course.

5 How short the Joys thy Visits give;
How long thine Absence, LORD, I grieve!
What Clouds obscure my rising Sun,
Or intercept its Rays at Noon!

6 [Again the Spirit lifts his Sword,
And Power divine attends the Word;
I feel the Aid its Comforts yield,
And vanquiſh'd Paſſions quit the Field.]

7 Great GOD, aſſiſt me thro' the Fight,
Make me triumphant in thy Might;
Thou the deſponding Heart canſt raiſe,
The Victory mine, and thine the Praiſe.

XLII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Effects of the Fall lamented, Pſalm cxix. 136, 158.

1 ARISE, my tendereſt Thoughts, ariſe;
To Torrents melt my ſtreaming Eyes;
And thou, my Heart, with Anguiſh feel
Thoſe Evils which thou canſt not heal.

2 See human Nature ſunk in Shame;
See Scandals pour'd on JESUS' Name;
The Father wounded thro' the Son;
The World abus'd; the Soul undone.

3 See the ſhort Courſe of vain Delight
Cloſing in everlaſting Night;
In Flames, that no Abatement know,
Tho' briny Tears for ever flow.

4 My GOD, I feel the mournful Scene;
My Bowels yearn o'er dying Men;
And fain my Pity would reclaim,
And ſnatch the Firebrands from the Flame.

5 But feeble my Compaſſion proves,
And can but weep, where moſt it loves:
Thy own all-ſaving Arm employ,
And turn theſe Drops of Grief to Joy.

SCRIPTURE,
THE PROPERTIES OF IT.

XLIII. C. M.

The inſpired Word a Syſtem of Knowledge and Joy, Pſalm cxix. 105.

1 HOW precious is the Book divine,
By Inſpiration given!
Bright as a Lamp its Doctrines ſhine
To guide our Souls to Heaven.

2 It ſweetly cheers our drooping Hearts
In this dark Vale of Tears;
Life, Light, and Joy, it ſtill imparts,
And quells our riſing Fears.

3 This Lamp, thro' all the tedious Night
Of Life, ſhall guide our Way,
Till we behold the clearer Light,
Of an eternal Day.

XLIV. BEDDOME.

The Uſefulneſs of the Scriptures, Pſalm xix.

1 WHEN Iſrael thro' the Deſert paſs'd,
A fiery Pillar went before,
To guide them thro' the dreary Waſte,
And leſſen the Fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious Word, O GOD,
'Tis for our Light and Guidance given;
It ſheds a Luſtre all abroad,
And points the Path to Bliſs and Heaven.

3 It fills the Soul with ſweet Delight,
And quickens its inactive Powers,
It ſets our wandering Footſteps right,
Diſplays thy Love, and kindles ours.

Its Promiſes rejoice our Hearts,
Its Doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and Pleaſure it imparts,
It comforts, and inſtructs us too.

Ye Britiſh Iſles, who have this Word,
Ye Saints, who feel its ſaving Power,
Unite your Tongues to praiſe the LORD,
And his diſtinguiſh'd Grace adore.

XLV. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

The Riches of GOD's *Word.*

LET Avarice from Shore to Shore
Her fav'rite God purſue;
Thy Word, O LORD, we value more
Than India or Peru.

Here Mines of Knowledge, Love and Joy
Are open'd to our Sight:
The pureſt Gold without Alloy,
And Gems divinely bright.

The Counſels of redeeming Grace
Theſe ſacred Leaves unfold:
And here the Saviour's lovely Face
Our raptur'd Eyes behold.

Here Light deſcending from above
Directs our doubtful Feet:
Here Promiſes of heavenly Love
Our ardent Wiſhes meet.

Our num'rous Griefs are here redreſt,
And all our Wants ſupplied:
Naught we can aſk to make us bleſt,
Is in this Book denied.

6 For these inestimable Gains,
That so enrich the Mind,
O may we search with eager Pains,
Assur'd that we shall find!

XLVI. C. M. STEELE.

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

1 FATHER of Mercies, in thy Word
What endless Glory shines!
For ever be thy Name ador'd
For these celestial Lines.

2 Here, may the wretched Sons of Want
Exhaustless Riches find;
Riches, above what Earth can grant,
And lasting as the Mind.

3 Here, the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
And yields a free Repast,
Sublimer Sweets than Nature knows
Invite the longing Taste.

4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome Voice
Spreads heavenly Peace around;
And Life, and everlasting Joys
Attend the blissful Sound.

5 O may these heavenly Pages be
My ever dear Delight;
And still new Beauties may I see,
And still increasing Light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious LORD,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred Word,
And view my Savior there.

THE MORAL LAW.

XLVII. C. M. Dr. Gibbons.

Our Duty to God, Exod. xx. 3—12.

THAT God, who made the Worlds on high,
And Air, and Earth, and Sea,
Own as thy God, and to his Name
In Homage bow the Knee.

Let not a Shape which Hands have wrought
Of Wood, or Clay, or Stone,
Be deem'd thy God, nor think him like
Aught thou haſt ſeen or known.

Take not in vain the Name of God:
Nor muſt thou ever dare,
To make thy Falſhood paſs for Truth,
By his dread Name to ſwear.

That Day, on which he bids thee reſt
From Toil, to pray, and praiſe,
That Day keep holy to the Lord,
And conſecrate its Rays.

O may that God, who gave theſe Laws,
Write them on every Heart,
That all may feel their living Power,
Nor from his Paths depart!

XLVIII. C. M. Dr. Gibbons.

Our Duty to our Neighbour.

THY Sire, and her who brought thee forth,
With all thy Mind and Might,
Fear, love and ſerve; ſo ſhall thy Days
Be numerous, calm, and bright.

The Blood of Man thou ſhalt not ſhed,
Its Voice will pierce the Sky,
And thou by the juſt Laws of Heaven
For the dire Crime ſhalt die.

3 To thine own Couch thou ſhalt not take
A Wife but her thine own :
Vaſt is the Guilt and on thine Head
Heaven darts its Vengeance down.

4 Thou ſhalt not, or from Friend or Foe,
Take Aught by Force or Stealth ;
Thy Goods, thy Stores muſt grow from Right
Or GOD will curſe thy Wealth.

5 No Man ſhalt thou by a falſe Charge,
Or cruſh or brand with Shame ;
Dear as thine own, ſo wills thy GOD,
Muſt be his Life and Name.

6 Thy Soul one Wiſh ſhall not let looſe
For that which is not thine ;
Live in thy Lot, or ſmall or great,
For GOD has drawn the Line.

Hymn XLVII. *Verſe* 5, *may be added here.*

XLIX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Sinner found wanting, Dan. v. 27.

1 RAISE, thoughtleſs Sinner, raiſe thine Ey
Behold the Balance lifted high ;
There ſhall GOD's Juſtice be diſplay'd,
And there thy Hope and Life be weigh'd.

2 See, in one Scale, his perfect Law,
Mark, with what Force its Precepts draw ;
Wouldſt thou the awful Teſt ſuſtain,
Thy Works how light, thy Thoughs how va

3 Behold ! the Hand of GOD appears
To trace theſe dreadful Characters ;
" *Tekel*, thy Soul is wanting found,
" And Wrath ſhall ſmite thee to the Grou

4 Let ſudden Fear thy Nerves unbrace;
Confuſion wild o'erſpread thy Face;
Thro' all thy Thoughts let Anguiſh roll,
And deep Repentance melt thy Soul.

5 One only Hope may yet prevail;
CHRIST, in the Scripture, turns the Scale;
Still doth the Goſpel publiſh Peace,
And ſhew a Savior's Righteouſneſs.

6 JESUS, exert thy Power to ſave,
Deep on this Heart thy Truth engrave;
Great GOD, the Load of Guilt remove,
That trembling Lips may ſing thy Love.

L. L. M.

The practical Uſe of the Moral Law to the convinced Sinner.

1 HERE, LORD, my Soul convicted ſtands
Of breaking all thy ten Commands:
And on me juſtly might'ſt thou pour
Thy Wrath in one eternal Show'r.

2 But Thanks to GOD its loud Alarms
Have warn'd me of approaching Harms:
And now, O LORD, my Wants I ſee,
Loſt and undone, I come to thee.

3 I ſee my Fig-leaf Righteouſneſs,
Can ne'er thy broken Law redreſs:
Yet in thy Goſpel Plan I ſee
There's hope of Pardon e'en for me.

4 Here I behold thy Wonders, LORD,
How CHRIST, hath to thy Law reſtor'd
Thoſe Honors on th' atoning Day,
Which guilty Sinners took away.

5 Amazing Wiſdom, Power and Love,
Diſplay'd to Rebels from above!
Do thou, O LORD, my Faith increaſe
To love and truſt thy Plan of Grace.

LI. C. M. COWPER.

Legal Obedience followed by Evangelical.

1 NO Strength of Nature can ſuffice
To ſerve the LORD aright;
And what ſhe has, ſhe miſapplies,
For want of clearer Light.

2 How long beneath the Law I lay
In Bondage and Diſtreſs!
I toil'd the Precept to obey,
But toil'd without Succeſs.

3 Then to abſtain from outward Sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its Power within,
I feel I hate it too.

4 Then all my ſervile Works were done
A Righteouſneſs to raiſe;
Now, freely choſen in the Son,
I freely chooſe his Ways.

5 What ſhall I do, was then the Word,
That I may worthier grow?
What ſhall I render to the LORD?
Is my Enquiry now.

6 To ſee the Law by CHRIST fulfill'd,
And hear his pardoning Voice;
Changes a Slave into a Child,
And Duty into Choice.

LII. L. M. · DR. WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.

The Law and Goſpel; or, *Chriſt a Refuge.*

1 "CURST be the Man, for ever curſt,
"That doth one wilful Sin commit;
"Death and Damnation for the Firſt,
"Without Relief and infinite."

2 Thus *Sinai* roars; and round the Earth
Thunder, and Fire, and Vengeance flings;
But JESUS, thy dear gaſping Breath,
And *Calvary* ſay gentler Things.

3 "Pardon, and Grace, and boundleſs Love,
"Streaming along a SAVIOR's Blood,
"And Life, and Joys, and Crowns above,
"Obtain'd by a dear bleeding GOD."

4 Hark, how he prays, (the charming Sound
Dwells on his dying Lips) FORGIVE;
And every Groan and gaping Wound,
Cries, "Father, let the Rebels live."

5 Go, you that reſt upon the Law,
And toil, and ſeek Salvation there,
Look to the Flame that *Moſes* ſaw,
And ſhrink, and tremble, and deſpair.

6 But I'll retire beneath the Croſs,
SAVIOR, at thy dear Feet I lie;
And the keen Sword that Juſtice draws,
Flaming and red, ſhall paſs me by.

LIII. 148th M. COWPER.

The Ceremonial Law; Heb. iv. 2.

1 ISRAEL in ancient Day,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a Blaze,
But learn'd the Goſpel too:
The Types and Figures were a Glaſs,
In which they ſaw the Savior's Face.

2 The Paſchal Sacrifice,
And blood-beſprinkled Door,
Seen with enlighten'd Eyes,
And once apply'd with Power,
Would teach the Need of other Blood,
To reconcile an angry GOD.

3 The Lamb, the Dove, ſet forth
His perfect Innocence
Whoſe Blood of matchleſs Worth,
Should be the Soul's Defence;
For he who can for Sin atone,
Muſt have no Failings of his own.

4 The Scape-goat on his Head
The People's Treſpaſs bore,
And to the Deſert led,
Was to be ſeen no more:
In him our Surety ſeem'd to ſay,
"Behold I bear your Sins away."

5 Dipt in his Fellow's Blood,
The living Bird went free;
The Type well underſtood,
Expreſs'd the Sinner's Plea;
Deſcrib'd a guilty Soul enlarg'd,
And by a Savior's Death diſcharg'd.

6 JESUS, I love to trace
Throughout the ſacred Page;
The Footſteps of thy Grace,
The ſame in every Age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer Light, vouchſaf'd to me.

THE GOSPEL.

LIV. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Goſpel of CHRIST.

1 GOD, in the Goſpel of his Son,
Makes his eternal Councils known;
'Tis here his richeſt Mercy ſhines,
And Truth is drawn in faireſt Lines.

2 Here Sinners of an humble Frame
May taſte his Grace, and learn his Name;
'Tis writ in Characters of Blood
Severely juſt, immenſely good.

3 Here JESUS, in ten thouſand Ways,
His Soul attracting Charms diſplays,
Recounts his Poverty, and Pains,
And tells his Love in melting Strains.

4 Wiſdom its Dictates here imparts,
To form our Minds, to cheer our Hearts;
Its Influence makes the Sinner live,
It bids the drooping Saint revive.

5 Our raging Paſſions it controls,
And Comfort yields to contrite Souls;
It brings a better World in view
And guides us all our Journey thro'.

6 May this bleſt Volume ever lie,
Cloſe to my Heart, and near my Eye,
'Till Life's laſt Hour my Soul engage,
And be my choſen Heritage.

LV. C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

The Goſpel worthy of all Acceptation; 1 Tim. i. 15.

1 JESUS, th' eternal Son of GOD,
Whom Seraphim obey,
The Boſom of the Father leaves,
And enters human Clay:

2 Into our ſinful World he comes
The Meſſenger of Grace,
And on the bloody Tree expires
A Victim in our Place.

3 Tranſgreſſors of the deepeſt Stain
In him Salvation find:
His Blood removes the fouleſt Guilt,
His Spirit heals the Mind.

4 Our JESUS ſaves from Sin and Hell,
His Words are true and ſure,
And on this Rock our Faith may reſt
Immoveably ſecure.

5 O let theſe Tidings be receiv'd
With univerſal Joy,
And let the high angelic Praiſe
Our tuneful Powers employ!

6 "Glory to GOD who gave his SON
"To bear our Shame and Pain:
"Hence Peace on Earth, and Grace to Men
"In endleſs Bleſſings reign."

LVI. C. M.

The Goſpel a Feaſt, Iſaiah xxv. 6.

1 ON *Sion*, his moſt holy Mount,
GOD will a Feaſt prepare,
And *Iſrael*'s Sons, and *Gentile* Lands
Shall in the Banquet ſhare.

2 Marrow and Fatneſs are the Food
His bounteous Hand beſtows:
Wine on the Lees, and well refin'd,
In rich Abundance flows.

See to the Vileſt of the Vile
A free Acceptance given!
See, Rebels by adopting Grace
Sit with the Heirs of Heaven!

The Pain'd, the Sick, the Dying, now
To Eaſe and Health reſtor'd,
With eager Appetites partake
The Plenties of the Board.

But O what Draughts of Bliſs unknown,
What Dainties ſhall be given,
When, with the Myriads round the Throne,
We join the Feaſt of Heaven!

There Joys immeaſurably high
Shall overflow the Soul,
And Springs of Life, that never dry,
In thouſand Channels roll.

LVII. Altered by TOPLADY.

The Jubilee.

BLOW ye the Trumpet, blow
The gladly ſolemn Sound!
Let all the Nations know
To Earth's remoteſt Bound,
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd Sinners, Home.

Exalt the Lamb of GOD,
The Sin atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his Blood
Thro' all the Lands proclaim:
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd Sinners, Home,

5 Ye, who have ſold for Nought
The Heritage above;
Shall have it back, unbought,
The Gift of JESUS' Love:
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd Sinners, Home.

4 Ye Slaves of Sin and Hell,
Your Liberty receive;
And ſafe in JESUS dwell,
And bleſt in JESUS live:
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd Sinners, Home.

5 The Goſpel Trumpet hear,
The News of pardoning Grace:
Ye happy Souls, draw near,
Behold your Savior's Face:
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd Sinners, Home.

6 JESUS our great High Prieſt
Has full Atonement made:
Ye weary Spirits reſt;
Ye mournful Souls be glad!
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd Sinners, Home.

LVIII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Goſpel Jubilee. Pſalm lxxxv. 15.

1 LOUD let the tuneful Trumpet ſound,
And ſpread the joyful Tidings round;
Let every Soul with Tranſport hear,
And hail the LORD's accepted Year.

2 Ye Debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thouſand Talents owe,
When humble at his Feet you fall,
Your gracious GOD forgives them all.

3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy Chain
Of Sin and Hell's tyrannic Reign,
To Liberty aſſert your Claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's Name.

4 The rich Inheritance of Heaven,
Your Joy, your Boaſt, is freely given;
Fair Salem your Arrival waits,
With golden Streets and pearly Gates.

5 Her bleſs'd Inhabitants no more
Bondage and Poverty deplore;
No Debt, but Love immenſely great,
Their Joy ſtill riſes with the Debt.

6 O happy Souls that know the Sound!
Celeſtial Light their Steps ſurround,
And ſhew that Jubilee begun,
Which thro' eternal Years ſhall run.

LIX. C. M. Dr. Stennett.

The glorious Goſpel of the bleſſed God, 1 Tim. i. 11.

1 WHAT Wiſdom, Majeſty and Grace
Thro' all the Goſpel ſhine!
'Tis God that ſpeaks, and we confeſs
The Doctrine moſt divine.

2 Down from his ſtarry Throne on high,
Th' almighty Savior comes;
Lays his bright Robes of Glory by,
And feeble Fleſh aſſumes.

3 The mighty Debt that Sinners ow'd,
Upon the Croſs he pays:
Then thro' the Clouds aſcends to God,
'Midſt Shouts of loftieſt Praiſe.

4 There he our great High Prieſt appears
Before his Father's Throne;
Mingles his Merits with our Tears,
And pours Salvation down.

5 Great GOD, with Rev'rence we adore
Thy Juſtice and thy Grace:
And on thy Faithfulneſs and Power
Our firm Dependance place.

LX. L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

The Goſpel is the Power of GOD *to Salvati*
Rom. i. 16.

1 WHAT ſhall the dying Sinner do,
That ſeeks Relief for all his Woe?
Where ſhall the guilty Conſcience find
Eaſe for the Torment of the Mind?

2 How ſhall we get our Crimes forgiven,
Or form our Natures fit for Heaven?
Can Souls, all o'er defil'd with Sin,
Make their own Powers and Paſſions clean?

3 In vain we ſearch, in vain we try,
Till JESUS brings his Goſpel nigh;
'Tis there that Power and Glory dwell,
That ſave rebellious Souls from Hell.

4 This is the Pillar of our Hope,
That bears our fainting Spirits up;
We read the Grace, we truſt the Word,
And find Salvation in the LORD.

5 Let Men, or Angels dig the Mines,
Where Nature's golden Treaſure ſhines;
Brought near the Doctrine of the Croſs,
All Nature's Gold appears but Droſs.

6 Should vile Blaſphemers, with Diſdain,
Pronounce the Truths of JESUS vain,
We'll meet the Scandal and the Shame,
And ſing, and triumph in his Name.

LXI C. M. DR. WATTS's SERMONS.

A Rational Defence of the Goſpel.

1 SHALL *Atheiſts* dare inſult the Croſs
Of our incarnate GOD?
Shall Infidels revile his Truth,
And trample on his Blood?

2 What if he chooſe myſterious Ways
To cleanſe us from our Faults?
May not the Works of ſovereign Grace
Tranſcend our feeble Thoughts?

3 What if his Goſpel bids us ſtrive
With Fleſh, and Self, and Sin?
The Prize is moſt divinely bright,
That we are call'd to win.

4 What if the Men, deſpis'd on Earth,
Still of his Grace partake?
This but confirms his Truth the more,
For ſo the Prophets ſpake.

5 Do ſome, that own this ſacred Truth,
Indulge their Souls in Sin?
None ſhould reproach the *Savior*'s Name,
His Laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our Faith be firm and ſtrong,
Our Lips profeſs his Word;
Nor ever ſhun thoſe holy Men,
Who fear and love the LORD.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES AND BLESSINGS.

LXII. TOPLADY.

Everlasting Love and electing Grace.

HOW happy are we,
Our Election who see,
And venture, O LORD, for Salvation on thee!
In JESUS approv'd,
Eternally lov'd
Upheld by thy Power we cannot be mov'd.

2 'Tis sweet, to recline
On the Bosom divine,
And experience the Comforts peculiar to thine.
While, born from above,
And upheld by thy Love
With Singing and Triumph to Zion we move.

3 Our seeking thy Face
Was all of thy Grace,
Thy mercy demands and shall have all the praise.
No Sinner can be
Beforehand with thee,
Thy Grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

4 Our Savior and Friend,
His Love shall extend,
It knew no Beginning, and never shall end.
Whom once he receives
His Spirit ne'er leaves,
Nor ever repents of the Grace that he gives.

5 This Proof we would give,
That thee we receive,
Thou art *precious* alone to the Souls that *believe*.
Be precious to us!
All beside is as Dross,
Compar'd with thy Love and the Blood of thy [Cross.

PART THE SECOND.

6 Yet, one Thing we want,
More *Holineſs* grant!
For more of thy Mind, and thine Image we pant;
Thine Image impreſs
On thy favorite Race,
O faſhion and poliſh thy Veſſels of Grace.

7 Thy Workmanſhip we
More fully would be, [thee:
LORD, ſtretch out thy Hand, and conform us to
While onward we move
To Canaan above,
Come, fill us with Holineſs, fill us with Love.

8 Vouchſafe us to know
More of thee below,
Thus fit us for Heaven, and Glory beſtow;
Our Harps ſhall be tun'd,
The Lamb ſhall be crown'd;
Salvation to JESUS thro' Heaven ſhall reſound.

LXIII. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Conſequences of Election, Rom. viii. 33—39.

1 WHO ſhall condemn to endleſs Flames
The choſen People of our GOD?
Since in the Book of Life their Names
Are fairly writ in JESU's Blood.

2 He, for the Sins of all the Elect,
Hath a complete Atonement made;
And Juſtice never can expect
That the ſame Debt ſhould twice be paid.

3 Not Tribulation, Nakedneſs,
The Famine, Peril, or the Sword;
Not Perſecution, or Diſtreſs,
Can ſeperate from CHRIST the LORD.

4 Nor Life, nor Death, nor Depth nor Height,
Nor Powers below, nor Powers above:
Not preſent Things, nor Things to come,
Can change his Purpoſes of Love.

5 His ſovereign Mercy knows no End,
His Faithfulneſs ſhall ſtill endure;
And thoſe who on his Word depend,
Shall find his Word for ever ſure.

LXIV. As the 148th. L. H. C.

Eternal and unchangeable Love, 2 Tim. i. 12. Chap. ii. 13. Phil. i. 6.

1 O My diſtruſtful Heart,
How ſmall thy Faith appears!
But greater, LORD, thou art,
Than all my Doubts and Fears.
Did JESUS once upon me ſhine?
Then JESUS is for ever mine.

2 Unchangeable his Will,
Tho' dark may be my Frame;
His loving Heart is ſtill
Eternally the ſame:
My Soul thro' many Changes goes;
His Love no Variation knows.

3 Thou, LORD, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform
The Work thou haſt begun
In me a ſinful Worm:
Midſt all my Fears, and Sin and Woe,
Thy SPIRIT will not let me go.

4 The Bowels of thy Grace
At firſt did freely move:
I ſtill ſhall ſee thy Face,
And feel that GOD is LOVE!
Myſelf into thy Arms I caſt;
LORD, ſave, O ſave my Soul at laſt.

LXV. Helmſley Tune.

The godly Conſideration of Election in CHRIST *comfortable.*

1 SONS we are, thro' GOD's Election,
Who in JESUS CHRIST believe:
By eternal Deſtination,
Sovereign Grace we here receive:
LORD, thy Mercy
Does both Grace and Glory give.

2 Every fallen Soul by ſinning,
Merits everlaſting Pain;
But thy Love, without Beginning,
Has reſtor'd thy Sons again:
Countleſs Millions
Shall in Life, through JESUS reign.

3 Pauſe, my Soul! adore and wonder!
Aſk, "O why ſuch Love to *me?*"
Grace hath put me in the Number
Of the Savior's Family:
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal Thanks to thee!

4 Since that Love had no Beginning,
And ſhall never never ceaſe;
Keep, O keep me, LORD, from ſinning
Guide me in the Way of Peace!
Make me walk in
All the Paths of Holineſs.

5 When I quit this feeble Manſion,
And my Soul returns to thee;
Let the Power of thy Aſcenſion
Manifeſt itſelf in me:
Thro' thy SPIRIT,
Give the final Victory!

6 When the Angel ſounds the Trumpet;
When my Soul and Body join;
When my SAVIOR comes to Judgment,
Bright in Majeſty divine;
Let me triumph
In thy Righteouſneſs as mine.

7 When in that bleſt Habitation,
Which my GOD has fore ordain'd;
When in Glory's full Poſſeſſion,
I with Saints and Angels ſtand;
FREE GRACE only
Shall reſound thro' Canaan's Land.

LXVI. OLIVER.

The Covenant GOD.

1 THE GOD of Abram praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlaſting Days,
And GOD of Love!
JEHOVAH, great I AM!
By Earth and Heaven confeſt,
I bow and bleſs the ſacred Name,
For ever bleſs'd.

2 The GOD of Abram praiſe,
At whoſe ſupreme Command,
From Earth I riſe, and ſeek the Joys
At his right Hand.

I'd all on Earth forſake,
Its Wiſdom, Fame and Power;
And him my only Portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3 The GOD of Abram praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient Grace
Shall guide me all my happy Days,
In all his Ways:
He calls a Worm his Friend!
He calls Himſelf my GOD!
And he ſhall ſave me to the End,
Thro' JESU'S Blood.

4 He by Himſelf hath ſworn,
I on his Oath depend,
I ſhall, on Eagles' Wings up-borne,
To Heaven aſcend:
I ſhall behold his Face,
I ſhall his Power adore;
And ſing the Wonders of his Grace
For evermore?

PART THE SECOND.

5 Tho' Nature's Strength decay,
And Earth and Hell withſtand;
To Canaan's Bounds I urge my Way
At GOD'S Command:
The watery Deep I paſs,
With JESUS in my View,
And thro' the howling Wilderneſs
My Way purſue.

6 The goodly Land I ſee,
With Peace and Plenty bleſt;
The Land of ſacred Liberty,
And endleſs Reſt.

There Milk and Honey flow,
And Oil and Wine abound;
And Trees of Life for ever grow,
With Mercy crown'd.

7 There dwells the LORD our King,
The LORD our Righteouſneſs;
Triumphant o'er the World and Sin,
The Prince of Peace.
On Sion's ſacred Height
His Kingdom ſtill maintains;
And glorious, with his Saints in Light,
For ever reigns.

8 The ranſom'd Nations bow,
Before the Savior's Face,
Joyful their Crowns they throw,
O'erwhelm'd with Grace:
He ſhews his Prints of Love;
They kindle to a Flame,
And ſound thro' all the Worlds above,
"The ſlaughter'd Lamb."

9 The whole triumphant Hoſt
Give Thanks to GOD on High:
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!"
They ever cry.
Hail Abram's GOD and mine
I join the heavenly Lays:
All Might and Majeſty are thine,
And endleſs Praiſe.

LXVII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Support in GOD's *Covenant under Trouble,*
2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

1 MY GOD, the Covenant of thy Love
Abides for ever ſure,
And in its matchleſs Grace I feel
My Happineſs ſecure.

What tho' my Houſe be not with Thee,
As Nature could deſire?
To nobler Joys, than Nature gives,
Thy Servants all aſpire.

Since thou, the everlaſting GOD,
My Father art become;
JESUS my Guardian and my Friend,
And Heaven my final Home;

I welcome all thy ſovereign Will;
For all that Will is Love:
And when I know not what thou doſt,
I wait the Light above.

Thy Covenant the laſt Accent claims
Of this poor faltering Tongue;
And that ſhall the firſt Notes employ
Of my celeſtial Song.

LXVIII. BENTLEY'S COLLECTION.

Pleading the Covenant, Pſalm lxxiv. 20.

O LORD my GOD, whoſe ſovereign Love,
Is ſtill the ſame nor e'er can move;
Look to the Covenant, and ſee,
Has not thy Love been ſhown to me?
Remember me, my deareſt Friend,
And love me alway to the End.

Be with me ſtill, as heretofore,
And help me forward more and more;
My ſtrong, my ſtubborn Will incline
To be obedient ſtill to thine:
O lead me by thy gracious Hand,
And guide me ſafe to Canaan's Land.

LXIX. Sevens.

Redeeming Love.

1 NOW begin the heavenly Theme,
Sing aloud in JESU's Name:
Ye who his Salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming Love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's Grace
Beaming in the Savior's Face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming Love.

3 Mourning Souls, dry up your Tears,
Banish all your guilty Fears;
See your Guilt and Curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming Love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing Slaves of Death and Sin,
Now from Bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming Love.

5 Welcome all, by Sin oppreſt,
Welcome to his sacred Rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming Love.

6 When his Spirit leads us Home,
When we to his Glory come,
We shall all the Fulness prove,
Of our LORD's redeeming Love.

7 He subdu'd th' infernal Powers,
Those tremendous Foes of ours,
From their curſed Empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming Love.

8 Hither, then, your Muſic bring,
Strike aloud each chearful String,
Mortals join the Hoſt above,
Join to praiſe redeeming Love.

LXX. L. M. STEELE.

Redemption by Chriſt alone, 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

1 ENſlav'd by Sin and bound in Chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant Sway,
And doom'd to everlaſting Pains,
We wretched guilty Captives lay.

2 Nor Gold nor Gems could buy our Peace;
Nor the whole World's collected Store
Suffice to purchaſe our Releaſe;
A thouſand Worlds were all too poor,

3 JESUS the LORD, the mighty GOD,
An all-ſufficient Ranſom paid;
Invalued Price! his precious Blood,
For vile rebellious Traitors ſhed.

4 JESUS the Sacrifice became,
To reſcue guilty Souls from Hell;
The ſpotleſs, bleeding, dying Lamb
Beneath avenging Juſtice fell.

5 Amazing Goodneſs! Love divine!
O may our grateful Hearts adore
The matchleſs Grace, nor yield to Sin,
Nor wear its cruel Fetters more!

6 Dear Savior, let thy Love purſue,
The glorious Work it has begun,
Each ſecret lurking Foe ſubdue,
And let our Hearts be thine alone.

LXXI. Helmſley Tune. F——.

Finiſhed Redemption.

1 HARK! the Voice of Love and Mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the Rocks aſunder,
Shakes the Earth, and veils the Sky!
"It is finiſh'd!"
Hear the dying Savior cry!

2 It is finiſh'd! O what Pleaſure
Do theſe charming Words afford!
Heavenly Bleſſings, without Meaſure,
Flow to us from CHRIST the LORD.
It is finiſh'd!
Saints, the dying Words record.

3 Finiſh'd, all the Types and Shadows
Of the ceremonial Law!
Finiſh'd all that GOD had promis'd;
Death and Hell no more ſhall awe.
It is finiſh'd!
Saints, from hence your Comfort draw.

4 [Happy Souls, approach the Table,
Taſte the Soul-reviving Food;
Nothing half ſo ſweet and pleaſant
As the Savior's Fleſh and Blood.
It is finiſh'd!
CHRIST has borne the heavy Load.]

5 Tune your Harps anew, ye Seraphs,
Join to ſing the pleaſing Theme:
All on Earth, and all in Heaven,
Join to praiſe Immanuel's Name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

LXXII. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

It is finiſhed, John xix. 30.

'TIS finiſh'd, ſo the Savior cried,
And meekly bow'd his Head and died.
'Tis finiſh'd—yes, the Race is run,
The Battle fought, the Victory won.

'Tis finiſh'd—all that Heaven decreed,
And all the ancient Prophets ſaid
Is now fulfill'd, as was deſign'd,
In me the Savior of Mankind.

'Tis finiſh'd—Aaron now no more
Muſt ſtain his Robes with purple Gore:
The ſacred Veil is rent in twain,
And Jewiſh Rites no more remain.

'Tis finiſh'd—this my dying Groan
Shall Sins of every kind atone:
Millions ſhall be redeem'd from Death,
By this my laſt expiring Breath.

'Tis finiſh'd—Heav'n is reconcil'd,
And all the Powers of Darkneſs ſpoil'd:
Peace, Love, and Happineſs again
Return and dwell with ſinful Men.

'Tis finiſh'd—let the joyful Sound
Be heard thro' all the Nations round:
'Tis finiſh'd—let the Echo fly
Thro' Heaven and Hell, thro' Earth and Sky.

LXXIII. D. Turner.

ratitude to God *for Redemption*, Eph. i. 7. 11.

SHALL Jesus deſcend from the Skies,
To atone for our Sins by his Blood,
And ſhall we ſuch Goodneſs deſpiſe,
And Rebels ſtill be to our God!

2 [No Brute could be ever ſo Baſe!
Shall Man thus ungrateful then prove?
Forbid it, O GOD of all Grace!
Forbid it, thou Spirit of Love!

3 The Devils would laugh us to Scorn,
For Folly ſo ſhameful as this;
O let us to GOD then return,
Sure never was Goodneſs like his.]

4 He ſav'd us, or we had been loſt,
Nor Comfort nor Hope had e'er known;
Yet he knew this Salvation would coſt
No leſs than the Blood of his Son.

5 Thro' him we Forgiveneſs ſhall find,
And taſte the ſweet Bleſſings of Peace,
If contrite and humbly reſign'd,
We truſt in his promiſed Grace.

6 This World then with all its gay Joy,
That its Thouſands has ſnar'd and undone,
May tempt, but ſhall never deſtroy,
Whom JESUS has mark'd for his own.

7 While here thro' the Deſart we ſtray,
Our GOD ſhall be all our Delight,
Our Pillar of Cloud in the Day,
And alſo of Fire in the Night.

8 Till, th' Jordan of Death ſafely paſs'd,
We land on the heavenly Shore,
Where we the hid Manna ſhall taſte,
Nor hunger nor thirſt any more.

9 And there while his Glories we ſee,
And feaſt on the Joys of his Love,
We chang'd to his Likeneſs ſhall be
And then ſhall all Gratitude prove.

LXXIV. Chatham Tune. TOPLADY.

CHRIST's *Atonement.*

1 O Thou, who didſt thy Glory leave
Apoſtate Sinners to retrieve
From Nature's deadly Fall,
If thou haſt bought me with a Price,
My Sins againſt me ne'er ſhall riſe
For thou haſt borne them all.

2 And waſt thou puniſh'd in my Stead?
Didſt thou without the City bleed
To expiate my Stains?
On Earth my GOD vouchſaf'd to dwell,
And made of infinite Avail,
The Sufferings of the Man.

3 And waſt thou for Tranſgreſſors given?
And did the incarnate King of Heaven
For us his Foes expire?
Amaz'd, O Earth, the Tidings hear!
He bore, that we might never bear,
His Father's righteous Ire.

4 Ye Saints, the Man of Sorrows bleſs,
The GOD, for your Unrighteouſneſs
Deputed to atone:
Praiſe, 'till with all the ranſom'd Throng
Ye ſing the never-ending Song,
And ſee him on his Throne.

LXXV. 8. 7. L. H. C.

Gratitude for the Atonement.

1 HAIL! thou once deſpiſed JESUS,
Hail thou *Galilean* King!
Thou didſt ſuffer, to releaſe us;
Thou didſt free Salvation bring:

Hail, thou agonizing Savior,
Bearer of our Sin and Shame!
By thy Merits we find Favor;
Life is given thro' thy Name.

2 Paſchal LAMB, by GOD appointed,
All our Sins on thee were laid:
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou haſt full Atonement made:
All thy People are forgiven,
Through the Virtue of thy Blood:
Open'd is the Gate of Heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt Man and GOD.

3 JESUS, hail, enthron'd in Glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly Hoſts adore thee,
Seated at thy FATHER's Side:
There for Sinners thou art pleading,
There thou doſt our Place prepare;
Ever for us interceeding,
Till in Glory we appear.

4 Worſhip, Honor, Power, and Bleſſing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudeſt Praiſes, without ceaſing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic Spirits!
Bring your ſweeteſt, nobleſt Lays!
Help to ſing our Savior's Merits;
Help to chaunt IMMANUEL's Praiſe.

LXXVI. Sevens.

Pleading the Atonement, Pſalm lxxxiv. 9.

1 FATHER, GOD, who ſeeſt in me
Only Sin and Miſery,

Turn to thy anointed One,
Look on thy beloved Son;
Him, and then the Sinner, ſee;
Look through JESUS' Wounds on me.

2 Heavenly FATHER, LORD of all,
Hear, and ſhow thou hear'ſt my Call;
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Smile on me a Sinner now!
Now the Stone to Fleſh convert;
Caſt a Look, and melt my Heart.

3 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a Bleſſing thou beſtow;
Hear my Advocate divine,
Lo, to his my Suit I join,
Join'd with his, it cannot fail;
Let me now with thee prevail!

4 Turn from me thy glorious Eyes
To his bloody Sacrifice,
To the full Atonement made,
To the utmoſt Ranſom paid;
And, if mine thro' him thou art,
Speak thy Mercy to my Heart.

5 JESUS, anſwer from above;
Is not all thy Nature Love?
Pity from thine Eye let fall;
Bleſs me, whilſt on thee I call:
Am I thine, thou Son of GOD?
Take the Purchaſe of thy Blood.

6 FATHER, ſee the Victim ſlain,
Offer'd up for guilty Man;
Hear his Blood's prevailing Cry;
Let thy Bowels then reply!
Then thro' him the Sinner ſee;
Then, in JESUS, look on me!

LXXVII. C. M. TOPLADY's COLLECTION.

Efficacious Grace, Pſalm xlv. 3—5.

1 HAIL! mighty JESUS; how divine
Is thy victorious Sword!
The ſtouteſt Rebel muſt reſign,
At thy commanding Word.

2 Deep are the Wounds thy Arrows give;
They pierce the hardeſt Heart:
Thy Smiles of Grace the ſlain revive,
And Joy ſucceeds to Smart.

3 Still gird thy Sword upon thy Thigh,
Ride with majeſtic Sway:
Go forth, ſweet Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy Foes obey.

4 And, when thy Victory's are compl-te;
When all the choſen Race
Shall round the Throne of Glory meet,
To ſing thy conquering Grace;

5 O may my humble Soul be found
Among that favor'd Band!
And I, with them, thy Praiſe will ſound
Throughout IMMANUEL's Land.

LXXVIII. L. M.

The Converſion of Zaccheus, Luke xix. 1—10.

1 ONCE as the Savior paſs'd along,
Zaccheus fain the LORD would ſee;
Of Stature ſmall, to 'ſcape the Throng,
He ran before, and climb'd a Tree.

2 As the Omniſcient LORD drew nigh,
Upward he look'd, and ſaw him there;
"Zaccheus haſten down, for I
"Muſt be thy Gueſt to Day, prepare.

"To Day," the pardoning Savior cries,
"Salvation to thy Houſe is come;
"On Wings of ſovereign Love it flies;
"Go tell the bliſsful News at Home."

LORD, look on Souls that gaze around,
To every liſtening Sinner ſpeak;
Now may thine ancient Love abound,
From every Seat a Captive take.

Sinners make haſte, our GOD to meet;
Come to the Feaſt his Love prepares;
The Loſt are ſought and ſav'd, how ſweet!
And not the Righteous, CHRIST declares.

Say, what are ye come out to view?
JESUS who once for Sinners died?
O hear the Savior's Voice to you,
"Caſt ſinful righteous Self aſide."

LORD, wilt thou ſtoop to be my Gueſt?
Doſt thou invite thee to my Home?
Welcome, dear Savior, to my Breaſt,
TO DAY let thy Salvation come.

LXXIX. C. M.

The loſt Sheep found; or, *Joy in Heaven on the Converſion of a Sinner*, Luke xv. 3, 4.

WHEN ſome kind Shepherd from his Fold,
Has loſt a ſtraying Sheep,
Through Vales o'er Hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the Mountain's Steep.

But O the Joy! the Tranſport ſweet!
When he the Wanderer finds;
Up in his Arms he takes his Charge,
And to his Shoulder binds.

3 Homeward he haſtes to tell his Joys,
And make his Bliſs complete:
The Neighbours hear the News, and all
The joyful Shepherd greet.

4 Yet how much greater is the Joy
When but one Sinner turns;
When the poor Wretch with broken Heart,
His Sins and Errors mourns.

5 Pleas'd with the News, the Saints below,
In Songs their Tongues employ;
Beyond the Skies the Tidings go,
And Heaven is fill'd with Joy.

6 Well-pleas'd the Father ſees, and hears
The conſcious Sinner weep;
JESUS receives him in his Arms,
And owns him for his Sheep.

7 Nor Angels can their Joys contain
But kindle with new Fire:
"A wandering Sheep's return'd," they ſing,
And ſtrike the ſounding Lyre.

LXXX. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

The converted Thief, Luke xxiii. 42,

1 AS on the Croſs the Savior hung,
And wept, and bled, and dy'd,
He pour'd Salvation on a Wretch
That languiſh'd at his Side.

2 His Crimes with inward Grief and Shame,
The Penitent confeſs'd;
Then turn'd his dying Eyes to CHRIST,
And thus his Prayer addreſs'd;

" JESUS, thou Son and Heir of Heaven,
" Thou ſpotleſs Lamb of GOD,
" I ſee thee bath'd in Sweat and Tears,
" And welt'ring in thy Blood.

" Yet quickly from theſe Scenes of Woe
" In Triumph thou ſhalt riſe,
" Burſt thro' the gloomy Shades of Death,
" And ſhine above the Skies.

" Amid the Glories of that World,
" Dear Savior, think on me;
" And in the Vict'ries of thy Death
" Let me a Sharer be."

His Prayer the dying JESUS hears,
And inſtantly replies,
" To-day thy parting Soul ſhall be
" With me in Paradiſe."

LXXXI. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Vital Union to CHRIST *in Regeneration.*
1 Cor. vi. 17.

DEAR Savior, we are thine,
By everlaſting Bonds;
Our Names, our Hearts, we would reſign,
Our Souls are in thy Hands.

To thee we ſtill would cleave
With ever growing Zeal;
If Millions tempt us CHRIST to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

Thy Spirit ſhall unite
Our Souls to thee our Head;
Shall form us to thy Image bright,
That we thy Paths may tread.

4 Death may our Souls divide
From theſe Abodes of Clay;
But Love ſhall keep us near thy Side
Thro' all the gloomy Way.

5 Since CHRIST and we are One,
Why ſhould we doubt or fear?
If he in Heaven hath fix'd his Throne,
He'll fix his Members there.

LXXXII. L. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Praiſe to GOD *for renewing Grace.*

1 TO GOD, my Savior and my King,
Fain would my Soul her Tribute bring;
Join me, ye Saints, in Songs of Praiſe,
For ye have known and felt his Grace.

2 Wretched and helpleſs once I lay,
Juſt breathing all my Life away;
He ſaw me welt'ring in my Blood,
And felt the Pity of a GOD.

3 With Speed he fled to my Relief,
Bound up my Wounds and ſooth'd my Grief;
Pour'd Joys divine into my Heart,
And bade each anxious Fear depart.

4 Theſe Proofs of Love, my deareſt LORD,
Deep in my Breaſt I will record:
The Life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.

5 My Heart and Tongue ſhall tune thy Praiſe,
Thro' the Remainder of my Days:
And when I join the Powers above,
My Soul ſhall better ſing thy Love.

LXXXIII. L. M.

Human righteouſneſs inſufficient to juſtify, Mic. vi. 6-8.

WHerewith, O LORD, ſhall I draw near,
Or bow myſelf before thy Face?
How in thy purer Eyes appear?
What ſhall I bring to gain thy Grace?

Will Gifts delight the LORD moſt High?
Will multiply'd Oblations pleaſe?
Thouſands of Rams his Favor buy,
Or, ſlaughter'd Hecatombs appeaſe.

Can theſe, aſſuage the Wrath of GOD?
Can theſe waſh out my guilty Stain?
Rivers of Oil, or Seas of Blood,
Alas! they all muſt flow in vain.

What have I then wherein to truſt?
I Nothing have, I Nothing am;
Excluded is my every Boaſt,
My Glory ſwallow'd up in Shame.

Guilty, I ſtand before thy Face;
My ſole Deſert, is Hell and Wrath;
'Twere juſt the Sentence ſhould take Place,
But O, I plead my Savior's Death!

I plead the Merits of thy Son,
Who died for Sinners on the Tree;
I plead his Righteouſneſs alone,
O put the ſpotleſs Robe on me.

LXXXIV. L. M. MADAN's Collection.

Imputed Righteouſneſs, Jer. xxiii. 6. Iſa. xlv. 24.

JESUS, thy Blood and Righteouſneſs
My Beauty are, my glorious Dreſs;
'Midſt flaming Worlds in theſe array'd,
With Joy ſhall I lift up my Head.

2 When from the Duſt of Death I riſe
To take my Manſion in the Skies,
Even then ſhall this be all my Plea,
"JESUS hath LIV'D and DY'D for me."

3 Bold ſhall I ſtand in that great Day,
For who Aught to my Charge ſhall lay?
While thro' thy Blood abſolv'd I am,
From Sin's tremendous Curſe and Shame.

4 Thus Abraham the Friend of GOD,
Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
Savior of Sinners thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5 This ſpotleſs Robe the ſame appears
When ruin'd Nature ſinks in Years:
No Age can change its glorious Hue,
The Robe of CHRIST is ever new.

6 O! let the dead now hear thy Voice,
Bid, LORD, thy baniſh'd Ones rejoice,
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dreſs,
JESUS, the Lord our Righteouſneſs.

LXXXV. PRESIDENT DAVIS.

The pardoning GOD, Micah vii. 18.

1 GReat GOD of Wonders! all thy Ways
Are matchleſs, Godlike, and divine;
But the fair Glories of thy Grace
More Godlike and unrival'd ſhine:
Who is a pardoning GOD like thee?
Or who has Grace ſo rich and free?

2 Crimes of ſuch Horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring Worms to ſpare,
This is thy grand Prerogative,
And none ſhall in the Honor ſhare.
Who is a pardoning GOD like thee?
Or who has Grace ſo rich and free?

Angels and Men, reſign your Claim
To Pity, Mercy, Love and Grace;
Theſe Glories crown Jehovah's Name
With an incomparable Blaze.
Who is a pardoning GOD like thee?
Or who has Grace ſo rich and free?

In Wonder loſt, with trembling Joy,
We take the Pardon of our GOD,
Pardon, for Crimes of deepeſt Dye,
A Pardon ſeal'd with JESU's Blood.
Who is a pardoning GOD like thee?
Or who has Grace ſo rich and free?

O may this ſtrange this matchleſs Grace,
This Godlike Miracle of Love
Fill the wide Earth with grateful Praiſe,
And all the angelic Choirs above!
Who is a pardoning GOD like thee?
Or who has Grace ſo rich and free?

LXXXVI. C. M. STEELE.

Pardoning Love, Jer. iii. 22. Hoſ. xiv. 4.

HOW oft, alas, this wretched Heart
Has wandered from the LORD!
How oft my roving Thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his Word!

Yet ſovereign Mercy calls, Return:
Dear LORD, and may I come!
My vile Ingratitude I mourn;
O take the Wanderer Home.

And canſt thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my Crimes remove?
And ſhall a pardon'd Rebel live
To ſpeak thy wonderous Love!

4 Almighty Grace, thy healing Power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to Life and Bliſs reſtore
So vile a Heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning Love, ſo free, ſo ſweet,
Dear Savior, I adore;
O keep me at thy ſacred Feet,
And let me rove no more.

LXXXVII. L. M. Dr. Gibbons.

Divine Forgiveneſs, Luke vii. 47.

1 FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful Sound
To Malefactors doom'd to die;
Publiſh the Bliſs the World around;
Ye Seraphs, ſhout it from the Sky!

2 'Tis the rich Gift of Love divine;
'Tis full out-meaſuring every Crime;
Unclouded ſhall its Glories ſhine,
And feel no Change by changing Time.

3 O'er Sins unnumber'd as the Sand,
And like the Mountains for their Size,
The Seas of ſovereign Grace expand,
The Seas of ſovereign Grace ariſe.

4 For this ſtupendous Love of Heaven
What grateful Honors ſhall we ſhow?
Where much Tranſgreſſion is forgiven
Let Love in equal Ardors glow.

5 By this inſpir'd, let all our Days
With various Holineſs be crown'd,
Let Truth and Goodneſs, Prayer and Praiſe
In all abide, in all abound.

LXXXVIII. S. M. Dr Watts's Lyric Poems.

Confession and Pardon, 1 John i. 9. Prov. xxviii. 13.

1 MY Sorrows like a Flood,
Impatient of Restraint,
Into thy Bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long Complaint.

2 This impious Heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with Violence on to Sin,
In Presence of thy Sword.

3 How often have I stood
A Rebel to the Skies,
And yet, and yet, O matchless Grace!
Thy Thunder silent lies.

4 O shall I never feel
The meltings of thy Love?
Am I of such Hell-harden'd Steel,
That Mercy cannot move?

5 O'ercome by dying Love I fall;
Here at thy Cross I lie;
And throw my Flesh, my Soul, my All,
And weep, and love, and die.

6 Rise, says the Savior, rise,
Behold my wounded Veins;
Here flows a sacred crimson Flood,
To wash away thy Stains.

7 See, God is reconcil'd;
Behold his smiling Face!
Let joyful Cherubs clap their Wings
And sound aloud his Grace.

LXXXIX. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Pardon ſpoken by Christ, Matt. ix. 2.

1 MY Savior, let me hear thy Voice,
Pronounce the Words of Peace;
And all my warmeſt Powers ſhall join
To celebrate thy Grace.

2 With gentle Smiles call me thy Child,
And ſpeak my Sins forgiv'n;
The Accents mild ſhall charm mine Ear
All like the Harps of Heaven.

3 Cheerful, where'er thy Hand ſhall lead,
The darkeſt Path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit theſe mortal Shores,
And mingle with the Dead.

4 When dreadful Guilt is done away,
No other Fears we know;
That Hand, which ſcatters Pardons down,
Shall Crowns of Life beſtow.

XC. L. M. Stogdon.

God *ready to forgive*; or, *Deſpair ſinful.*

1 WHAT mean theſe Jealouſies and Fears,
As if the Lord was loth to ſave,
Or lov'd to ſee us drench'd in Tears,
And ſink with Sorrow to the Grave?

2 Does he want Slaves to grace his Throne?
Or rules he by an iron Rod?
Loves he the deep deſpairing Groan?
Is he a Tyrant, or a God?

3 Not all the Sins which we have wrought
So much his tender Bowels grieve,
As this unkind injurious Thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.

4 What tho' our Crimes are black as Night,
Or glowing like the crimſon Morn,
IMMANUEL's Blood will make them white
As Snow thro' the pure Æther borne.

5 LORD, 'tis amazing Grace we own,
And well may Rebel-worms ſurpriſe,
But was not thy incarnate Son
A moſt amazing Sacrifice?

6 "I've found a Ranſom," ſaith the LORD,
"No humble Penitent ſhall die:"
LORD, we would now believe thy Word,
And thy unbounded Mercies try!

XCI. CRUTTENDEN.

Adoption, 1 John iii. 1—3.

1 LET others boaſt their ancient Line,
In long Succeſſion great;
In the proud Liſt let Heroes ſhine,
And Monarchs ſwell the State:
Deſcended from the KING of KINGS,
Each Saint, a nobler Title ſings.

2 Pronounce me, gracious GOD, Thy Son,
Own me an Heir divine;
I'll pity Princes on the Throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Scepters and Crowns unenvied riſe,
And loſe their Luſtre in mine Eyes.

3 Content, obſcure I paſs my Days,
To all I meet unknown,
And wait till thou thy Child ſhalt raiſe
And ſeat me near thy Throne.
No Name, no Honors here I crave,
Well pleas'd with thoſe beyond the Grave.

4 Jeſus, my elder Brother, lives,
With him I too ſhall reign;
Nor Sin, nor Death, while he ſurvives,
Shall make the Promiſe vain.
In him my Title ſtands ſecure,
And ſhall, while endleſs Years endure.

5 When he, in Robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou too, my Soul, ſhalt ſhine in Light,
And his full Image bear.
Enough!——I wait th' appointed Day,
Bleſs'd Savior, haſte, and come away!

XCII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Abba, Father. Gal. iv. 6.

1 SOVEREIGN of all the Worlds on high,
Allow my humble Claim;
Nor, while a Worm would raiſe its Head,
Diſdain a Father's Name.

2 My Father God! How ſweet the Sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the Harmony of Heaven
Could ſo delight the Ear.

3 Come, ſacred Spirit, ſeal the Name
On my expanding Heart;
And ſhew, that in Jehovah's Grace
I ſhare a filial Part.

4 Cheer'd by a Signal ſo divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the Sign deceive.

XCIII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

True Liberty given by Christ, John viii. 36.

HARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
To Life and Liberty;
Tranſported fall before his Feet,
Who makes the Priſoners free.

The cruel Bonds of Sin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's Chain;
Smiling he deals thoſe Pardons round,
Which free from endleſs Pain.

Into the captive Heart he pours
His Spirit from on High;
We loſe the Terrors of the Slave,
And *Abba*, Father, cry.

Shake off your Bonds, and ſing his Grace;
The Sinner's Friend proclaim;
And call on all around to ſeek
True Freedom by his Name.

Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's Houſe above;
There ſhall you wear immortal Crowns,
And ſing immortal Love.

XCIV. Sevens. Humphreys.

The Privileges of the Sons of God.

BLESSED are the Sons of God,
They are bought with Jesu's Blood,
They are ranſom'd from the Grave,
Life eternal they ſhall have.
With them number'd may we be,
Now and thro' Eternity!

2 GOD did love them in his Son,
Long before the World begun;
They the Seal of this receive
When on JESUS they believe.
With them, &c.

3 They are juſtify'd by Grace,
They enjoy a ſolid Peace;
All their Sins are waſh'd away,
They ſhall ſtand in GOD's great Day.
With them, &c.

4 They produce the Fruits of Grace
In the Works of Righteouſneſs!
Born of GOD; they hate all Sin,
GOD's pure Seed remains within.
With them, &c.

5 They have Fellowſhip with GOD,
Thro' the Mediator's Blood;
One with GOD, thro' JESUS One,
Glory is in them begun.
With them, &c.

6 Tho' they ſuffer much on Earth,
Strangers to the Worldling's Mirth,
Yet they have an inward Joy,
Pleaſures which can never cloy.
With them, &c.

7 They alone are truly bleſt,
Heirs of GOD, joint Heirs with CHRIST;
They with Love and Peace are fill'd
They are by his Spirit ſeal'd.
With them number'd may we be,
Now and thro' Eternity.

ADOPTION.

XCV. L. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Chriſtians the Sons of GOD, John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1.

1 NOT all the Nobles of the Earth,
Who boaſt the Honors of their Birth,
Such real Dignity can claim,
As thoſe who bear the Chriſtian Name.

2 To them the Privilege is giv'n
To be the Sons and Heirs of Heav'n;
Sons of the GOD who reigns on high,
And Heirs of Joys beyond the Sky.

3 [On them, a happy choſen Race,
Their Father pours his richeſt Grace:
To them his Counſels he imparts,
And ſtamps his Image on their Hearts.

4 Their Infant-Cries, their tender Age,
His Pity and his Love engage:
He claſps them in his Arms, and there
Secures them with parental Care.]

5 His Will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young Feet to go;
Whiſpers Inſtruction to their Minds,
And on their Hearts his Precepts binds.

6 When, thro' Temptation they rebel,
His chaſt'ning Rod he makes them feel;
Then, with a Father's tender Heart,
He ſooths the Pain, and heals the Smart.

7 Their daily Wants his Hands ſupply,
Their Steps he guards with watchful Eye,
Leads them from Earth to Heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal Love.

8 If I've the Honor, LORD, to be
One of this num'rous Family,
On me the gracious Gift beſtow,
To call thee Abba, Father! too.

9 So may my Conduct ever prove
My filial Piety and Love!
Whilſt all my Brethren clearly trace
Their Father's Likeneſs in my Face.

XCVI. S. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Communion with GOD *and* CHRIST, 1 John i. 3.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And CHRIST invites us near;
With both our Friendſhip ſhall be ſweet,
And our Communion dear.

2 GOD pities all our Griefs;
He pardons every Day;
Almighty to protect our Souls,
And wiſe to guide our Way.

3 How large his Bounties are!
What various Stores of Good,
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's Hand,
And purchas'd with his Blood!

4 JESUS, our living Head,
We bleſs thy faithful Care;
Our Advocate before the Throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving Heart!
Here wait, my warmeſt Love!
Till the Communion be complete
In nobler Scenes above.

XCVII. L. M. BEDDOME.

Deſiring Communion with GOD.

MY riſing Soul, with ſtrong Deſires,
To perfect Happineſs aſpires,
With ſteady Steps would tread the Road,
That leads to Heaven, that leads to GOD.

I thirſt to drink unmingled Love,
From the pure Fountain-Head above:
My deareſt LORD, I long to be
Empty'd of Sin, and full of thee.

For thee I pant, for thee I burn,
Art thou withdrawn? again return,
Nor let me be the Firſt to ſay,
Thou wilt not hear when Sinners pray.

XCVIII. C. M. COWPER.

Walking with GOD, Gen. v. 24.

O For a cloſer Walk with GOD,
A calm and heavenly Frame;
A Light, to ſhine upon the Road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the Bleſſedneſs I knew
When firſt I ſaw the LORD?
Where is the Soul-refreſhing View
Of JESUS, and his Word?

What peaceful Hours I then enjoy'd!
How ſweet their Memory ſtill!
But now I find an aching Void,
The World can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return
Sweet Meſſenger of Reſt!
I hate the Sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my Breaſt.

5 The deareſt Idol I have known,
Whate'er that Idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy Throne,
And worſhip only thee.

6 So ſhall my Walk be cloſe with GOD,
Calm and ſerene my Frame;
So purer Light ſhall mark the Road
That leads me to the Lamb.

XCIX. C. M. Dr. WATTS's SERMONS.

O that I knew where I might find him; or, *Sin and Sorrows laid before* GOD, Job xxiii. 3, 4.

1 O That I knew the ſecret Place,
Where I might find my GOD!
I'd ſpread my Wants before his Face,
And pour my Woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my Sins ariſe,
What Sorrows I ſuſtain;
How Grace decays, and Comfort dies,
And leaves my Heart in Pain.

3 He knows what Arguments I'd take
To wreſtle with my GOD;
I'd plead for his own Mercy's Sake,
And for my Savior's Blood.

4 My GOD will pity my Complaints,
And heal my broken Bones;
He takes the Meaning of his Saints,
The Language of their Groans.

5 Ariſe, my Soul, from deep Diſtreſs,
And baniſh every Fear;
He calls thee to his Throne of Grace,
To ſpread thy Sorrows there.

SANCTIFICATION.

C. C. M. Dr. WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.

Sanctification and Pardon.

WHERE ſhall we Sinners hide our Heads,
Can Rocks or Mountains ſave?
Or ſhall we wrap us in the Shades
Of Midnight and the Grave?
Is there no Shelter from the Eye
Of a revenging GOD?
JESUS, to thy dear Wounds we fly,
Bedew us with thy Blood.
Thoſe guardian Drops our Souls ſecure,
And waſh away our Sin;
Eternal Juſtice frowns no more,
And Conſcience ſmiles within.
We bleſs that wonderous purple Stream
That cleanſes every Stain;
Yet are our Souls but half redeem'd
If Sin, the Tyrant, reign.
LORD, blaſt his Empire with thy Breath,
That curſed Throne muſt fall;
Ye flattering Plagues, that work our Death,
Fly, for we hate you all.

CI. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Abundant Life by CHRIST *our Shepherd*, John x. 10.

PRAISE to our Shepherd's gracious Name,
Who on ſo kind an Errand came;
Came, that by him his Flock might live,
And more abundant Life receive.
Hail, great IMMANUEL from above,
High ſeated on thy Throne of Love!
O pour the vital Torrent down,
Thy People's Joy, their LORD's Renown.

3 Scarce half alive we ſigh and cry;
Scarce raiſe to thee our languid Eye;
Kind SAVIOR, let our dying State
Compaſſion in thy Heart create.

4 The Shepherd's Blood the Sheep muſt heal;
O may we all its Influence feel;
Till inward deep Experience ſhow,
CHRIST can begin a Heav'n below.

CII. S. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

The Leper healed; or, *Sanctification implored*,
Matt. viii. 2, 3.

1 BEHOLD the lep'rous Jew,
Oppreſs'd with Pain and Grief,
Pouring his Tears at JESUS' Feet,
For Pity and Relief.

2 "O ſpeak the Word," he cries,
"And heal me of my Pain:
"LORD, thou art able, if thou wilt,
"To make a Leper clean."

3 Compaſſion moves his Heart,
He ſpeaks the gracious Word;
The Leper feels his Strength return,
And all his Sickneſs cur'd.

4 To thee, dear LORD, I look,
Sick of a worſe Diſeaſe:
Sin is my painful Malady,
And none can give me Eaſe.

5 But thy Almighty Grace
Can heal my lep'rous Soul:
O bathe me in thy precious Blood,
And that will make me whole.

CIII. S. M. Dr. Doddridge.

The Security of Christ's *Sheep*, John x. 27—30.

1 MY Soul, with Joy attend,
While Jesus Silence breaks;
No Angel's Harp ſuch Muſic yields,
As what my Shepherd ſpeaks.

2 "I know my Sheep," he cries,
"My Soul approves them well:
"Vain is the treacherous World's Diſguiſe,
"And vain the Rage of Hell.

3 "I freely feed them now
"With Tokens of my Love,
"But richer Paſtures I prepare,
"And ſweeter Streams above.

4 "Unnumber'd Years of Bliſs
"I to my Sheep will give;
"And, while my Throne unſhaken ſtands,
"Shall all my Choſen live.

5 "This tried Almighty Hand
"Is rais'd for their Defence:
"Where is the Power ſhall reach them there?
"Or what ſhall force them thence?"

6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let Faith triumphant cry;
My Heart can on this Promiſe live,
Can on this Promiſe die.

CIV. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Noah *preſerved in the Ark, and the Believer in* Christ, 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

1 THE Deluge, at th' Almighty's Call,
In what impetuous Streams it fell!
Swallow'd the Mountains in its Rage,
And ſwept a guilty World to Hell.

2 In vain the talleſt Sons of Pride
Fled from the cloſe-purſuing Wave;
Nor could their mightieſt Towers defend,
Nor Swiftneſs 'ſcape, nor Courage ſave.

3 How dire the Wreck! how loud the Roar!
How ſhrill the univerſal Cry
Of Millions in the laſt Deſpair,
Re-echo'd from the lowering Sky!

4 Yet Noah, humble happy Saint,
Surrounded with the choſen few,
Sat in his Ark, ſecure from Fear,
And ſang the Grace that ſteer'd him thro'.

5 So I may ſing, in JESUS ſafe,
While Storms of Vengeance round me fall,
Conſcious how high my Hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what ſhakes this earthly Ball.

6 Enter thine Ark, while Patience waits,
Nor ever quit that ſure Retreat:
Then the wide Flood, which buries Earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer Seat.

7 Nor Wreck nor Ruin there is ſeen;
There not a Wave of Trouble rolls;
But the bright Rainbow round the Throne
Seals endleſs Life to all their Souls.

CV. C. M. F——.

Perſeverance, Pſalm cxix. 117.

1 LORD, haſt thou made me know thy Ways?
Conduct me in thy Fear,
And grant me ſuch Supplies of Grace,
That I may perſevere.

2 Let but thy own Almighty Arm
Suſtain a feeble Worm,
I ſhall eſcape, ſecure from Harm,
Amid the dreadful Storm.

3 Be thou my all-ſufficient Friend,
Till all my Toils ſhall ceaſe;
Guard me thro' Life, and let my End
Be everlaſting Peace.

CVI. L. M. Dr S. STENNETT.

Perſeverance deſired.

1 JESUS, my SAVIOR and my GOD,
Thou haſt redeem'd me with thy Blood:
By Ties both natural and divine,
I am, and ever will be thine.

2 But ah! ſhould my inconſtant Heart,
E'er I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire Reproach would fall on me,
For ſuch Ingratitude to thee!

3 The Thought I dread, the Crime I hate,
The Guilt, the Shame, I deprecate:
And yet ſo mighty are my Foes
I dare not truſt my warmeſt Vows.

4 Pity my Frailty, deareſt LORD,
Grace in the needful Hour afford:
O ſteel this tim'rous Heart of mine
With Fortitude and Love divine!

5 So ſhall I triumph o'er my Fears,
And gather Joys from all my Tears:
So ſhall I to the World proclaim
The Honors of the Chriſtian-Name.

CVII. TOPLADY.

The Method of Salvation.

1 THEE, Father, we bleſs
Whoſe diſtinguiſhing Grace
Selected a People to ſhew forth thy Praiſe:
Nor is thy Love known
By Election alone;
For, O! thou haſt added the Gift of thy Son.

2 The Goodneſs in vain
We attempt to explain,
Which found and accepted a Ranſom for Men.
Great SURETY of thine,
Thou didſt not decline. [Deſign:
To concur with the Father's moſt gracious

3 To JESUS our Friend
Our Thanks ſhall aſcend,
Who ſaves to the utmoſt, and loves to the End.
Our Ranſom he paid!
In his Merit array'd
We attain to the Glory for which we were made.

4 Sweet SPIRIT of Grace,
Thy Mercy we bleſs
For thy eminent Share in the Council of Peace:
Great Agent divine,
To reſtore us is thine,
And cauſe us afreſh in thy Likeneſs to ſhine:

5 O GOD, 'tis thy Part
To convince and convert;
To give a new Life, and create a new Heart:
By thy Preſence and Grace
We're upheld in our Race, [Days.
And are kept in thy Love to the End of our

6 FATHER, SPIRIT, and SON,
Agree thus in One,
The Salvation of thoſe he has mark'd for his own:
Let us too agree
To glorify THEE
Thou ineffable ONE, thou adorable THREE!

CVIII. Helmſley Tune.

Free Salvation, 2 Tim. i. 9.

1 JESUS is our great Salvation;
Worthy of our beſt Eſteem!
He has ſav'd his favorite Nation;
Join to ſing aloud to Him:
He has ſav'd us,
CHRIST alone could us redeem.

2 When involv'd in Sin and Ruin,
And no Helper there was found;
JESUS our Diſtreſs was viewing:
Grace did more than Sin abound:
He has call'd us,
With Salvation in the Sound.

3 Save us from a mere Profeſſion,
Save us from Hypocriſy;
Give us, LORD, the ſweet Poſſeſſion
Of thy Righteouſneſs and Thee:
Beſt of Favors,
None compar'd with this can be.

4 Let us never, LORD, forget thee!
Make us walk as Pilgrims here:
We will give thee all the Glory,
Of the Love that brought us near;
Bid us praiſe thee,
And rejoice with holy Fear.

5 Free Election, known by Calling,
Is a Privilege divine:
Saints are kept from final Falling,
All the Glory, LORD, be thine
All the Glory,
All the Glory, LORD, is thine.

CIX. C. M.

Complete Salvation.

SAlvation thro' our dying GOD,
Is finish'd, and complete;
He paid whate'er his People ow'd,
And cancell'd all their Debt.

2 Salvation now shall be my Stay,
"A Sinner sav'd," I'll cry;
Then gladly quit this mortal Clay,
For better Joys on high.

CX. K——.

Distinguishing Grace, Jer. xxxi. 3.

1 IN Songs of sublime Adoration and Praise,
Ye Pilgrims for Sion who press,
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of Days,
His rich and distinguishing Grace.

2 His Love from Eternity fix'd upon you:
Broke forth, and discover'd its Flame,
When each with the Cords of his kindness he drew
And brought you to love his great Name.

3 O had he not pitied the State you were in,
Your Bosoms his Love had ne'er felt, [in Sin,
You all would have liv'd, would have dy'd too
And sunk with the Load of your Guilt.

4 What was there in you that could merit Esteem,
Or give the Creator Delight?
'Twas "even so, Father," you ever must sing,
"Because it seem'd good in thy Sight."

'Twas all of thy Grace we were brought to obey
While Others were ſuffer'd to go
The Road which by Nature we choſe as our Way,
Which leads to the Regions of Woe.

Then give all the Glory to his holy Name;
To him all the Glory belongs: [Fame,
Be yours the high Joy ſtill to ſound forth his
And crown him in each of your Songs.

CXI. S. M.

Salvation by Grace, from firſt to laſt, Eph. ii. 5.

GRACE! 'tis a charming Sound!
Harmonious to the Ear!
Heaven with the Echo ſhall reſound,
And all the Earth ſhall hear.

Grace firſt contriv'd a Way
To ſave rebellious Man,
And all the Steps that Grace diſplay,
Which drew the wonderous Plan.

['Twas Grace that wrote my Name
In God's eternal Book:
'Twas Grace that gave me to the Lamb
Who all my Sorrows took.]

Grace led my roving Feet
To tread the heavenly Road;
And new Supplies each Hour I meet,
While preſſing on to God.

[Grace taught my Soul to pray,
And made my Eyes o'erflow:
'Twas Grace which kept me to this Day,
And will not let me go.]

6 Grace all the Work ſhall crown,
Thro' everlaſting Days;
It lays in Heaven the topmoſt Stone,
And well deſerves the Praiſe.

CXII. C. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.

GOD *glorious, and Sinners ſaved,* Iſaiah xliv. 23.

1 FATHER, how wide thy Glory ſhines!
How high thy Wonders riſe!
Known thro' the Earth by thouſand Signs,
By thouſands thro' the Skies.

2 Part of thy Name divinely ſtands
On all thy Creatures writ,
They ſhew the Labor of thine Hands,
Or Impreſs of thy Feet.

3 But when we view thy ſtrange Deſign
To ſave rebellious Worms,
Where Vengeance and Compaſſion join,
In their divineſt Forms;

4 Our Thoughts are loſt in reverend Awe;
We love and we adore;
The firſt Arch-Angel never ſaw
So much of GOD before.

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a Creature gueſs
Which of the Glories brighteſt ſhone,
The Juſtice or the Grace.

6 When Sinners broke the Father's Laws,
The dying Son atones;
O, the dear Myſteries of his Croſs!
The Triumph of his Groans!

7 Now the full Glories of the LAMB
Adorn the heavenly Plains;
Sweet Cherubs learn IMMANUEL's Name,
And try their choiceſt Strains.

8 O may I bear ſome humble Part
In that immortal Song!
Wonder and Joy ſhall tune my Heart,
And Love command my Tongue.

CXIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

O LORD, *ſay unto my Soul, I am thy Salvation,*
Pſalm xxxv. 3.

1 SAlvation! O melodious Sound
To wretched dying Men!
Salvation, that from GOD proceeds,
And leads to GOD again.

2 Reſcu'd from Hell's eternal Gloom,
From Fiends, and Fires, and Chains:
Rais'd to a Paradiſe of Bliſs,
Where Love triumphant reigns!

3 But may a poor bewilder'd Soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Preſume to raiſe a trembling Eye
To Bleſſings ſo divine?

4 The Luſtre of ſo bright a Bliſs
My feeble Heart o'erbears;
And Unbelief almoſt perverts
The Promiſe into Tears.

5 My Saviour GOD, no Voice but thine
Theſe dying Hopes can raiſe:
Speak thy Salvation to my Soul,
And turn my Prayer to Praiſe.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

CXIV. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

God reasoning with Men, Isaiah i. 18.

1 COME Sinners, saith the mighty God,
Heinous as all your Crimes have been,
Lo! I descend from mine Abode,
To reason with the Sons of Men.

2 No Clouds of Darkness veil my Face,
No vengeful Light'nings flash around:
I come with Terms of Life and Peace;
Where Sin hath reign'd let Grace abound.

3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy Call,
And to thy gracious Sceptre bow;
O make our crimson Sins like Wool,
Our scarlet Crimes as white as Snow.

4 So shall our thankful Lips repeat
Thy Praises with a tuneful Voice,
While, humbly prostrate at thy Feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

CXV. Helmsley Tune. Altered by Toplad

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ. Isaiah lv.

1 COME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of Pity join'd with Power:
He is able,
He is willing. Doubt no more!

2 Come, ye Thirsty, come, and welcome;
God's free Bounty glorify:
True Belief, and true Repentance,
Every Grace that brings us nigh—
Without Money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not Conſcience make you linger,
Nor of Fitneſs fondly dream;
All the *Fitneſs* he requireth,
Is to feel your Need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis his SPIRIT's riſing Beam.

4 Come, ye Weary, heavy Laden,
Loſt and ruin'd by the Fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the Righteous,
Sinners JESUS came to call.

5 View him proſtrate in the Garden;
On the Ground your MAKER lies!
On the bloody Tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is FINISH'D:"
Sinner, will not *this* ſuffice?

6 Lo, th' incarnate GOD, aſcended,
Pleads the Merit of his Blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other Truſt intrude;
None but JESUS
Can do helpleſs Sinners good.

7 Saints and Angels, join'd in Concert,
Sing the Praiſes of the LAMB:
While the bliſsful Seats of Heaven
Sweetly echo with his Name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners, *here*, may ſing the ſame.

CXVI. C. M. FAWCETT.

Let the Wicked forſake his Way, &c. Iſaiah lv. 7.

1 SInners, the Voice of GOD regard;
'Tis Mercy ſpeaks to Day;
He calls you by his ſovereign Word,
From Sin's deſtructive Way.

2 Like the rough Sea, that cannot reſt,
You live, devoid of Peace;
A thouſand Stings within your Breaſt,
Deprive your Souls of Eaſe.

3 Your Way is dark, and leads to Hell;
Why will you perſevere?
Can you in endleſs Torments dwell,
Shut up in black Deſpair?

4 Why will you in the crooked Ways
Of Sin and Folly go?
In Pain you travel all your Days,
To reap immortal Woe!

5 But he that turns to GOD ſhall live,
Thro' his abounding Grace;
His Mercy will the Guilt forgive
Of thoſe that ſeek his Face.

6 Bow to the Sceptre of his Word,
Renouncing every Sin;
Submit to him your ſovereign LORD,
And learn his Will divine.

7 His Love exceeds your higheſt Thoughts;
He pardons like a GOD;
He will forgive your numerous Faults,
Thro' a Redeemer's Blood.

CXVII. L. M. STEELE.

Weary Souls invited to Reſt, Matt. xi. 28.

1 COME, weary Souls with Sin diſtreſt,
Come, and accept the promis'd Reſt;
The Savior's gracious Call obey,
And caſt your gloomy Fears away.

2 Oppreſs'd with Guilt, a painful Load;
O come, and ſpread your Woes abroad;
Divine Compaſſion, mighty Love
Will all the painful Load remove.

3 Here Mercy's boundleſs Ocean flows,
To cleanſe your Guilt and heal your Woes;
Pardon, and Life, and endleſs Peace;
How rich the Gift! how free the Grace!

4 LORD, we accept with thankful Heart,
The Hope thy gracious Words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bleſs the kind inviting Voice.

5 Dear Savior! let thy powerful Love
Confirm our Faith, our Fears remove;
And ſweetly influence every Breaſt,
And guide us to eternal Reſt.

CXVIII. As the 148th.

Yet there is Room, Luke xiv. 22.

1 YE dying Sons of Men,
Immerg'd in Sin and Woe,
The Goſpel's Voice attend,
Which JESUS ſends to you:
Ye periſhing and guilty, come,
In JESUS' Arms there yet is Room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain Excuſes frame:
He bids you come To-Day,
Tho' Poor, and Blind, and Lame:
All Things are ready, Sinner come,
For every trembling Soul there's Room.

3 Believe the heavenly Word
His Meſſengers proclaim;
He is a gracious LORD,
And faithful is his Name:
Backſliding Souls, return and come,
Caſt off Deſpair, there yet is Room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding Love,
Ye wand'ring Sheep draw near,
CHRIST calls you from above,
His charming Accents hear!
Let whoſoever will, now come:
In Mercy's Breaſt there ſtill is Room.

CXIX.

Compel them to come in, Luke xiv. 23.

1 LORD, how large thy Bounties are,
Tender, gracious, Sinner's Friend;
What a Feaſt doſt thou prepare,
And what Invitations ſend!
Now fulfil thy great Deſign,
Who didſt firſt the Meſſage bring,
Every Heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

2 Ruſhing on the downward Road,
Sinners no Compulſion need,
Glory to forſake, and GOD,
See, they run with rapid Speed:
Draw them back by Love divine,
With thy Grace their Spirits win,
Every Heart, &c.

3 Thus their willing Souls compel,
Thus their happy Minds conſtrain
From the Ways of Death and Hell,
Home to GOD, and Grace again;
Stretch that conquering Arm of thine,
Once outſtretch'd to bleed for Sin;
Every Heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

CXX. C M. STEELE.

The Savior's Invitation, John vii. 37.

1 THE SAVIOR calls—let every Ear
Attend the heavenly Sound;
Ye doubting Souls diſmiſs your Fear,
Hope ſmiles reviving round.

2 For every thirſty, longing Heart,
Here Streams of Bounty flow,
And Life, and Health, and Bliſs impart
To baniſh mortal Woe.

3 Here, Springs of ſacred Pleaſure riſe
To eaſe your every Pain,
(Immortal Fountain! full Supplies!)
Nor ſhall you thirſt in vain.

4 Ye Sinners, come, 'tis Mercy's Voice,
The gracious Call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly Joys—
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Savior, draw reluctant Hearts,
To thee let Sinners fly;
And take the Bliſs thy Love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

CXXI. Chatham Tune. W—.

Whoſoever will, let him come, Rev. xxii. 17.

1 YE ſcarlet-color'd Sinners come;
JESUS the LORD, invites you Home;
O whither can you go?
What! are your Crimes of Crimſon Hue?
His Promiſe is for ever true,
He'll waſh you white as Snow.

2 Backſliding Souls, fill'd with your Ways,
Whoſe weeping Nights and wretched Days,
In Bitterneſs are ſpent!
Return to JESUS! he'll reveal
His lovely Face, and ſweetly heal
What you ſo much lament.

3 Tried Souls! look up—he ſays 'tis I—
He loves you ſtill, but means to try
If Faith will bear the Teſt;
The LORD has given the chiefeſt Good,
He ſhed for you his precious Blood;
O truſt him for the reſt!

4 Ye tender Souls, draw hither too,
Ye grateful, highly favor'd Few,
Who *feel* the Debt you owe;—
Preſs on, the LORD hath *more* to give;
By Faith upon him daily live,
And you ſhall find it ſo.

CXXII. L. M. BEDDOME.

The firſt Promiſe, Gen. iii. 15.

1 WHEN by the Tempter's Wiles betray'd,
Adam our Head and Parent fell;
Unknown before, a Pleaſure ſpread
Thro' all the mazy Deeps of Hell.

Infernal Powers rejoic'd to ſee
The new-made World deſtroy'd, undone;
But GOD proclaims his great Decree,
Pardon and Mercy thro' his Son.

Serpent accurs'd, thy Sentence read,
Almighty Vengeance thou ſhalt feel;
The Woman's Seed ſhall break thy Head,
Thy Malice faintly bruiſe his Heel.

Thus GOD declares, and CHRIST deſcends,
Aſſumes a mortal Form, and dies;
Whilſt in his Death, Death's Empire ends,
And the proud Conqueror conquer'd lies.

Dying, the King of Glory deals
Ruin to all his numerous Foes:
His Power the Prince of Darkneſs feels,
And ſinks oppreſs'd beneath his Woes.

CXXIII. L. M. FAWCETT.

As thy Days, ſo ſhall thy Strength be, Deut. xxxiii. 25.

AFFLICTED Saint, to CHRIST draw near
Thy Savior's gracious Promiſe hear;
His faithful Word declares to thee,
That as thy Days, thy Strength ſhall be.

Let not thy Heart deſpond and ſay,
"How ſhall I ſtand the trying Day?"
He has engag'd by firm Decree,
That as thy Days, thy Strength ſhall be.

Thy Faith is weak, thy Foes are ſtrong:
And if the Conflict ſhould be long;
Thy LORD will make the Tempter flee,
For as thy Days, thy Strength ſhall be.

4 Should Perſecution rage and flame,
Still truſt in thy Redeemer's Name;
In fiery Trials thou ſhalt ſee,
That as thy Days, thy Strength ſhall be.

5 When call'd to bear the weighty Croſs,
Or ſore Afflictions, Pain, or Loſs,
Or deep Diſtreſs, or Poverty,
Still as thy Days, thy Strength ſhall be.

6 When ghaſtly Death appears in View,
CHRIST's Preſence ſhall thy Fears ſubdue;
He comes to ſet thy Spirit free,
And as thy Days, thy Strength ſhall be.

CXXIV. C. M.

Fear not, for I am with thee, Iſaiah xli. 10.

1 AND art thou with us, gracious LORD,
To diſſipate our Fear?
Doſt thou proclaim thyſelf our GOD,
Our GOD for ever near?

2 Doſt thou a Father's Bowels feel
For all thy humble Saints?
And in ſuch friendly Accents ſpeak
To ſooth their ſad Complaints?

3 Why droop our Hearts? Why flow our Eyes
While ſuch a Voice we hear?
Why riſe our Sorrows and our Fears,
While ſuch a Friend is near?

4 To all thine other Favors, add
A Heart to truſt thy Word;
And Death itſelf ſhall hear us ſing,
While reſting on the LORD.

CXXV. C. M. NEEDHAM.

My Grace is ſufficient for thee, 2 Cor. xii. 9.

1 KIND are the Words that JESUS ſpeaks
To cheer the drooping Saint;
"My Grace ſufficient is for you,
"Tho' Nature's Powers may faint.

2 "My Grace its Glories ſhall diſplay,
"And make your Griefs remove;
"Your Weakneſs ſhall the Triumphs tell
"Of boundleſs Power and Love."

3 What tho' my Griefs are not remov'd,
Yet why ſhould I deſpair?
While my kind Savior's Arms ſupport
I can the Burden bear.

4 JESUS, my SAVIOR, and my LORD,
'Tis good to truſt thy Name:
Thy Power, thy Faithfulneſs and Love
Will ever be the ſame.

5 Weak as I am, yet thro' thy Grace
I all Things can perform;
And ſmiling triumph in thy Name,
Amid the raging Storm.

CXXVI. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

My GOD *ſhall ſupply all your Need,* Phil. iv. 19, 20.

1 MY GOD, how cheerful is the Sound!
How pleaſant to repeat!
Well may that Heart with Pleaſure bound,
Where GOD hath fix'd his Seat.

2 What Want ſhall not our GOD ſupply
From his redundant Stores?
What Streams of Mercy from on high
An Arm Almighty pours!

3 From CHRIST, the ever-living Spring,
These ample Bleſſings flow:
Prepare, my Lips, his Name to ſing,
Whoſe Heart hath lov'd us ſo.

4 Now to our Father and our GOD,
Be endleſs Glory given,
Thro' all the Realms of Man's Abode,
And thro' the higheſt Heaven.

CXXVII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Fear not, it is your Father's good Pleaſure to give you the Kingdom, Luke xii. 32.

1 YE little Flock, whom JESUS feeds,
Diſmiſs your anxious Cares;
Look to the Shepherd of your Souls,
And ſmile away your Fears.

2 Tho' Wolves and Lions prowl around,
His Staff is your Defence:
'Midſt Sands and Rocks your Shepherd's Voice
Calls Streams and Paſtures thence.

3 Your Father will a Kingdom give,
And give it with Delight;
His feebleſt Child his Love ſhall call
To triumph in his Sight.

4 Ten Thouſand Praiſes, LORD, we bring
For ſure Supports like theſe:
And o'er the pious Dead we ſing
Thy living Promiſes.

5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bleſs a Savior's Name;
Nor ſhall that Stroke diſturb the Song,
Which breaks this mortal Frame.

CXXVIII. Elevens. K——.

Exceeding great and precious Promiſes, 2 Pet. iii. 4.

1 HOW firm a Foundation, ye Saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your Faith in his excellent Word;
What more can he ſay than to you he hath ſaid?
You, who unto JESUS for Refuge have fled.

2 In every Condition, in Sickneſs, in Health,
In Poverty's Vale, or abounding in Wealth;
At Home and Abroad, on the Land on the Sea,
"As thy Days may demand, ſhall thy Strength
"ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not diſmay'd,
"I, I am thy GOD, and will ſtill give thee Aid;
"I'll ſtrengthen thee, help thee, and cauſe thee
to ſtand,
"Upheld by my righteous omnipotent Hand.

4 "When thro' the deep Waters I call thee to go,
"The Rivers of Woe ſhall not thee overflow;
"For I will be with thee, thy Troubles to bleſs,
"And ſanctify to thee, thy deepeſt Diſtreſs.

5 "When thro' fiery Trials thy Pathway ſhall lie,
"My Grace all ſufficient ſhall be thy Supply;
"The Flame ſhall not hurt thee, I only deſign
"Thy Droſs to conſume, and thy Gold to refine.

6 "Even down to old Age, all my People ſhall prove
"My ſovereign, eternal, unchangeable Love;
"And when hoary Hairs ſhall their Temples
"adorn,
"Like lambs they ſhall ſtill in my boſom be borne.

7 "The Soul that on JESUS hath lean'd for Repoſe,
"*I will not, I will not* deſert to his Foes;
"That Soul, tho' all Hell ſhould endeavor to ſhake,
"*I'll never—no never*—no never forſake *."

* Agreeable to Dr. Doddridge's Tranſlation of Heb. xiii. 5.

CHRIST.

CXXIX. C. M. MEDLEY.

The Incarnation of CHRIST, Luke ii. 14.

1 MOrtals awake, with Angels join,
And chaunt the ſolemn Lay;
Joy, Love and Gratitude combine
To hail th' auſpicious Day.

2 In Heaven the rapturous Song began,
And ſweet ſeraphic Fire
Thro' all the ſhining Legions ran,
And ſtrung and tun'd the Lyre.

3 Swift thro' the vaſt Expanſe it flies,
And loud the Echo roll'd;
The Theme, the Song, the Joy was great,
'Twas more than Heaven could hold.

4 Down thro' the Portals of the Sky
Th' impetuous Torrent ran;
And Angels flew with eager Joy
To bear the News to Man.

5 [Wrapt in the Silence of the Night
Lay all the eaſtern World,
When burſting, glorious, heavenly Light
The wonderous Scene unfurl'd.]

6 Hark! the cherubic Armies ſhout,
And Glory leads the Song:
Good-will and Peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly Throng.

7 [O for a Glance of heavenly Love
Our Hearts and Songs to raiſe;
Sweetly to bear our Souls above
And mingle with their Lays.]

8 With Joy the Chorus we'll repeat
Glory to GOD on high;
Good-will and Peace are now complete,
JESUS was born to die.

9 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Tho' Earth and Time, and Life ſhould fail,
Thy Praiſe ſhall never end.

CXXX. Sevens. J. C. W.

The Song of the Angels.

1 HARK, the herald Angels ſing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
"Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
"GOD and Sinners reconcil'd."

2 Joyful, all ye Nations riſe,
Join the Triumph of the Skies;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteouſneſs!

3 Mild he lays his Glory by,
Born, that Man no more might die;
Born, to raiſe the Sons of Earth,
Born, to give them ſecond Birth.

4 Come, Deſire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble Home;
Riſe, the Woman's promis'd Seed,
Bruiſe in us the Serpent's Head.

5 Glory to the new-born King,
Let us all the Anthem ſing,
" Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
" GOD and Sinners reconcil'd!"

CXXXI. C. M. STEELE.

The Incarnation. John i. 14.

1 AWAKE, awake the ſacred Song
To our incarnate LORD;
Let every Heart, and every Tongue,
Adore the eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that ſovereign Power,
By whom the Worlds were made;
(O happy Morn! illuſtrious Hour!)
Was once in Fleſh array'd!

3 Then ſhone almighty Power and Love
In all their glorious Forms;
When JESUS left his Throne above
To dwell with ſinful Worms.

4 To dwell with Miſery below,
The Savior left the Skies;
And ſunk to Wretchedneſs and Woe,
That worthleſs Man might riſe.

5 Adoring Angels tun'd their Songs
To hail the joyful Day;
With Rapture then, let mortal Tongues
Their grateful Worſhip pay.

6 What Glory, LORD, to thee is due!
With Wonder we adore;
But could we ſing as Angels do,
Our higheſt Praiſe were poor.

CXXXII. 8. 7. ROBINSON.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

1 MIGHTY GOD, while Angels bleſs thee,
May an Infant liſp thy Name?
LORD of Men as well as Angels,
Thou art every Creatures Theme.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

2 LORD of every Land and Nation,
Ancient of eternal Days;
Sounded through the wide Creation
Be thy juſt and lawful Praiſe. Hal.

3 For the Grandeur of thy Nature
Grand beyond a Seraph's Thought,
For created Works of Power,
Works with Skill and Kindneſs wrought. Hal.

4 For thy Providence that governs
Thro' thine Empire's wide Domain;
Wings an Angel, guides a Sparrow,
Bleſſed be thy gentle Reign. Hal.

5 But thy rich, thy free Redemption,
Dark thro' Brightneſs all along;
Thought is poor, and poor Expreſſion,
Who dare ſing that awful Song? Hal.

6 Brightneſs of the Father's Glory,
Shall thy Praiſe unutter'd lie?
Fly my Tongue ſuch guilty Silence!
Sing the LORD who came to die. Hal.

7 Did Archangels ſing thy Coming?
Did the Shepherds learn their Lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my Tongue refuſe to Praiſe. Hal.

8 From the higheſt Throne in Glory,
To the Croſs of deepeſt Woe;
All to ranſom guilty Captives,
Flow my Praiſe for ever flow. Hal.

9 Go return immortal Savior,
Leave thy Footſtool, take thy Throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the Kingdom all thine own.
Hallelujah, &c.

CXXXIII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

The Condeſcending Grace of Christ, Matt. xx. 28.

1 SAVIOR of Men, and Lord of Love,
How ſweet thy gracious Name!
With Joy that Errand we review,
On which thy Mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic Bands
Stood waiting on the Wing,
Charm'd with the Honor to obey
Their great eternal King.

3 For us, mean, wretched, ſinful Men,
Thou laid'ſt that Glory by;
Firſt in our mortal Fleſh to ſerve,
Then in that Fleſh to die.

4 Bought with thy Service and thy Blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our Lives we would devote,
To thee our Death reſign.

CXXXIV. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

The Redeemer's Meſſage, Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 HARK, the glad Sound! the Savior comes,
The Savior promis'd long!
Let every Heart prepare a Throne,
And every Voice a Song.

2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts its ſacred Fire;
Wiſdom and Might, and Zeal and Love
His holy Breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes the Priſoners to releaſe,
In Satan's Bondage held;
The Gates of Braſs before him burſt,
The Iron Fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickeſt Films of Vice,
To clear the mental Ray;
And on the Eyes oppreſt with Night,
To pour celeſtial Day.

5 He comes the broken Heart to bind,
The bleeding Soul to cure;
And, with the Treaſures of his Grace,
T' inrich the humble Poor.

6 Our glad *Hoſannas*, Prince of Peace,
Thy Welcome ſhall proclaim;
And Heaven's eternal Arches ring
With thy beloved Name.

CXXXV. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Christ's *Tranſfiguration*, Matt. xvii. 4.

1 WHEN at this Diſtance, Lord, we trace
The various Glories of thy Face,
What Tranſport pours o'er all our Breaſt,
And charms our Cares and Woes to Reſt!

2 With thee in the obſcureſt Cell
On ſome bleak Mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous Courts behold,
And ſhare their Grandeur and their Gold.

3 Away, ye Dreams of mortal Joy!
Raptures divine my Thoughts employ:
I ſee the King of Glory ſhine;
And feel his Love, and call him mine.

4 On Tabor, thus his Servants view'd
His Luſtre, when transform'd he ſtood;
And, bidding earthly Scenes farewel,
Cried, "LORD, 'tis pleaſant here to dwell."

5 Yet ſtill our elevated Eyes
To nobler Viſions long to riſe;
That grand Aſſembly would we join,
Where all thy Saints around thee ſhine.

6 That Mount how bright! thoſe Forms how fair!
'Tis good to dwell for ever there:
Come, Death, dear Envoy of my GOD,
And bear me to that bleſt Abode.

CXXXVI. L.M. WHITEFIELD's COLLECTION.

Behold the Man, John xix. 5.

1 YE that paſs by, behold the Man,
The Man of Grief condemn'd for you,
The Lamb of GOD for Sinners ſlain;
Weeping to Calvary purſue.

2 His ſacred Limbs they ſtretch, they tear,
With Nails they faſten to the Wood—
His ſacred Limbs—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his Blood.

3 See there! his Temples crown'd with Thorns,
His bleeding Hands extended wide,
His ſtreaming Feet tranſfix'd and torn,
The Fountain guſhing from his Side.

4 O thou dear ſuffering Son of GOD,
How doth thy Heart to Sinners move!
Help us to catch thy precious Blood,
Help us to taſte thy dying Love!

5 The Earth could to her Centre quake,
Convuls'd when her Creator died;
O may our inmoſt Nature ſhake,
And bow with JESUS crucified!

6 At thy laſt Gaſp, the Graves diſplay'd
Their Horrors to the upper Skies;
O that our Souls might burſt the Shade,
And, quicken'd by thy Death, ariſe.

7 The Rocks could feel thy powerful Death,
And tremble, and aſunder part;
O rend, with thy expiring Breath
The harder Marble of our Heart.

CXXXVII. L. M. S. STEELE.

A dying Savior *.

1 STretch'd on the Croſs the Savior dies;
Hark! his expiring Groans ariſe!
See, from his Hands, his Feet, his Side,
Runs down the ſacred crimſon Tide!

2 But Life attends the deathful Sound,
And flows from every bleeding Wound;
The vital Stream, how free it flows,
To ſave and cleanſe his rebel Foes!

3 To ſuffer in the Traitor's Place,
To die for Man, ſurpriſing Grace!
Yet paſs rebellious Angels by—
O why for Man, dear Savior, why?

* See Hymns on Redemption, and the Lord's Supper.

4 And didſt thou bleed, for Sinners bleed?
And could the Sun behold the Deed?
No, he withdrew his ſickening Ray,
And Darkneſs veil'd the mourning Day.

5 Can I ſurvey this Scene of Woe,
Where mingling Grief and Wonder flow;
And yet my Heart unmov'd remain,
Inſenſible to Love or Pain?

6 Come, deareſt LORD, thy Power impart,
To warm this cold, this ſtupid Heart;
Till all its Powers, and Paſſions move
In melting Grief, and ardent Love.

CXXXVIII. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

The Attraction of the Croſs, John xii. 32.

1 YOnder—amazing Sight!—I ſee
Th' incarnate Son of GOD,
Expiring on the accurſed Tree,
And welt'ring in his Blood.

2 Behold a purple Torrent run
Down from his Hands and Head:
The crimſon Tide puts out the Sun;
His Groans awake the Dead.

3 The trembling Earth, the darken'd Sky
Proclaim the Truth aloud!
And with th' amaz'd Centurion cry,
"*This* is the Son of GOD."

4 So great, ſo vaſt a Sacrifice
May well my Hope revive:
If GOD's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The Sinner ſure may live.

3 O that these Cords of Love divine,
Might draw me, LORD, to thee!
Thou hast my Heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

CXXXIX. L. M.

The dying Love of CHRIST, *constraining to thankful Devotion*, 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

1 SEE, LORD, thy willing Subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy Throne:
Accept our humble, cheerful Vow,
Thou art our Sovereign, thou alone.

2 Beneath thy Soul-reviving Ray,
Even cold Affliction's wintry Gloom
Shall brighten into vernal Day,
And Hopes and Joys immortal bloom.

3 Smile on our Souls, and bid us sing,
In Concert with the Choir above,
The Glories of our Savior King,
The Condescensions of his Love.

4 Amazing Love! that stoop'd so low,
To view with *Pity*'s melting Eye
Vile Men, deserving endless Woe!
Amazing Love!—did JESUS *die?*—

5 He died, to raise to Life and Joy
The Vile, the Guilty, the Undone;
O let his Praise each Hour employ,
Till Hours no more their Circles run!

6 He died!—ye Seraphs tune your Songs,
Resound, resound the Savior's Name:
For Nought below immortal Tongues
Can ever reach the wonderous Theme.

CXL. As the 148th. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Resurrection of CHRIST, Luke xxiv. 34.

1 YES, the Redeemer roſe;
The Savior left the dead;
And o'er our helliſh Foes
High rais'd his conquering Head:
In wild Diſmay
The Guards around
Fall to the Ground,
And ſink away.

2 Lo! the angelic Bands
In full Aſſembly meet,
To wait his high Commands,
And worſhip at his Feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their Way
From Realms of Day
To JESUS' Tomb.

3 Then back to Heaven they fly,
The joyful News to bear:
Hark! as they ſoar on high,
What Muſic fills the Air!
Their Anthems ſay,
"JESUS who bled
"Hath left the Dead;
"He roſe To-day."

4 Ye Mortals, catch the Sound,
Redeem'd by him from Hell;
And ſend the Echo round
The Globe on which you dwell:
Tranſported cry,
"JESUS who bled
"Hath left the dead
"No more to die"

All-hail, triumphant LORD,
Who sav'st us with thy Blood!
Wide be thy Name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning GOD!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And Empires gain
Beyond the Skies.

CXLI. Sevens.

The Resurrection, 1 Cor. xv. 56.

CHRIST, the LORD, is risen To-day,
Sons of Men and Angels say,
Raise your Joys and Triumphs high,
Sing, ye Heavens, and Earth reply.

Love's redeeming Work is done,
Fought the Fight, the Battle won:
Lo! the Sun's Eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in Blood no more.

Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
CHRIST hath burst the Gates of Hell:
Death in vain forbids his Rise,
CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King,
"Where, O Death, is now thy Sting?"
Once he dy'd, our Souls to save;
"Where's thy Victory, boasting Grave?"

Soar we now where CHRIST has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the Cross, the Grave, the Skies.

What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our Parents Fall;
Second Life let us receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

7 Hail the LORD of Earth and Heaven!
Praiſe to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the RESURRECTION—thou.

CXLII. Sevens.

The Reſurrection and Aſcenſion.

1 ANGELS, roll the Rock away,
Death, yield up thy mighty Prey:
See! he riſes from the Tomb,
Glowing with immortal Bloom. Hallelujah.

2 'Tis the Savior, Angels, raiſe
Fame's eternal Trump of Praiſe;
Let the Earth's remoteſt Bound
Hear the Joy-inſpiring Sound. Hallelujah.

3 Now, ye Saints, lift up your Eyes,
Now to Glory ſee him riſe,
In long Triumph up the Sky,
Up to waiting Worlds on high. Hallelujah.

4 Heaven diſplays her Portals wide,
Glorious Hero thro' them ride;
King of Glory, mount thy Throne,
Thy great Father's and thy Own. Hallelujah.

5 Praiſe him all ye heavenly Choirs,
Praiſe, and ſweep your golden Lyres;
Shout, O Earth, in rapturous Song,
Let the Strains be ſweet and ſtrong. Hallelujah.

6 Every Note with Wonder ſwell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd Hell;
Where is Hell's once dreaded King?
Where, O Death, thy mortal Sting! Hallelujah.

CXLIII. L. M.

CHRIST's *Resurrection a Pledge of Ours.*

WHEN I the holy Grave survey,
Where once my Savior deign'd to lie;
I see fulfill'd what Prophets say,
And all the Power of Death defy.

This empty Tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the Bands of conquer'd Death:
Sweet Pledge, that all who trust his Name,
Shall rise, and draw immortal Breath!

[Our SURETY, freed, declares US free,
For whose Offences he was seiz'd:
In *his* Release, *our own* we see,
And shout to view JEHOVAH pleas'd.]

JESUS, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his Eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives, their Cause to plead,
For whom the Pains of Death he bore.

Thy risen LORD, my Soul behold;
See the rich Diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear an Harp of Gold,
To crown thy Joy when he appears.

Tho' in the Dust I lay my Head,
Yet, gracious GOD, thou wilt not leave
My Flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy Children in the Grave.

CXLIV. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Comfort to such who seek a risen JESUS, Matt. 28. 5, 6.

YE humble Souls, that seek the LORD,
Chase all your Fears away;
And bow with Pleasure down to see
The Place where JESUS lay.

2 Thus low the LORD of Life was brought;
Such Wonders Love can do;
Thus cold in Death, that Boſom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3 A Moment give a Looſe to Grief,
Let grateful Sorrows riſe;
And waſh the bloody Stains away,
With Torrents from your Eyes.

4 Then dry your Tears, and tune your Songs,
The Savior lives again;
Not all the Bolts and Bars of Death
The Conqueror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic Bands he rears
His once diſhonor'd Head;
And thro' unnumber'd Years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the Dead.

6 With Joy, like his, ſhall every Saint
His empty Tomb ſurvey;
Then riſe, with his aſcending LORD,
To Realms of endleſs Day.

CXLV. L. M. WESLEY'S COLLECTION.

CHRIST'S *Aſcenſion*, Pſalm xxiv. 7.

1 OUR LORD is riſen from the dead,
Our JESUS is gone up on high;
The Powers of Hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the Portals of the Sky.

2 There his triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angel's chaunt the ſolemn Lay;
"Lift up your Heads, ye heavenly Gates!
"Ye everlaſting Doors give way!"

3 Looſe all your Bars of maſſy Light,
And wide unfold the radiant Scene;
He claims thoſe Manſions as his Right,
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The LORD that all his Foes o'ercame,
The World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the Conqueror's Name.

5 Lo! his triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the ſolemn Lay,
"Lift up your Heads, ye heavenly Gates!
"Ye everlaſting Doors give way!"

6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The LORD of boundleſs Power poſſeſt,
The King of Saints and Angels too,
GOD over all, for ever bleſt!

CXLVI. As the 148th. DR. DODDRIDGE.

JESUS *ſeen of Angels*, 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 O Ye immortal Throng
Of Angels round the Throne,
Join with our feeble Song
To make the Savior known:
On Earth ye knew
His wonderous Grace,
His beauteous Face
In Heaven ye view.

2 Ye ſaw the Heaven-born Child
In human Fleſh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the Manger laid:
And Praiſe to GOD,
And Peace on Earth,
For ſuch a Birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye in the Wilderneſs
Beheld the Tempter ſpoil'd,
Well known in every Dreſs
In every Combat foil'd;
And joy'd to crown
The Victor's Head,
When Satan fled
Before his Frown.

4 Around the bloody Tree
Ye preſs'd with ſtrong Deſire,
That wonderous Sight to ſee,
The LORD of Life expire;
And, could your Eyes
Have known a Tear,
Had drop'd it there
In ſad Surpriſe.

5 Around his ſacred Tomb
A willing Watch ye keep;
Till the bleſt Moment come
To rouſe him from his Sleep:
Then roll'd the Stone,
And all ador'd
Your riſing LORD,
With Joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in Light
The ſhining Conqueror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapturous Flight
Up to the Throne of GOD;
And wav'd around
Your golden Wings,
And ſtruck your Strings
Of ſweeteſt Sound.

7 The warbling Notes purſue,
And louder Anthems raiſe;
While Mortals ſing with you
Their *own* Redeemer's Praiſe:
And thou, my Heart,
With equal Flame,
And Joy the ſame,
Perform thy Part.

CXLVII. L. M. STEELE.

The Exalted Savior.

1 NOW let us raiſe our cheerful Strains,
And join the bliſsful Choir above;
There our exalted Savior reigns,
And there they ſing his wonderous Love.

2 While Seraphs tune the immortal Song,
O may we feel the ſacred Flame;
And every Heart and every Tongue
Adore the Savior's glorious Name.

3 JESUS, who once upon the Tree
In agonizing Pains expir'd;
Who dy'd for Rebels—yes 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!

4 JESUS who dy'd that we might live,
Dy'd in the wretched Traitor's Place;—
O what Returns can Mortals give,
For ſuch immeaſurable Grace!

5 Were univerſal Nature ours,
And Art with all her boaſted Store;
Nature and Art with all their Powers,
Would ſtill confeſs the Offerer poor!

6 Yet tho' for Bounty, ſo divine!
We ne'er can equal Honors raiſe,
JESUS, may all our Hearts be thine,
And all our Tongues proclaim thy Praiſe.

CXLVIII. L. M. Dr. Watts's M—.

The Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumphs of Christ, Phil. ii. 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.

1 THE mighty Frame of glorious Grace,
That brighteſt Monument of Praiſe
That e'er the God of Love deſign'd,
Employs and fills my laboring Mind.

2 Begin, my Soul, the heavenly Song,
A Burden for an Angel's Tongue:
When Gabriel ſounds theſe awful Things,
He tunes and ſummons all his Strings.

3 Proclaim immitable Love,
Jesus, the Lord of Worlds above,
Puts off the Beams of bright Array,
And veils the God in mortal Clay.

4 He that diſtributes Crowns and Thrones
Hangs on a Tree, and bleeds, and Groans:
The Prince of Life reſigns his Breath,
The King of Glory bows to Death.

5 But ſee the Wonders of his Power,
He triumphs in his dying Hour,
And, while by Satan's Rage he fell,
He daſh'd the riſing Hopes of Hell.

6 Thus were the Hoſts of Death ſubdu'd,
And Sin was drown'd in Jesu's Blood:
Then he aroſe, and reigns above,
And conquers Sinners by his Love.

7 Who ſhall fulfil this boundleſs Song?
The Theme ſurmounts an Angels Tongue:
How low, how vain are mortal Airs,
When Gabriel's nobler Harp deſpairs!

CXLIX. Madan's Collection.

The Kingdom of Christ, Phil. iv. 4.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals give Thanks, and ſing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up the Heart, lift up the Voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye Saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Savior reigns,
The God of Truth and Love;
When he had purg'd our Stains,
He took his Seat above:
Lift up the Heart, lift up the Voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye Saints, rejoice.

3 His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er Earth and Heaven;
The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the Heart, lift up the Voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye Saints, rejoice.

4 He all his Foes ſhall quell,
Shall all our Sins deſtroy;
And every Boſom ſwell
With pure ſeraphic Joy:
Lift up the Heart, lift up the Voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye Saints, rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious Hope,
Jesus the Judge ſhall come,
And take his Servants up
To their eternal Home:
We ſoon ſhall hear th' Archangel's Voice,
The Trump of God ſhall ſound, rejoice.

CL. As the 104th. FAWCETT.

The Fulneſs of CHRIST, John i. 16. Col. i. 19.

1 A FULNESS reſides
In JESUS our Head,
And ever abides
To anſwer our Need;
The Father's good Pleaſure
Has laid up in Store,
A plentiful Treaſure
To give to the poor.

2 Whate'er be our Wants
We need not to fear;
Our num'rous Complaints
His Mercy will hear:
His Fulneſs ſhall yield us
Abundant Supplies;
His Power ſhall ſhield us
When Dangers ariſe.

3 The Fountain o'erflows
Our Woes to redreſs,
Still more he beſtows,
And Grace upon Grace:
His Gifts in Abundance
We daily receive;
He has a Redundance
For all that believe.

4 Whatever Diſtreſs
Awaits us below,
Such plentiful Grace
Will JESUS beſtow,
As ſtill ſhall ſupport us,
And ſilence our Fear;
For Nothing can hurt us
While JESUS is near.

5 When Troubles attend,
Or Danger or Strife,
His Love will defend
And guard us thro' Life;
And when we are fainting,
And ready to die,
Whatever is wanting,
His Hand will ſupply.

CLI.

The unſearchable Riches of CHRIST, Eph. iii. 8.

1 HOW ſhall I my Savior ſet forth?
How ſhall I his Beauties declare?
O how ſhall I ſpeak of his Worth
Or what his chief Dignities are!
His Angels can never expreſs,
Nor Saints who ſit neareſt his Throne,
How rich are his Treaſures of Grace;—
No! this is a Myſtery unknown.

2 In him all the Fulneſs of GOD,
For ever tranſcendently ſhines;
Tho' once like a Mortal he ſtood
To finiſh his gracious Deſigns:
Tho' once he was nail'd to the Croſs,
Vile Rebels like me to ſet free,
His Glory ſuſtained no Loſs,
Eternal his Kingdom ſhall be.

3 His Wiſdom, his Love, and his Power,
Seem'd then with each other to vie
When Sinners he ſtoop'd to reſtore,
Poor Sinners condemned to die!
He laid all his Grandeur aſide
And dwelt in a Cottage of Clay:
Poor Sinners he lov'd, till he dy'd
To waſh their Pollutions away.

4 O Sinners, believe and adore
This Savior ſo rich to redeem!
No Creature can ever explore
The Treaſures of Goodneſs in him:
Come, all ye who ſee yourſelves loſt
And feel yourſelves burden'd with Sin,
Draw near while with Terror your're toſs'd;
Believe, and your Peace ſhall begin.

5 Now, Sinners, attend to his Call,
"Whoſo hath an Ear let him hear,"
He promiſes Mercy to all
Who feel their ſad Wants, far and near:
He Riches has ever in Store,
And Treaſures that never can waſte:
Here's Pardon, here's Grace, yea and more,
Here's Glory eternal at laſt.

CLII. L. M. STEELE.

The Interceſſion of CHRIST, Heb. vii. 25.

1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
(What Joy the bleſt Aſſurance gives!)
And now before his Father GOD,
Pleads the full Merit of his Blood.

2 Repeated Crimes awake our Fears,
And Juſtice arm'd with Frowns appears;
But in the Savior's lovely Face
Sweet Mercy ſmiles, and all is Peace.

3 Hence then, ye black deſpairing Thoughts,
Above our Fears, above our Faults
His powerful Interceſſions riſe,
And Guilt recedes, and Terror dies.

4 In every dark diſtreſsful Hour,
When Sin and Satan join their Power;
Let this dear Hope repel the Dart,
That JESUS bears us on his Heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—
On him our humble Hopes depend:
Our Cauſe can never, never fail,
For JESUS pleads and muſt prevail.

CLIII. C. M. TOPLADY.

CHRIST's *Interceſſion prevalent*, John xvii. 24.

1 AWAKE, ſweet Gratitude, and ſing
Th' aſcended Savior's Love:
Sing how he lives to carry on
His People's Cauſe above.

2 With Cries and Tears he offer'd up
His humble Suit below;
But with Authority he aſks,
Enthron'd in Glory now.

3 For all that come to GOD by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their Names upon his Breaſt,
And ſpreads his wounded Hands.

4 His ſweet atoning Sacrifice
Gives Sanction to his Claim:
"Father, I will that all my Saints
"Be with me where I am:

5 "By their Salvation, recompence
"The Sorrows I endur'd;
"Juſt to the Merits of thy Son,
"And faithful to thy Word."

6 Eternal Life, at his Requeſt,
To every Saint is given:
Safety on Earth, and, after Death,
The Plenitude of Heaven.

7 [Founded on Right, thy Prayer avails,
The Father ſmiles on thee;
And now thou in thy Kingdom art
Dear LORD, remember me.

8 Let the much Incenſe of thy Prayer
In my Behalf aſcend;
And as its Virtue, ſo my Praiſe,
Shall never never end.]

CLIV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

CHRIST's *Interceſſion typified by* Aaron's *Breaſt-plate*, Exodus xxviii. 29.

1 NOW let our cheerful Eyes ſurvey
Our great High Prieſt above,
And celebrate his conſtant Care,
And ſympathetic Love.

2 Tho' rais'd to a ſuperior Throne,
Where Angels bow around,
And high o'er all the ſhining Train
With matchleſs Honors crown'd;

3 The Names of all his Saints he bears
Deep graven on his Heart;
Nor ſhall the meaneſt Chriſtian ſay,
That he hath loſt his Part.

4 Thoſe Characters ſhall fair abide,
Our everlaſting Truſt,
When Gems, and Monuments, and Crowns
Are moulder'd down to Duſt.

5 So, gracious Savior, on my Breaſt
May thy dear Name be worn,
A ſacred Ornament and Guard,
To endleſs Ages borne.

CLV. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

CHRIST's *Admonition to* Peter *under approaching Trials, and Interceſſion for him,* Luke xxii. 31, 32.

1 HOW keen the Tempter's Malice is!
How artful, and how great!
Tho' not one Grain ſhall be deſtroy'd,
Yet will he ſift the Wheat.

2 But GOD can all his Power control,
And gather in his Chain;
And, where he ſeems to triumph moſt,
The captive Soul regain.

3 There is a Shepherd kind and ſtrong,
Still watchful for his Sheep;
Nor ſhall th' infernal Lion rend,
Whom he vouchſafes to keep.

4 Bleſt JESUS, intercede for us,
That we may fall no more;
O raiſe us, when we proſtrate lie,
And Comfort loſt reſtore.

5 Thy ſecret Energy impart,
That Faith may never fail;
But, 'midſt whole Showers of fiery Darts,
That temper'd Shield prevail.

6 Secur'd Ourſelves by Grace divine
We'll guard our Brethren too;
And, taught their Frailty by our own,
Our Care of them renew.

CHARACTERS AND REPRESENTATIONS OF CHRIST§.

CLVI. L. M.

ADVOCATE, 1 John ii. 3.

1 WHERE is my GOD? does he retire
Beyond the Reach of humble Sighs?
Are theſe weak Breathings of Deſire
Too languid to aſcend the Skies?

2 No, LORD, the Breathings of Deſire,
The weak Petition if ſincere,
Is not forbidden to aſpire,
But reaches thy all-gracious Ear.

3 Look up, my Soul, with cheerful Eye,
See where the great Redeemer ſtands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious Incenſe in his Hands.

4 He ſweetens every humble Groan,
He recommends each broken Prayer;
Recline thy Hope on him alone,
Whoſe Power and Love forbid Deſpair.

5 Teach my weak Heart, O gracious LORD,
With ſtronger Faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the bliſsful Word,
MY FATHER, GOD, with Joy divine.

§ Theſe Characters of Chriſt follow Alphabetically. Others, which it was neceſſary to place under different Heads, may be found in the Index.

CLVII. L. M. General Baptiſt Collection.

BRAZEN SERPENT, Numb. xxi. 8, 9.

1 WHEN *Iſrael*'s grieving Tribes complain'd,
With fiery Serpents greatly pain'd,
A Serpent ſtraight the Prophet made
Of molten Braſs, to View diſplay'd.

2 Around the fainting Crowds attend,
To Heaven their mournful Sighs aſcend;
They hope, they look, while from the Pole,
Deſcends a Power that makes them whole.

3 But, O, what Healing to the Heart,
Doth our Redeemer's Croſs impart!
What Life, by Faith, our Souls receive!
What Pleaſures do his Sorrows give!

4 Still may I view the Savior's Croſs,
And other Objects count but Loſs:
Here ſtill be fix'd my ſeaſted Eyes,
Enraptur'd with his Sacrifice.

5 JESUS the Savior! balmy Name!
Thy Worth my Tongue would now proclaim;
By thy Atonement ſet me free,
My Life, my Hope, is all from thee.

CLVIII. L. M. FAWCETT.

BREAD OF LIFE, John vi. 35, 48.

1 DEPRAVED Minds on Aſhes feed,
Nor love, nor ſeek for heavenly Bread;
They chuſe the Huſks which Swine do eat,
Or meanly crave the Serpent's Meat.

2 JESUS, thou art the living Bread,
By which our needy Souls are fed:
In thee alone thy Children find,
Enough to fill the empty Mind.

Without this Bread, I ſtarve and die;
No other can my Need ſupply:
But this will ſuit my wretched Caſe,
Abroad, at Home, in every Place.

4 'Tis this relieves the hungry Poor,
Who aſk for Bread at Mercy's Door;
This living Food deſcends from Heaven,
As Manna to the *Jews* was giv'n.

5 This precious Food my Heart revives,
What Strength, what Nouriſhment it gives!
O let me evermore be fed,
With this divine celeſtial Bread!

CLIX. L. M. FAWCETT.

BRIDEGROOM AND HUSBAND; or, *the Marriage between* CHRIST *and the Soul.*

1 JESUS, the heavenly Lover, gave
His Life my wretched Soul to ſave;
Reſolv'd to make his Mercy known,
He kindly claims me for his own.

2 Rebellious, I againſt him ſtrove
'Till melted and conſtrain'd by Love;
With Sin and Self I freely part,
The heavenly Bridegroom wins my Heart.

3 My Guilt, my Wretchedneſs he knows,
Yet takes and owns me for his Spouſe;
My Debts he pays, and ſets me free,
And makes his Riches o'er to me.

4 My filthy Rags are laid aſide,
He cloaths me as becomes his Bride;
Himſelf beſtows my Wedding-dreſs,
The Robe of perfect Righteouſneſs.

5 Loſt in Aſtoniſhment, I ſee,
JESUS, thy boundleſs Love to me;
With Angels I thy Grace adore,
And long to love and praiſe thee more.

6 Since thou wilt take me for thy Bride,
O keep me, Savior, near thy Side;
I fain would give thee all my Heart,
Nor ever from my LORD depart.

CLX. L. M. BEDDOME.

BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR, Rev. xxii. 16.

1 YE Worlds of Light, that roll ſo near
The Savior's Throne of ſhining Bliſs,
O tell how mean your Glories are,
How faint, and few, compar'd with his.

2 We ſing the bright and Morning-ſtar,
(JESUS, the Spring of Light and Love;)
See how its Rays, diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the Realms above.

3 Its cheering Beams, ſpread wide abroad,
Point out the puzzled Chriſtian's Way;
Still as he goes, he finds the Road
Enlighten'd with a conſtant Day.

4 [Thus when the eaſtern Magi brought
Their royal Gifts, a Star appears,
Directs them to the Babe they ſought,
And guides their Steps, and calms their Fears.]

5 When ſhall we reach the heavenly Place,
Where this bright Star will brighteſt ſhine;
Leave, far behind, theſe Scenes of Night,
And view a Luſtre ſo divine!

CLXI. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

CHIEF AMONG TEN THOUSAND; or, *the Excellencies of* CHRIST, Cant. v. 10—16.

1 TO CHRIST, the LORD, let every Tongue
Its nobleſt Tribute bring:
When he's the Subject of the Song,
Who can refuſe to ſing?

2 Survey the Beauties of his Face,
And on his Glories dwell,
Think of the Wonders of his Grace,
And all his Triumphs tell.

3 Majeſtic Sweetneſs ſits enthron'd
Upon his awful Brow;
His Head with radiant Glories crown'd,
His Lips with Grace o'erflow.

4 No Mortal can with him compare,
Among the Sons of Men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly Train.

5 He ſaw me plung'd in deep Diſtreſs,
He fled to my Relief:
For me he bore the ſhameful Croſs,
And carried all my Grief.

6 His Hand a thouſand Bleſſings pours
Upon my guilty Head:
His Preſence gilds my darkeſt Hours,
And guards my ſleeping Bed.

7 To him I owe my Life and Breath,
And all the Joys I have:
He makes me triumph over Death,
And ſaves me from the Grave.

8 To Heaven the Place of his Abode
He brings my weary Feet;
Shews me the Glories of my GOD,
And makes my Joys complete.

9 Since from his Bounty I receive
Such Proofs of Love divine,
Had I a thouſand Hearts to give,
LORD, they ſhould all be thine.

CLXII. MADAN'S COLLECTION.

CONSOLATION OF ISRAEL, Luke ii. 25.

1 COME, thou long expected JESUS,
Born to ſet thy People free;
From our Fears and Sins releaſe us,
Let us find our Reſt in thee:
Iſrael's Strength and Conſolation,
Hope of all the Saints thou art;
Dear Deſire of every Nation,
Joy of every longing Heart.

2 Born thy People to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our Hearts alone;
By thine all-ſufficient Merit,
Raiſe us to thy glorious Throne.

CLXIII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

CORNER-STONE, 1 Pet. ii. 6. Iſa. xxviii. 16, 17.

1 LORD, doſt thou ſhew a Corner-Stone
For us to build our Hopes upon,
That the fair Edifice may riſe
Sublime in Light beyond the Skies?

2 We own the Work of ſovereign Love;
Nor Death nor Hell theſe Hopes ſhall move,
Which fix'd on this Foundation ſtand,
Laid by thy own Almighty Hand.

3 Thy People long this Stone have tried,
And all the Powers of Hell defy'd;
Floods of Temptation beat in vain;
Well doth this Rock the Houſe ſuſtain.

4 When Storms of Wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and Thunder, Fire and Hail,
'Tis here our trembling Souls ſhall hide,
And here ſecurely they abide.

5 While they that ſcorn this precious Stone,
Fond of ſome Quickſand of their own,
Borne down by weighty Vengeance die,
And buried deep in Ruin lie.

CLXIV. C. M.

DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS, Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.

1 INfinite Excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace;
Thy uncreated Beauties ſhine
With never-fading Rays.

2 Sinners from Earth's remoteſt End
Come bending at thy Feet;
To thee their Prayers and Vows aſcend,
In thee their Wiſhes meet.

3 Thy Name, as precious Ointment ſhed
Delights the Church around;
Sweetly the ſacred Odors ſpread
Thro' all IMMANUEL's Ground.

4 Millions of happy Spirits live
On thy exhauſtleſs Store;
From thee they all their Bliſs receive,
And ſtill thou giveſt more.

5 Thou art their Triumph and their Joy:
They find their All in thee;
Thy Glories will their Tongues employ
Thro' all Eternity.

CLXV. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

The Door, John x. 9. Hoſea ii. 15.

1 AWAKE, our Souls, and bleſs his Name,
Whoſe Mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a Door of Hope
In Achor's gloomy Vale.

2 Behold the Portal wide diſplay'd,
The Buildings ſtrong and fair;
Within are Paſtures freſh and green,
And living Streams are there.

3 Enter, my Soul, with cheerful Haſte,
For Jesus is the Door;
Nor fear the Serpent's wily Arts,
Nor fear the Lion's Roar.

4 O may thy Grace the Nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All trav'lling thro' one beauteous Gate
To one eternal Home.

CLXVI. L. M. Steele.

Our Example, John xiii. 15.

1 AND is the Goſpel, Peace and Love?
Such let our Converſation be:
The Serpent blended with the Dove,
Wiſdom and meek Simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry Paſſions riſe,
And tempt our Thoughts or Tongues to Strife,
To JESUS let us lift our Eyes,
Bright Pattern of the Chriſtian Life!

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the Temper of our Mind,
And theſe the Rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's Will,
Was his Employment and Delight;
Humility and holy Zeal
Shone thro' his Life, divinely bright!

5 Diſpenſing Good where'er he came,
The Labors of his Life were Love;
O, if we love the Savior's Name,
Let his divine Example move.

6 But ah how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aſide!
LORD, we depend upon thy Care,
And aſk thy Spirit for our Guide.

7 Thy fair Example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us by thy transforming Grace,
Dear Savior, daily more like thee.

CLXVII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

FORERUNNER *and* FOUNDATION *of our Hope.*
Heb. vi. 19, 20.

1 JESUS the LORD, our Souls adore,
A painful Sufferer now no more;
High on his Father's Throne he reigns
O'er Earth, and Heaven's extenſive Plains.

His Race for ever is complete;
For ever undisturb'd his Seat;
Myriads of Angels round him fly,
And sing his well-gain'd Victory.

Yet, 'midst the Honors of his Throne,
He joys not for himself alone;
His meanest Servants share their Part,
Share in that royal tender Heart.

Raise, raise my Soul, thy raptur'd Sight,
With sacred Wonder and Delight;
JESUS thy own Forerunner see
Enter'd beyond the Veil for thee.

Loud let the howling Tempest yell,
And foaming Waves to Mountains swell,
No Shipwreck can my Vessel fear,
Since Hope hath fix'd its Anchor here.

CLXVIII. As the 104th. HART.

FOUNTAIN *opened for Sinners*, Zec. xiii. 1.

THE Fountain of CHRIST
LORD help us to sing,
The Blood of our Priest,
Our crucify'd King:
The Fountain that cleanses
From Sin and from Filth,
And richly dispenses
Salvation and Health.

This Fountain so dear
He'll freely impart;
When pierc'd by the Spear,
It flow'd from his Heart
With Blood and with Water,
The First to atone,
To cleanse us the Latter;
The Fountain's but one.

3 This Fountain from Guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, ſoon as felt,
Infallible Cure;
But if Guilt removed,
Return and remain,
Its Power may be proved
Again and again.

4 This Fountain unſeal'd
Stands open for all
Who long to be heal'd,
The great and the ſmall:
Here's Strength for the weakly
That hither are led;
Here's Health for the ſickly,
And Life for the dead.

5 This Fountain tho' rich,
From Charge is quite clear,
The poorer the Wretch
The welcomer here:
Come needy, and guilty,
Come loathſome, and bare;
Tho' lep'rous and filthy,
Come juſt as you are.

6 This Fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,
It takes out all Stain
Whenever apply'd:
The Fountain flows ſweetly
With Virtue divine,
To cleanſe Souls completely,
Tho' lep'rous as mine.

CLXIX. C. M. COWPER.

Praiſe for the FOUNTAIN *opened.*

1 THERE is a Fountain fill'd with Blood,
Drawn from IMMANUEL's Veins;
And Sinners plung'd beneath that Flood,
Loſe all their guilty Stains.

2 The dying Thief rejoic'd to ſee
That Fountain in his Day;
O may I there, tho' vile as he,
Waſh all my Sins away!

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious Blood
Shall never loſe its Power,
Till all the ranſom'd Church of GOD
Be ſav'd to ſin no more.

4 E'er ſince, by Faith, I ſaw the Stream,
Thy flowing Wounds ſupply,
Redeeming Love has been my Theme,
And ſhall be till I die.

5 But when this liſping ſtammering Tongue,
Lies ſilent in the Grave,
Then in a nobler, ſweeter Song
I'll ſing thy Power to ſave.

CLXX. L. M. NEWTON.

FRIEND.

1 POOR, weak, and worthleſs tho' I am,
I have a rich almighty Friend;
JESUS, the Savior, is his Name,
He freely loves, and without End.

2 He ranſom'd me from Hell with Blood,
And by his Power my Foes control'd;
He found me wandering far from GOD,
And brought me to his choſen Fold.

3 He cheers my Heart, my Want ſupplies,
And ſays that I ſhall ſhortly be
Enthron'd with him above the Skies,
O! what a Friend is CHRIST to me.

PAUSE.

Is this thy Kindneſs to thy Friend, 2 Sam. xvi. 17.

4 But ah! my inmoſt Spirit mourns,
And well my Eyes with Tears may ſwim,
To think of my perverſe Returns;
I've been a faithleſs Friend to him.

5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, diſtruſt and diſobey,
And often Satan's Lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can ſay.

6 [He bids me always freely come,
And promiſes whate'er I aſk:
But I am ſtraiten'd, cold, and dumb,
And count my Privilege a Taſk.

7 Before the World that hates his Cauſe,
My treach'rous Heart has throbb'd with Shame;
Loth to forego the World's Applauſe,
I hardly dare avow his Name.]

8 Sure were not I moſt vile and baſe,
I could not thus my Friend requite!
And were not he the GOD of Grace,
He'd frown and ſpurn me from his Sight.

CLXXI. L. M. BEDDOME.

GIFT *of* GOD, John iii. 16. 2 Cor. ix. 15.

1 JESUS my Love, my chief Delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray;
Amid the Shadows of the Night,
Amid the Buſineſs of the Day.

When ſhall I ſee thy ſmiling Face,
That Face which I have often ſeen;
Ariſe, thou Sun of Righteouſneſs,
Scatter the Clouds that intervene.

Thou art the glorious Gift of GOD,
To Sinners weary, and diſtreſt;
The firſt of all his Gifts beſtow'd,
And certain Pledge of all the reſt.

Could I but ſay, this Gift is mine,
I'd tread the World beneath my Feet;
No more at Poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich Sinner's State.

The precious Jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my Heart;
At Home, Abroad, awake, aſleep,
It never ſhould from thence depart!

CLXXII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

HEAD *of the Church*, Eph. iv. 15, 16.

JESUS, I ſing thy matchleſs Grace,
That calls a Worm thy own;
Gives me among thy Saints a Place
To make thy Glories known.

Allied to thee our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:
From thee divided, each is dead,
When moſt he ſeems alive.

Thy Saints on Earth, and thoſe above,
Here join in ſweet Accord;
One Body all in mutual Love,
And thou, our common LORD.

4 O may my Faith each Hour derive
Thy Spirit with Delight;
While Death and Hell in vain ſhall ſtrive
This Bond to diſunite.

5 Thou the whole Body wilt preſent
Before thy Father's Face;
Nor ſhall a Wrinkle or a Spot
Its beauteous Form diſgrace.

CLXXIII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Jesus—*precious to them that believe.* 1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming Name,
'Tis Muſic to my Ear;
Fain would I ſound it out ſo loud,
That Earth and Heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my Soul,
My Tranſport and my Truſt;
Jewels to thee are gaudy Toys,
And Gold is ſordid Duſt.

3 All my capacious Powers can wiſh
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my Eyes is Light ſo dear,
Nor Friendſhip half ſo ſweet.

4 Thy Grace ſhall dwell upon my Heart,
And ſhed its Fragrance there;
The nobleſt Balm of all its Wounds,
The Cordial of its Care.

5 I'll ſpeak the Honors of thy Name,
With my laſt laboring Breath;
And dying, claſp thee in my Arms,
The Antidote of Death.

CLXXIV. Sevens.

IMMANUEL, Matt. i. 23. 1 Tim iii. 16.

1 GOD *with us!* O glorious Name!
Let it ſhine in endleſs Fame:
GOD and Man in CHRIST unite,
O myſterious Depth and Height!

2 GOD *with us!* amazing Love
Brought him from his Courts above;
Now ye Saints his Grace admire,
Swell the Song with holy Fire.

3 GOD *with us!* but tainted not
With the firſt Tranſgreſſors Blot;
Yet did he our Sins ſuſtain,
Bear the Guilt, the Curſe, the Pain.

4 [GOD *with us!* O bliſsful Theme!
Let the Impious not blaſpheme,
JESUS ſhall in Judgment ſit
Dooming Rebels to the Pit.]

5 GOD *with us!* O wonderous Grace!
Let us ſee him Face to Face,
That we may *Immanuel* ſing
As we ought, our GOD and King.

CLXXV. C. M. STEELE.

KING *of Saints.*

1 COME ye that love the Savior's Name
And Joy to make it known:
The Sovereign of your Heart proclaim,
And bow before his Throne.

2 Behold your King, your Savior crown'd
With Glories all divine;
And tell the wondering Nations round,
How bright thoſe Glories ſhine.

3 Infinite Power, and boundleſs Grace,
In him unite their Rays:
You that have e'er beheld his Face,
Can you forbear his Praiſe?

4 When in his earthly Courts we view
The Glories of our King;
We long to love as Angels do,
And wiſh like them to ſing.

5 And ſhall we long and wiſh in vain?
LORD teach our Songs to riſe!
Thy Love can animate the Strain,
And bid it reach the Skies.

6 O happy Period! glorious Day!
When Heaven and Earth ſhall raiſe,
With all their Powers, the raptur'd Lay,
To celebrate thy Praiſe.

CLXXVI. C. M. W——.

Crown him.

1 BACKSLIDERS, who your Miſery feel,
Attend your Savior's Call;
Return, he'll your Backſlidings heal;
O crown him LORD of All.

2 Though crimſon Sin increaſe your Guilt,
And painful is your Thrall;
For broken Hearts his Blood was ſpilt;
O crown him LORD of All.

3 Take with you Words, approach his Throne,
And low before him fall;
He underſtands the Spirit's Groan;
O crown him LORD of All.

4 Whoever comes he'll not caſt out,
Altho' your Faith be ſmall;
His Faithfulneſs you cannot doubt;
O crown him LORD of All.

CLXXVII. C. M.

The ſpiritual Coronation, Cant. iii. 11.

Angels.

1 ALL-hail the Power of JESUS' Name!
Let Angels proſtrate fall:
Bring forth the royal Diadem,
And crown him LORD of All.

Martyrs.

2 [Crown him, ye Martyrs of our GOD,
Who from his Altar call:
Extol the Stem of Jeſſe's Rod,
And crown him LORD of All.]

Converted Jews.

3 [Ye choſen Seed of Iſrael's Race,
A Remnant weak and ſmall;
Hail him who ſaves you by his Grace,
And crown him LORD of All.]

Believing Gentiles.

4 Ye Gentile Sinners, ne'er forget
The Wormwood and the Gall;
Go—ſpread your Trophies at his Feet,
And crown him LORD of All.

Sinners of every Age.

5 [Babes, Men, and Sires, who know his Love,
Who feel your Sin and Thrall,
Now joy with all the Hoſts above,
And crown him LORD of All.]

Sinners of every Nation.

6 Let every Kindred, every Tribe
On this terreſtrial Ball,
To him all Majeſty aſcribe,
And crown him LORD of All.

Ourſelves.

7 O that with yonder ſacred Throng,
WE at his Feet may fall;
WE'LL join the *everlaſting* Song,
And crown him LORD of All.

CLXXVIII. C. WESLEY.

KINSMAN, Ruth iii. 4, 9.

1 JESUS, we claim thee for our own,
Our Kinſman near allied in Blood,
Fleſh of our Fleſh, Bone of our Bone,
The Son of Man, the Son of GOD;
And lo, we lay us at thy Feet,
Our Sentence from thy Mouth to meet.

2 Partaker of my Fleſh below,
To thee, O JESUS, I apply;
Thou wilt thy poor Relations know,
Thou never canſt thyſelf deny,
Exclude me from thy guardian Care,
Or ſlight a ſinful Beggar's Prayer.

3 Thee, Savior, at my greateſt Need,
I truſt my faithful Friend to prove:
Now o'er thy meaneſt Servant ſpread
The Skirt of thy redeeming Love:
Under thy Wings of Mercy take,
And ſave me for thy Merit's Sake.

4 Haſt thou not undertook my Cauſe,
LORD over all, to Worms allied:
Anſwer me from that bleeding Croſs,
Demand thy dearly-ranſom'd Bride,
And let my Soul, betroth'd to thee,
Thine wholly, thine for ever be!

CLXXIX. L. M. FAWCETT.

LAMB OF GOD, &c. John i. 29.

1 BEhold the Sin-atoning LAMB,
With Wonder, Gratitude, and Love;
To take away our Guilt and Shame,
See him deſcending from above.

2 Our Sins and Griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty Load;
Our Ranſom-Price he fully paid,
In Groans and Tears, in Sweat and Blood.

3 To ſave a guilty World, he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him lift up your longing Eyes,
And hope for Mercy in his Name.

4 Pardon and Peace thro' him abound;
He can the richeſt Bleſſings give;
Salvation in his Name is found,
He bids the dying Sinner live.

5 JESUS my LORD, I look to thee;
Where elſe can helpleſs Sinners go?
Thy boundleſs Love ſhall ſet me free
From all my Wretchedneſs and Woe.

CLXXX. S. M. J. C. W.

LEADER.

1 THOU very Paſchal Lamb,
Whoſe Blood for us was ſhed,
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came;
Thy ranſom'd People lead.

2 Angel of Goſpel-Grace!
Fulfil thy Character,
To guard and feed the choſen Race,
In *Iſrael*'s Camp appear.

3 Throughout the Deſert-Way
Conduct us by thy Light,
Be thou a cooling Cloud by Day,
A cheering Fire by Night.

4 Our fainting Souls ſuſtain
With Bleſſings from above,
And ever on thy People rain
The Manna of thy Love.

CLXXXI. L. M. STEELE.

LIFE *of the Soul*, John xiv. 19.

1 WHEN Sins and Fears prevailing riſe,
And fainting Hope almoſt expires;
JESUS, to thee I lift mine Eyes,
To thee I breathe my Soul's Deſires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living LORD?
And can my Hope, my Comfort die,
Fix'd on thy everlaſting Word,
That Word which built the Earth and Sky?

3 If my immortal Savior lives,
Then my immortal Life is ſure;
His Word a firm Foundation gives,
Here, let me build, and reſt ſecure.

4 Here, let my Faith unſhaken dwell,
Immoveable the Promiſe ſtands;
Nor all the Powers of Earth or Hell,
Can e'er diſſolve the ſacred Bands.

5 Here, O my Soul, thy Truſt repoſe;
If JESUS is for ever mine,
Not Death itſelf, that laſt of Foes,
Shall break a Union ſo divine.

CLXXXII. L. M. MADAN's Collection.

LIGHT, Iſaiah ix. 2.

1 LIGHT of thoſe whoſe dreary Dwelling
Borders on the Shades of Death,
Come! and thy dear Self revealing,
Diſſipate the Clouds beneath:
The new Heaven and Earth's Creator,
In our deepeſt Darkneſs riſe!
Scattering all the Night of Nature,
Pouring Eye-Sight on our Eyes!

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and Joy thy Beams impart;
Chaſing all our Fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted Heart:
Come, and manifeſt the Favor
Thou haſt for the ranſom'd Race:
Come, thou dear exalted Savior,
Come, and bring thy Goſpel-Grace.

3 Save us in thy great Compaſſion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the Knowledge of Salvation,
Give the Pardon of our Sins.
By thine all-ſufficient Merit,
Every burden'd Soul releaſe;
By the Influence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect Peace.

CLXXXIII. Sevens. W——.

MELCHIZEDEK *a Type of* CHRIST, Gen. xiv. 18, 19.

1 KING of Salem, bleſs my Soul!
Make a wounded Sinner whole!
King of Righteouſneſs and Peace,
Let not thy ſweet Viſits ceaſe!

2 Come! refreſh this Soul of mine
With thy ſacred Bread and Wine!
All thy Love to me unfold,
Half of which can not be told.

3 Hail Melchizedek divine!
Thou great High-Prieſt ſhalt be mine;
All my Powers before thee fall,
Take not Tithe, but take them all!

CLXXXIV. C. M.

MESSENGER *of the Covenant*, Mal. iii. 1.

1 JESUS, commiſſion'd from above,
Deſcends to Men below,
And ſhews from whence the Springs of Love,
In endleſs Currents flow.

2 He, whom the boundleſs Heaven adores,
Whom Angels long to ſee;
Quitted with Joy thoſe bliſsful Shores,
Ambaſſador to me!

3 To me a Worm, a ſinful Clod,
A Rebel all forlorn;
A Foe, a Traitor to my GOD,
And, of a Traitor born.

4 To me, who never ſought his Grace,
Who mock'd his ſacred Word;
Who never knew, or lov'd his Face,
And all his Will abhorr'd:

5 To me who could not even praiſe,
When his kind Heart I knew;
But ſought a thouſand devious Ways,
Rather than keep the true.

6 Yet this redeeming Angel came,
So vile a Worm to bleſs;
He took, with Gladneſs, all my Blame,
And gave his Righteouſneſs.

7 O! that my languid Heart might glow,
With Ardor all divine;
And for more Love than Seraphs know,
Like burning Seraphs ſhine.

CLXXXV. L. M. NEEDHAM.

MESSIAH, Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26. Hag. ii. 9.

1 GLORY to GOD who reigns above,
Who dwells in Light, whoſe Name is Love;
Ye Saints and Angels, if ye can,
Declare the Love of GOD to Man.

2 O what can more his Love commend
His dear his only Son to ſend!
That Man, condemn'd to die, might live,
And GOD be glorious to forgive.

3 Meſſiah's come—with Joy behold
The Days by Prophets long foretold:
Judah, thy royal Sceptre's broke,
And Time ſtill proves what Jacob ſpoke.

4 Daniel, thy Weeks are all expir'd,
The Time prophetic Seals requir'd;
Cut off for Sins, but not his own,
Thy Prince Meſſiah did atone.

5 Thy famous Temple, Solomon;
Is by the Latter far out-ſhone:
It wanted not thy glittering Store,
Meſſiah's Preſence grac'd it more.

6 We ſee the Prophecies fulfill'd
In JESUS that moſt wonderous Child:
His Birth, his Life, his Death combine
To prove his Character divine.

7 JESUS, thy Goſpel firmly ſtands
A Bleſſing to theſe favor'd Lands:
No Infidel ſhall be our Dread
Since thou art riſen from the Dead.

CLXXXVI. Clark's Tune. C. WESLEY.

PASSOVER, Exod. xii. 7. 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

1 CHRIST, our Paſſover, is ſlain,
To ſet his People free,
Free from Sin's *Egyptian* Chain,
And *Pharaoh*'s Tyranny.
LORD, that we may now depart,
And truly ſerve our pardoning GOD,
Sprinkle every Houſe and Heart
With thine atoning Blood.

2 Let the Angel of the LORD
His awful Charge fulfil,
Let his peſtilential Sword
The firſt-born Victims kill;
Safe in Snares and Deaths we dwell,
Protected by that crimſon Sign,
From the Rage of Earth and Hell,
And from the Wrath divine.

3 Wilt thou not a Difference make
Betwixt thy Friend and Foe,
Vengeance on the *Egyptians* take,
And Grace to *Iſrael* ſhew?
Know'ſt thou not, moſt righteous GOD,
We on the Paſchal Lamb rely?
See us cover'd with the Blood,
And paſs thy People by.

CLXXXVII. C. M. STEELE.

PEARL *of great Price*, Matt. xiii. 46.

1 YE glittering Toys of Earth, adieu,
A nobler Choice be mine;
A *real* Prize attracts my View,
A Treaſure all divine.

2 Be gone, unworthy of my Cares,
Ye ſpecious Baits of Senſe;—
Ineſtimable Worth appears,
The Pearl of Price immenſe!

3 JESUS, to Multitudes unknown,
O Name divinely ſweet!
JESUS, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, Honor, Pleaſure meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my Call,
Their boaſted Stores reſign;
With Joy I would renounce them all
For Leave to call thee mine.

5 Should Earth's vain Treaſures all depart,
Of this dear Gift poſſeſs'd;
I'd claſp it to my joyful Heart,
And be for ever bleſs'd.

6 Dear Sovereign of my Soul's Deſires,
Thy Love is Bliſs divine;
Accept the Wiſh that Love inſpires,
And bid me call thee mine.

CLXXXVIII. L. M. STEELE.

PHYSICIAN *of Souls*, Jeremiah viii. 22.

1 DEEP are the Wounds which Sin has made
Where ſhall the Sinner find a Cure?
In vain, alas, is Nature's Aid,
The Work exceeds all Nature's Power.

2 Sin, like a raging Fever reigns,
With fatal Strength in every Part;
The dire Contagion fills the Veins,
And ſpreads its Poiſon to the Heart.

3 And can no ſovereign Balm be found?
And is no kind Phyſician nigh
To eaſe the Pain, and heal the Wound,
E'er Life and Hope for ever fly?

4 There is a great Phyſician near,
Look up, O fainting Soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly Smiles appear
Such Eaſe as Nature cannot give!

5 See, in the Savior's dying Blood
Life, Health, and Bliſs, abundant flow!
'Tis only this dear ſacred Flood
Can eaſe thy Pain and heal thy Woe.

6 Sin throws in vain its pointed Dart,
For here a ſovereign Cure is found;
A Cordial for the fainting Heart,
A Balm for every painful Wound.

CLXXXIX. C. M.

PHYSICIAN; or, *the Miracles of* CHRIST.

1 JESUS, ſince thou art ſtill To-day
As Yeſterday the ſame;
Preſent to heal, in me diſplay
The Virtue of thy Name.

2 Since ſtill thou go'ſt about to do
Thy needy Creatures good;
On me, that I thy Praiſe may ſhew,
Be all thy Wonders ſhew'd.

LEPER.

3 Now LORD, to whom for Help I call,
Thy Miracles repeat;
With pitying Eye behold me fall,
A Leper at thy Feet.

4 Loathſome, and vile, and ſelf-abhorr'd,
I ſink beneath my Sin;
But if thou wilt, a gracious Word
Of thine, can make me clean.

DEAF AND DUMB.

5 Thou ſeeſt me deaf to thy Commands,
Open, O LORD! mine Ear;
Bid me ſtretch out my withered Hands,
And lift them up in Prayer.

6 Silent, (alas! thou know'ſt how long)
My Voice I cannot raiſe;
But O! when thou ſhalt looſe my Tongue,
The Dumb ſhall ſing thy Praiſe.

LAME.

7 Lame at the Pool I ſtill am ſeen,
Waiting to find Relief;
While many Others venture in,
And waſh away their Grief.

8 Now ſpeak my Mind, my Conſcience ſound,
Give, and my Strength employ;
Light as an Hart, my Soul ſhall bound,
The Lame ſhall leap for Joy.

BLIND.

9 If thou, my GOD, art paſſing by,
O! let me find thee near;
JESUS in Mercy hear my Cry,
Thou, Son of David, hear!

10 See, I am waiting in the Way;
For thee the heavenly Light;
Command me to be brought, and ſay,
"Sinner, receive thy Sight."

POSSESSED.

11 Caſt out thy Foes, and let them ſtill,
To thy great Name ſubmit;
Cloath with thy Righteouſneſs, and heal,
And place me at thy Feet.

12 From Sin, the Guilt, the Power, the Pain,
Thou wilt relieve my Soul;
LORD, I believe, and not in vain,
For thou wilt make me whole.

CXC. As the 148th. CENNICK.

HIGH-PRIEST.

1 A Good High Prieſt is come,
Supplying Aaron's Place,
And taking up his Room,
Diſpenſing Life and Grace:
The Law by Aaron's Prieſthood came,
But Grace and Truth by JESUS' Name.

2 My LORD a Prieſt is made,
As ſware the mighty GOD,
To Iſrael and his Seed,
Ordain'd to offer Blood,
For Sinners who his Mercy ſeek,
A Prieſt, as was Melchizedek.

3 He once Temptations knew,
Of every ſort and kind,
That he might Succour ſhew,
To every tempted Mind:
In every Point the Lamb was try'd,
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.

4 He dies, but lives again,
And by the Altar ſtands;
There ſhews how he was ſlain,
Op'ning his pierced Hands.
Our Prieſt abides and pleads the Cauſe,
Of us who have tranſgreſs'd his Laws.

5 I other Prieſts diſclaim,
And Laws and Offerings too,
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty Work can do:
He ſhall have all the Praiſe, for he
Hath lov'd, and liv'd, and dy'd for me.

CXCI. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

The Excellency of the Prieſthood of Christ.

1 'MONG all the Prieſts of Jewiſh Race,
Jesus the moſt illuſtrious ſtands:
The radiant Beauty of his Face
Superior Love and Awe demands.

2 Not Aaron or Melchizedek,
Cou'd claim ſuch high Deſcent as he;
His Nature and his Name beſpeak
His unexampled Pedigree.

3 Deſcended from the eternal God,
He bears the Name of his own Son;
And, dreſs'd in human Fleſh and Blood,
He puts his prieſtly Garments on.

4 The mitred Crown, the embroider'd Veſt,
With graceful Dignity he wears;
And in full Splendor on his Breaſt
The ſacred Oracle appears.

5 So he preſents his Sacrifice,
An Off'ring moſt divinely ſweet;
While Clouds of fragrant Incenſe riſe,
And cover o'er the Mercy-Seat.

6 The Father with approving Smile
Accepts the Off'ring of his Son:
New Joys the wond'ring Angels feel,
And haſte to bear the Tidings down.

7 The welcome News their Lips repeat,
Gives ſacred Pleaſure to my Breaſt:
Henceforth, my Soul, thy Cauſe commit
To Christ, thy Advocate and Prieſt.

CXCII. As the Old 112th. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

PROPHET, PRIEST, AND KING, 1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 JESUS, how precious is thy Name!
The great Jehovah's Darling, thou!
O let me catch the immortal Flame,
With which angelic Boſoms glow!
Since Angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the Bleſs'd above.

2 My *Prophet* thou, my heavenly Guide,
Thy ſweet Inſtructions I will hear;
The Words that from thy Lips proceed,
O how divinely ſweet they are!
Thee my great *Prophet* I would love,
And imitate the Bleſs'd above.

3 My great *High-Prieſt*, whoſe precious Blood
Did once atone upon the Croſs;
Who now doſt intercede with GOD,
And plead the friendleſs Sinner's Cauſe:
In thee I truſt; thee I would love,
And imitate the Bleſs'd above.

4 My *King* ſupreme, to thee I bow,
A willing Subject at thy Feet;
All other Lord's I diſavow,
And to thy Government ſubmit:
My *Savior King*, this Heart would love,
And imitate the Bleſs'd above.

CXCIII. L. M.

The RANSOM, Iſaiah lxi. 2.

1 "I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
"A Year of Freedom to declare,
"From Debts and Bondage to diſcharge,
"And *Jews* and *Greeks* the Grace ſhall ſhare:

2 "A Day of Vengeance I proclaim,
"But not on Man the Storm ſhall fall,
"On me its Thunders ſhall deſcend,
"My Strength, my Love ſuſtain them all."

3 Stupendous Favor! matchleſs Grace!
JESUS has dy'd that we might live:
Not Worlds below, nor Worlds above
Could ſo divine a Ranſom give.

4 To him, who lov'd our ruin'd Race,
And for our Lives laid down his own,
Let Songs of joyful Praiſes riſe,
Sublime, eternal as his Throne.

CXCIV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Our RIGHTEOUSNESS, Jer. xxiii. 6.

1 SAVIOR divine, we know thy Name,
And in that Name we truſt;
Thou art the LORD our Righteouſneſs,
Thou art thine *Iſrael*'s Boaſt.

2 Guilty we plead before thy Throne,
And low in Duſt we lie,
Till JESUS ſtretch his gracious Arm
To bring the Guilty nigh.

3 The Sins of one moſt righteous Day
Might plunge us in Deſpair;
Yet all the Crimes of numerous Years,
Shall our great Surety clear.

4 That ſpotleſs Robe, which he hath wrought
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing Eye of GOD
One Blemiſh ſhall be found.

5 Pardon, and Peace, and lively Hope,
To Sinners now are given;
Israel and *Judah* soon shall change
Their Wilderness, for Heaven.

6 With Joy we taste that Manna now,
Thy Mercy scatters down;
We seal our humble Vows to thee,
And wait the promis'd Crown.

CXCV. TOPLADY.

ROCK *smitten*; or, *The* ROCK *of Ages*, Isa. xxvi. 4.

1 ROCK of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the Water, and the Blood,
From thy wounded Side which flow'd,
Be of Sin the double Cure,
Cleanse me from its Guilt and Power.

2 Not the Labor of my Hands,
Can fulfil thy Law's Demands;
Could my Zeal no Respite know,
Could my Tears for ever flow,
All for Sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my Hand I bring,
Simply to thy Cross I cling;
Naked come to thee for Dress,
Helpless look to thee for Grace;
Black, I to the Fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting Breath,
When my Eye-Strings break in Death,
When I soar to Worlds unknown,
See thee on thy Judgment Throne,
Rock of Ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

CXCVI. L. M. STEELE.

SAVIOR *the only One*, Acts iv. 12.

1 JESUS, the Spring of Joys divine,
Whence all our Hopes and Comforts flow;
JESUS, no other Name but thine,
Can ſave us from eternal Woe.

2 In vain would boaſting Reaſon find
The Way to Happineſs and GOD;
Her weak Directions leave the Mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious Road.

3 No other Name will Heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living Way,
(Ordain'd by everlaſting Love,)
To the bright Realms of endleſs Day.

4 Here let our conſtant Feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly Path depart;
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide,
Direct our Steps, and cheer our Heart.

5 Safe lead us thro' this World of Night,
And bring us to the bliſsful Plains,
The Regions of unclouded Light,
Where perfect Joy for ever reigns.

CXCVII. S. M. STEELE.

SHEPHERD, Pſalm xxiii. 1—3.

1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewel to anxious Fear,
My Wants are all ſupply'd.

2 To ever-fragrant Meads
Where rich Abundance grows,
His gracious Hand indulgent leads,
And guards my ſweet Repoſe.

3 Along the lovely Scene,
Cool Waters gently roll,
And kind Refreſhment ſmiles ſerene,
To cheer my fainting Soul.

4 Here let my Spirit reſt;
How ſweet a Lot is mine!
With Pleaſure, Food, and Safety bleſt;
Beneficence divine!

5 Dear Shepherd, if I ſtray,
My wandering Feet reſtore,
To thy fair Paſtures guide my Way,
And let me rove no more.

6 Unworthy as I am,
Of thy protecting Care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious Name,
For all my Hopes are there.

CXCVIII. As the 104th.

STRONG-HOLD, Zech. ix. 12. Nah. i. 7.

1 YE Priſoners of Hope
O'erwhelmed with Grief,
To JESUS look up
For certain Relief;
There's no Condemnation
In JESUS the LORD,
But ſtrong Conſolation
His Grace doth afford.

2 Should Juſtice appear
A mercileſs Foe,
Yet be of good Cheer,
And ſoon ſhall you know
That Sinners confeſſing
Their Wickedneſs paſt,
A plentiful Bleſſing
Of Pardon ſhall taſte.

3 Then dry up your Tears,
Ye Children of Grief,
For JESUS appears
To give you Relief;
If you are returning
To JESUS your Friend,
Your Sighing and Mourning
In Singing ſhall end.

4 None will I caſt out
Who come, ſaith the LORD,
Why then do you doubt?
Lay hold of his Word:
Ye Mourners of Sion
Be bold to believe,
For ever rely on
Your SAVIOR, and live.

CXCIX. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

SUN—Pſalm lxxxiv. 11.

1 GREAT GOD, amid the darkſome Night,
Thy Glories dart upon my Sight,
While, wrapt in Wonder, I behold
The Silver Moon and Stars of Gold.

2 But when I ſee the Sun ariſe,
And pour his Glories o'er the Skies,
In more ſtupendous Forms I view
Thy Greatneſs and thy Goodneſs too.

3 Thou Sun of Suns, whoſe dazzling Light
Tries and confounds an Angel's Sight,
How ſhall I glance mine Eye at thee
In all thy vaſt Immenſity?

4 Yet I may be allow'd to trace
The diſtant Shadow of thy Face,
As in the pale and ſickly Moon
We trace the Image of the Sun.

5 In every Work thy Hands have made,
Thy Power and Wiſdom are diſplay'd:
But, O! what Glories all divine
In my incarnate SAVIOR ſhine!

6 He is my Sun, beneath his Wings
My Soul ſecurely ſits and ſings:
And there enjoys, like thoſe above,
The balmy Influence of thy Love.

7 O may the vital Strength and Heat
His cheering Beams communicate,
Enable me my Courſe to run
With the ſame Vigor as the Sun!

CC. C. M. TOPLADY.

VINE *and the Branches*, John XV. 1—5.

1 JESUS, immutably the ſame,
Thou true and living Vine,
Around thy all-ſupporting Stem,
My feeble Arms I twine.

2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive,
I flouriſh and bear Fruit:
My Life I from thy Sap derive,
My Vigor from thy Root.

3 Grafted in thee, by Grace alone,
In Growth I daily riſe,
And rais'd on this Foundation-Stone
My Top ſhall reach the Skies.

4 I can do Nothing without thee;
My Strength is wholly thine:
Wither'd and barren ſhould I be,
If ſever'd from the Vine.

5 Upon my Leaf, when parch'd with Heat,
Refreſhing Dew ſhall drop,
The Plant which thy Right-Hand hath ſet,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

6 Each Moment water'd by thy Care,
And fenc'd with Power divine,
Fruit to eternal Life ſhall bear
The feebleſt Branch of thine.

CCI. L. M. CENNICK.

WAY *to Canaan.*

1 JESUS, my All, to Heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my Hopes upon;
His Track I ſee, and I'll purſue
The narrow Way till him I view.

2 The Way the holy Prophets went,
The Road that leads from Baniſhment,
The King's Highway of Holineſs
I'll go, for all his Paths are Peace.

3 This is the Way I long have ſought,
And mourn'd becauſe I found it not;
My Grief, my Burden long has been,
Becauſe I could not ceaſe from Sin.

4 The more I ſtrove againſt its Power,
I ſinn'd and ſtumbled but the more,
'Till late I heard my SAVIOR ſay,
Come hither Soul, "I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou bleſt Lamb
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but Sin I thee can give,
Nothing but Love ſhall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to Sinners round,
What a dear SAVIOR I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,
And ſay, "BEHOLD THE WAY TO GOD."

CCII. L. M. Chatham Tune.

WAY, TRUTH, AND LIFE, John xiv. 6.

1 THERE is no Path to heavenly Bliſs,
Or ſolid Joy, or laſting Peace,
But CHRIST th' appointed Road;
O may we tread the ſacred Way,
By Faith rejoice, and praiſe, and pray,
Till we ſit down with GOD.

2 The Types, and Shadows of the Word
Unite in CHRIST, the Man, the Lord,
One only SAVIOR true;
O may we all his Truth believe,
And all his Promiſes receive,
And all his Precepts do.

3 As he above for ever lives,
And Life to dying Sinners gives,
Eternal and divine;
O may his Spirit in me dwell,
Then ſav'd from Sin, and Death, and Hell,
Eternal Life is mine.

CCIII. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption, 1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

1 MY God, assist me, while I raise
An Anthem of harmonious Praise;
My Heart thy Wonders shall proclaim,
And spread its Banners in thy Name.

2 In Christ I view a Store divine;
My Father, all that Store is thine;
By thee prepar'd, by thee bestow'd;
Hail to the Savior, and the God!

3 When gloomy Shades my Soul o'erspread,
"Let there be Light," th' Almighty said;
And Christ, my Sun, his Beams displays,
And scatters round celestial Rays.

4 Condemn'd thy Criminal I stood,
And awful Justice ask'd my Blood;
That welcome Savior from thy Throne
Brought Righteousness and Pardon down.

5 My Soul was all o'erspread with Sin,
And lo, his Grace hath made me clean:
He rescues from th' infernal Foe,
And full Redemption will bestow.

6 Ye Saints, assist my grateful Tongue:
Ye Angels, warble back my Song:
For Love like this demands the Praise
Of heavenly Harps, and endless Days.

CCIV. C. M. Toplady.

All in All.

1. COmpar'd with Christ, in all beside
No Comeliness I see;
The one Thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

3 The Senſe of thy expiring Love
Into my Soul convey:
Thyſelf beſtow; for thee alone
My ALL IN ALL I pray.

3 Leſs than Thyſelf will not ſuffice,
My Comfort to reſtore:
More than Thyſelf I cannot crave;
And thou canſt give no more.

4 Lov'd of my GOD, for him again
With Love intenſe I'd burn:
Choſen of thee e'er Time began,
I'd chuſe thee in return.

5 Whate'er conſiſts not with thy Love,
O teach me to reſign:
I'm rich to all th' Intents of Bliſs
If thou, O GOD, art mine.

CCV. New Jeruſalem Tune. K——.

ALL IN ALL; or, *the Teſtimony concerning*, JESUS, *the Soul of Propheſy*, Rev. xix. 10.

1 THE Bible is juſtly eſteem'd
The Glory ſupreme of the Land,
Which ſhows how a Sinner's redeem'd,
And brought to JEHOVAH's right Hand.
With Pleaſure we freely confeſs
The Bible all Books does outſhine,
But JESUS, his Perſon and Grace,
Affords it that Luſtre divine.

2 In every *Prophetical Book*
Where GOD his Decrees hath unſeal'd
With Joy we behold as we look,
The wonderful Savior reveal'd:
His Glories project to the Eye,
And prove it was not his Deſign,
Thoſe Glories concealed ſhould lie,
But there in full Majeſty ſhine.

3 The *Firſt gracious Promiſe* to Man,
A bleſſed Prediction appears,
His Work is the Soul of the Plan,
And gives it the Glory it wears.
How cheering the Truth muſt have been,
That JESUS, the promiſed Seed,
Should triumph o'er Satan and Sin,
And Hell in Captivity lead!

4 The *Ancient Levitical Law*
Was Propheey after its Kind,
In Types there the Faithful foreſaw
The Savior, that ranſom'd Mankind.
The Altar, the Lamb, and the Prieſt,
The Blood, that was ſprinkled of Old
Had Life, when the People could taſte
The Bleſſings thoſe Shadows foretold.

5 Review each prophetical *Song*
Which ſhine in Prediction's rich Train,
The ſweeteſt to JESUS belong,
And point out his Sufferings and Reign:
Sure David his Harp never ſtrung,
With more of true ſacred Delight,
Than when of the Savior he ſung,
And he was reveal'd to his Sight.

6 May JESUS more precious become—
His Word be a Lamp to our Feet,
While we in this Wilderneſs roam,
'Till brought in his Preſence to meet:
Then, then will we gaze on thy Face,
Our Prophet, our Prieſt and our King;
Recount all thy Wonders of Grace,
Thy Praiſes eternally ſing.

THE INFLUENCES AND GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

CCVI. As the Old 112th.

The Comforter, John xiv. 16—18.

1 JESUS, we hang upon the Word,
Our longing Souls have heard from thee;
Be mindful of thy Promiſe, LORD,
Thy Promiſe made to ſuch as me,
To ſuch as Sion's Paths purſue,
And would believe that GOD is true.

2 Thou ſay'ſt, I will the Father pray,
And he the Comforter ſhall give,
Shall give him in your Hearts to ſtay,
And never more his Temples leave;
Myſelf will to my Orphans come,
And make you mine eternal Home.

3 Come then, dear LORD, Thyſelf reveal,
And let the Promiſe now take place;
Be it according to thy Will,
According to the Word of Grace:
Thy ſorrowful Diſciples cheer,
And ſend us down the Comforter.

4 He viſits oft the troubled Breaſt,
And oft relieves our ſad Complaint
But ſoon we loſe the tranſient Gueſt,
But ſoon we droop again and faint,
Repeat the melancholy Moan,
"Our Joy is fled, our Comfort gone!"

5 Haſten him, LORD, into each Heart,
Our ſure inſeparable Guide;
O may we meet and never part!
O may he in our Hearts abide!
And keep his Houſe of Praiſe and Pray
And reſt and reign for ever there!

CCVII. L. M. B—.

The Leadings of the Spirit, Rom. viii. 14.

1 COME gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With Light and Comfort from above
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide,
O'er every Thought and Step preſide.

2 Conduct us ſafe, conduct us far
From every Sin and hurtful Snare;
Lead to thy Word that Rules muſt give,
And teach us Leſſons how to live.

3 The Light of Truth to us diſplay,
And make us know and chooſe thy Way
Plant holy Fear in every Heart,
That we from GOD may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to Holineſs, the Road
That we muſt take to dwell with GOD;
Lead us to CHRIST, the living Way,
Nor let us from his Paſtures ſtray.

5 Lead us to GOD, our final Reſt,
In his Enjoyment to be bleſs'd;
Lead us to Heaven, the Seat of Bliſs,
Where Pleaſure in Perfection is.

CCVIII. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

The Spirit's Influences compared to living Water, John iv. 10.

BLESS'D Jesus, Source of Grace divine,
What Soul-refreshing Streams are thine!
O bring these healing Waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

No Traveller thro' desert Lands,
'Midst scorching Suns, and burning Sands,
More needs the Current to obtain,
Or to enjoy refreshing Rain.

Our longing Souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring;
To a redundant River flow,
And cheer this thirsty Land below.

May this blest Torrent near my Side
Thro' all the Desert gently glide;
Then in *Immanuel's* Land above
Spread to a Sea of Joy and Love.

CCIX. L. M.

Divine Influences compared to Rain, Psalm lxxii. 6.

AS Showers on Meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his Blessings down,
Crown'd with whose Life-infusing Drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful Crops.

Lands that beneath a burning Sky,
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' Effusions of his Love shall share,
And sudden Greens and Herbage wear.

The Dews and Rains, in all their Store,
Drenching the Pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that Grace
Which sanctifies and saves our Race.

4 As in ſoft Silence vernal Showers
Deſcend, and cheer the fainting Flowers,
So in the Secreſy of Love
Falls the ſweet Influence from above.

5 That heavenly Influence let me find
In holy Silence of the Mind,
While every Grace maintains its Bloom,
Diffuſing wide its rich Perfume.

6 Nor let theſe Bleſſings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all Mankind,
Till Earth's wild Waſtes in Verdure riſe,
And a young *Eden* bleſs our Eyes.

CCX. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Seeking to God *for the Communication of his Spirit,*
Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

1 HEAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy Throne,
And ſend thy various Bleſſings down:
While by thine *Iſrael* thou art ſought,
Attend the Prayer thy Word hath taught.

2 Come, ſacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldeſt Heart with Love;
Soften to Fleſh the rugged Stone,
And let thy godlike Power be known.

3 Speak thou, and from the haughtieſt Eyes
Shall Floods of pious Sorrow riſe;
While all their glowing Souls are borne
To ſeek that Grace, which now they ſcorn.

4 O let a holy Flock await,
Numerous around thy Temple-Gate,
Each preſſing on with Zeal to be
A living Sacrifice to thee.

5 In Anſwer to our fervent Cries,
Give us to ſee thy Church ariſe;
Or, if that Bleſſing ſeem too great.
Give us to mourn its low Eſtate.

CCXI. As the Old 112th. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

The Influences of the Spirit deſired.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, Source of Light,
Enlivening, conſecrating Fire,
Deſcend, and with celeſtial Heat
Our dull, our frozen Hearts inſpire:
Our Souls refine, our Droſs conſume!
Come, *condeſcending* Spirit, come!

2 In our cold Breaſts, O ſtrike a Spark
Of the pure Flame, which Seraphs feel,
Nor let us wander in the Dark,
Or lie benumb'd and ſtupid ſtill:
Come, *vivifying* Spirit, come,
And make our Hearts thy conſtant Home!

3 Whatever Guilt and Madneſs dare,
We would not quench the heavenly Fire;
Our Hearts as Fuel we prepare,
Tho' in the Flame we ſhould expire:
Our Breaſts expand to make thee Room;
Come, *purifying* Spirit, come!

4 Let pure Devotion's Fervors riſe!
Let every pious Paſſion glow!
O let the Raptures of the Skies
Kindle in our cold Hearts below!
Come, *condeſcending* Spirit, come,
And make our Souls thy conſtant Home!!

CCXII. L. M. TOPLADY.

A propitious Gale longed for.

1 AT Anchor laid, remote from Home,
Toiling I cry, ſweet SPIRIT, come!
Celeſtial Breeze, no longer ſtay,
But ſwell my Sails, and ſpeed my Way!

2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And looſe my Cable from below:
But I can only ſpread my Sail;
THOU, THOU muſt breathe th' auſpicious Gale!

CCXIII. L. M. STEELE.

The Influences of the Spirit experienced,
John xiv. 16, 17.

1 DEAR LORD, and ſhall thy Spirit reſt
In ſuch a wretched Heart as mine?
Unworthy Dwelling! glorious Gueſt!
Favor aſtoniſhing, divine!

2 When Sin prevails, and gloomy Fear,
And Hope almoſt expires in Night,
LORD, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great Spring of Comfort, Life, and Light?

3 Sure the bleſt Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he ſuſtains my fainting Heart;
Elſe would my Hopes for ever die,
And every cheering Ray depart.

4 When ſome kind Promiſe glads my Soul,
Do I not find his healing Voice
The Tempeſt of my Fears control,
And bid my drooping Powers rejoice?

5 Whene'er to call the Savior mine,
With ardent Wiſh my Heart expires:
Can it be leſs than Power divine,
Which animates theſe ſtrong Deſires?

6 What leſs than thy Almighty Word,
Can raiſe my Heart from Earth and Duſt,
And bid me cleave to thee, my LORD,
My Life, my Treaſure, and my Truſt?

7 And when my cheerful Hope can ſay
I love my GOD, and taſte his Grace,
LORD, is it not thy bliſsful Ray,
Which brings this Dawn of ſacred Peace:

8 Let thy kind Spirit in my Heart
For ever dwell, O GOD of Love,
And Light and heavenly Peace impart,
Sweet Earneſt of the Joys above.

CCXIV. New Jeruſalem Tune.

The Holy Spirit addreſſed under Darkneſs.

1 DESCEND Holy Spirit, the Dove,
And viſit a ſorrowful Breaſt,
My Burden of Guilt to remove,
And bring me Aſſurance and Reſt:
Thou only haſt Power to relieve
A Sinner o'erwhelm'd with his Load,
The Senſe of Election to give,
And ſprinkle his Heart with the Blood.

2 With me, if of Old, thou haſt ſtrove,
And kindly with-held me from Sin;
Reſolv'd by the Force of thy Love,
My worthleſs Affections to win;
The Work of thy Mercy revive,
Invincible Mercy exert,
And keep my weak Graces alive,
And ſet up thy Reſt in my Heart.

3 If when I have put thee to Grief,
And madly to Folly return'd,
Thy Goodneſs hath been my Relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd;
Moſt pitiful Spirit of Grace,
Relieve me again, and reſtore,
My Spirit in Holineſs raiſe,
To fall and to grieve thee no more.

4 If now I lament after GOD,
And pant for a Drop of his Love,
If JESUS, who pour'd out his Blood,
Obtain'd me a Manſion above;
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
Sweet Witneſs of Mercy divine!
And make me thy permanent Home,
And ſeal me eternally thine.

CCXV. L. M. BENTLEY'S COLLECTION.

The grieved Spirit intreated not to depart,
Pſalm li. 11.

1 STAY, thou inſulted Spirit, ſtay,
Tho' I have done thee ſuch Deſpite,
Caſt not a Sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlaſting Flight:

2 Tho' I have moſt unfaithful been
Of all, whoe'er thy Grace receiv'd,
Ten thouſand Times thy Goodneſs ſeen,
Ten thouſand Times thy Goodneſs griev'd.

3 But O! the chief of Sinners ſpare,
In Honor of my great High-Prieſt;
Nor in thy righteous Anger ſwear
I ſhall not ſee thy People's Reſt.

4 If yet thou canſt my Sins forgive,
E'en now, O LORD, relieve my Woes;
Into thy Reſt of Love receive,
And bleſs me with the calm Repoſe.

5 E'en now my weary Soul releaſe,
And raiſe me by thy gracious Hand;
Guide me into thy perfect Peace,
And bring me to the promis'd Land.

CCXVI. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Divine Drawings celebrated; or, *Gratitude the Spring of true Religion*, Hoſea xi. 4.

1 MY GOD, what ſilken Cords are thine!
How ſoft, and yet how ſtrong!
While Power, and Truth, and Love combine
To draw our Souls along.

2 Thou ſaw'ſt us cruſh'd beneath the Yoke
Of Satan and of Sin:
Thy Hand the Iron Bondage broke
Our worthleſs Hearts to win.

3 The Guilt of twice ten thouſand Sins
One Moment takes away;
And Grace, when firſt the War begins,
Secures the crowning Day.

4 Comfort thro' all this Vale of Tears
In rich Profuſion flows,
And Glory of unnumber'd Years
Eternity beſtows.

5 Drawn by ſuch Cords we onward move,
Till round thy Throne we meet;
And, Captives in the Chains of Love,
Embrace our Conqueror's Feet.

THE GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, &c. §.

CCXVII. S. M. BEDDOME.

Faith, its Author and Precioufneſs, Eph. ii. 8.

1 FAITH!—'tis a precious Grace,
Where'er it is beſtow'd!
It boaſts of a celeſtial Birth,
And is the Gift of GOD!

2 JESUS it owns a King,
An All-atoning Prieſt,
It claims no Merit of its own,
But looks for All in CHRIST:

3 To him it leads the Soul,
When fill'd with deep Diſtreſs;
Flies to the Fountain of his Blood,
And truſts his Righteouſneſs.

4 Since 'tis thy Work alone,
And that divinely free;
LORD, ſend the Spirit of thy Son
To work this Faith in me.

CCXVIII. C. M. D. TURNER.

The Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new Charms to earthly Bliſs,
And ſaves me from its Snares:
Its Aid in every Duty brings,
And ſoftens all my Cares.

§ The Graces, and Chriſtian Tempers are placed Alphabetically, for the Sake of finding them at once, by looking at the Head of the Page.

2 Extinguiſhes the Thirſt of Sin,
And lights the ſacred Fire
Of Love to GOD, and heavenly Things,
And feeds the pure Deſire.

3 The wounded Conſcience knows its Power
The healing Balm to give;
That Balm the ſaddeſt Heart can cheer,
And make the Dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celeſtial Worlds,
Where deathleſs Pleaſures reign;
And bids me ſeek my Portion there,
Nor bids me ſeek in vain:

5 Shews me the precious Promiſe, ſeal'd
With the Redeemer's Blood;
And helps my feeble Hope to reſt
Upon a faithful GOD.

6 There, there unſhaken would I reſt,
Till this vile Body dies;
And then on Faith's triumphant Wings,
At once to Glory riſe.

CCXIX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief,
Mark ix. 24.

1 JESUS, our Soul's delightful Choice,
In thee believing we rejoice;
Yet ſtill our Joy is mix'd with Grief,
While Faith contends with Unbelief.

2 Thy Promiſes our Hearts revive,
And keep our fainting Hopes alive;
But Guilt, and Fears, and Sorrows riſe,
And hide the Promiſe from our Eyes.

3 O let not Sin and Satan boaſt,
While Saints lie mourning in the Duſt;
Nor ſee that Faith to Ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious Hand hath wrought.

4 Do thou the dying Spark inflame;
Reveal the Glories of thy Name;
And put all anxious Doubts to Flight,
As Shades diſpers'd by opening Night.

CCXX. New Jeruſalem Tune.

Faith Fainting.

1 ENcompaſs'd with Clouds of Diſtreſs,
Juſt ready all Hope to reſign,
I pant for the Light of thy Face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Diſhearten'd with waiting ſo long,
I ſink at thy Feet with my Load,
All-plaintive I pour out my Song,
And ſtretch forth my Hands unto GOD.

2 Shine, LORD, and my Terror ſhall ceaſe;
The Blood of Atonement apply;
And lead me to JESUS, for Peace,
The Rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Savior, for ſweet is thy Voice;
Thy Preſence is fair to behold;
Attend to my Sorrows and Cries,
My Groanings that cannot be told.

3 If ſometimes I ſtrive as I mourn,
My Hold of thy Promiſe to keep,
The Billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the Deep:
While harraſs'd and caſt from thy Sight,
The Tempter ſuggeſts with a Roar,
"The LORD has forſaken thee quite;
"Thy GOD will be gracious no more."

4 Yet LORD, if thy Love hath deſign'd
No Covenant Bleſſing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some Pleaſure in waiting for thee?
Almighty to reſcue thou art;
Thy Grace is my only Reſource;
If e'er thou art LORD of my Heart,
Thy Spirit muſt take it by Force.

CCXXI. Chatham Tune.

Faith Reviving.

1 FROM whence this Fear and Unbelief!
Haſt thou, O Father, put to Grief
Thy ſpotleſs Son for me?
And will the righteous Judge of Men
Condemn me for that Debt of Sin,
Which, LORD, was charg'd on thee!

2 Complete Atonement thou haſt made,
And to the utmoſt Farthing paid
Whate'er thy People ow'd;
How then can Wrath on me take place
If ſhelter'd in thy Righteouſneſs,
And ſprinkled with thy Blood?

3 [If thou haſt my Diſcharge procur'd,
And freely in my Room endur'd
The whole of Wrath divine;
Payment GOD cannot twice demand,
Firſt, at my bleeding Surety's Hand,
And then again at mine.]

4 Turn then, my Soul, unto thy Reſt;
The Merits of thy great High-Prieſt
Speak Peace and Liberty:
Truſt in his efficacious Blood;
Nor fear thy Baniſhment from GOD,
Since JESUS dy'd for thee.

CCXXII.

Faith Conquering.

1 THE Moment a Sinner believes,
And truſts in his crucify'd GOD,
His Pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full thro' his Blood:
Tho' Thouſands and Thouſands of Foes,
Againſt him in Malice unite,
Their Rage he, thro' CHRIST, can oppoſe,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

2 The Faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings ſuch Salvation as this,
Is more than mere Notion or Name,
The Work of GOD's Spirit it is:
A Principle active, and young,
That lives under Preſſure, and Load;
That makes out of Weakneſs more ſtrong,
And draws the Soul upward to GOD.

3 It treads on the World, and on Hell,
It vanquiſhes Death and Deſpair;
And O let us wonder to tell,
It overcomes Heaven by Prayer,—
Permits a vile Worm of the Duſt,
With GOD to commune as a Friend;
To hope his Forgiveneſs as juſt,
And look for his Love to the End.

4 It ſays to the Mountains, depart,
That ſtand betwixt GOD and the Soul;
It binds up the broken in Heart,
And makes wounded Conſciences whole;
Bids Sins, of a Crimſon-like Dye,
Be Spotleſs as Snow, and as White;
And raiſes the Sinner on high,
To dwell with the Angels of Light.

CCXXIII. TOPLADY.

Faith Triumphing.

1 A Debtor to Mercy alone,
Of Covenant Mercy I ſing;
Nor fear with thy Righteouſneſs on,
My Perſon and Offerings to bring;
The Terrors of Law, and of GOD,
With me can have Nothing to do;
My Savior's Obedience and Blood,
Hide all my Tranſgreſſions from View.

2 The Work which his Goodneſs began,
The Arm of his Strength will complete;
His Promiſe is *Yea* and *Amen*,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor Things that are now,
Not all Things below, nor above,
Can make him his Purpoſe forego,
Or ſever my Soul from his Love.

3 My Name from the Palms of his Hands,
Eternity will not eraſe;
Impreſs'd on his Heart it remains,
In Marks of indelible Grace;
Yes, I to the End ſhall endure,
As ſure as the Earneſt is given;
More Happy, but not more Secure,
The glorify'd Spirits in Heaven.

CCXXIV. S. M.

Weak Believers encouraged.

1 YOUR Harps, ye trembling Saints,
Down from the Willows take;
Loud to the Praiſe of CHRIST our LORD,
Bid every String awake.

2 Tho' in a foreign Land
We are not far from Home;
And nearer to our Houſe above,
We every Moment come.

3 His Grace ſhall to the End
Stronger and brighter ſhine;
Nor preſent Things nor Things to come,
Shall quench the Spark divine.

4 The Time of Love will come
When we ſhall clearly ſee
Not only that he ſhed his Blood
But each ſhall ſay, FOR ME.

5 Tarry his Leiſure then,
Wait the appointed Hour;
Wait 'till the Bridegroom of your Souls,
Reveal his Love with Power.

6 Bleſt is the Man, O GOD,
That ſtays himſelf on thee!
Who waits for thy Salvation, LORD,
Shall thy Salvation ſee.

CCXXV. L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Faith connected with Salvation, Rom. i. 16. Heb. x. 39.

1 NOT by the Laws of Innocence
Can *Adam*'s Sons arrive at Heaven:
New Works can give us no Pretence
To have our ancient Sins forgiven.

2 Not the beſt Deeds that we have done,
Can make a wounded Conſcience whole:
Faith is the Grace, and Faith alone,
That flies to CHRIST, and ſaves the Soul.

3 LORD, I believe thy heavenly Word,
Fain would I have my Soul renew'd:
I mourn for Sin, and truſt the LORD,
To have it pardon'd and ſubdu'd.

4 O may thy Grace it's Power diſplay,
Let Guilt and Death no longer reign:
Save me in thine appointed Way,
Nor let my humble Faith be vain.

CCXXVI. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Being in the Fear of GOD *all the Day long,*
Proverbs xxiii. 17.

1 THRICE happy Souls, who born from Heaven,
While yet they ſojourn here,
Humbly begin their Days with GOD
And ſpend them in his Fear!

2 So may our Eyes with holy Zeal
Prevent the dawning Day;
And turn the ſacred Pages o'er,
And praiſe thy Name and pray.

3 Midſt hourly Cares may Love preſent
Its Incenſe to thy Throne;
And, while the World our Hands employs,
Our Hearts be thine alone.

4 As ſanctified to nobleſt Ends
Be each Refreſhment ſought;
And by each various Providence
Some wiſe Inſtruction brought.

5 When to laborious Duties call'd,
Or by Temptations try'd,
We'll ſeek the Shelter of thy Wings,
And in thy Strength confide.

6 As different Scenes of Life ariſe,
Our grateful Hearts would be
With thee, amidſt the ſocial Band,
In Solitude with thee.

7 At Night we lean our weary Heads
On thy paternal Breaſt;
And, ſafely folded in thine Arms
Reſign our Powers to reſt.

8 In ſolid pure Delights, like theſe,
Let all my Days be paſt;
Nor ſhall I then impatient wiſh,
Nor ſhall I fear the Laſt.

CCXXVII. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Fear of GOD, Proverbs xiv. 26.

1 HAPPY beyond Deſcription he
Who fears the LORD his GOD;
Who hears his Threats with holy Awe,
And trembles at his Rod.

2 Fear, ſacred Paſſion, ever dwells
With it's fair Partner Love;
Blending their Beauties both proclaim
Their Source is from above.

3 Let Terrors fright the unwilling Slave,
The Child with Joy appears;
Cheerful he does his Father's Will,
And loves as much as fears.

4 Let but thy Fear, moſt holy GOD!
Poſſeſs this Soul of mine,
Then ſhall I worſhip thee aright,
And taſte thy Joys divine.

CCXXVIII. C. M. DR. WATT'S SERMONS.

Holy Fortitude, * 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

1 AM I a Soldier of the Croſs,
A Follower of the Lamb?
And ſhall I fear to own his Cauſe,
Or bluſh to ſpeak his Name?

2 Muſt I be carried to the Skies,
On flowery Beds of Eaſe;
While others fought to win the Prize,
And ſail'd thro' bloody Seas?

3 Are there no Foes for me to face?
Muſt I not ſtem the Flood?
Is this vile World a Friend to Grace,
To help me on to GOD?

4 Sure I muſt Fight if I would reign;
Increaſe my Courage, LORD!
I'll bear the Toil, endure the Pain,
Supported by thy Word.

5 Thy Saints in all this glorious War,
Shall conquer tho' they die;
They ſee the Triumph from afar,
And ſeize it with their Eye.

6 When that illuſtrious Day ſhall riſe,
And all thy Armies ſhine
In Robes of Victory thro' the Skies,
The Glory ſhall be thine.

CCXXIX. L. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Gravity and Decency.

1 BEHOLD the Sons, the Heirs of GOD,
So dearly bought with JESUS' Blood!
Are they not born to heavenly Joys,
And ſhall they ſtoop to earthly Toys?

* See Zeal.

2 Can Laughter feed th' immortal Mind?
Were Spirits of celeſtial Kind
Made for a Jeſt, for Sport and Play,
To wear out Time, and waſte the Day?

3 Doth vain Diſcourſe, or empty Mirth,
Well ſuit the Honors of their Birth?
Shall they be fond of gay Attire,
Which Children love, and Fools admire?

4 What if we wear the richeſt Veſt,
Peacocks and Flies are better dreſt;
This Fleſh, with all its gaudy Forms,
Muſt drop to Duſt, and feed the Worms.

5 LORD, raiſe our Hearts and Paſſions higher;
Touch our vain Souls with ſacred Fire;
Then, with a Heaven-directed Eye
We'll paſs theſe glittering Trifles by.

6 We'll look on all the Toys below
With ſuch Diſdain as Angels do;
And wait the Call that bids us riſe
To Manſions promis'd in the Skies.

CCXXX. L. M.

Hope ſet before us.

1 AND be it ſo, that till this Hour,
We never knew what Faith has meant,
And Slaves to Sin, and Satan's Power,
Have never felt theſe Hearts relent.

2 What ſhall we do? ſhall we lie down,
Sink in Deſpair, and groan, and die;
And, ſunk beneath the Almighty's Frown,
Not glance one cheerful Hope on high?

3 Forbid it, SAVIOR! to thy Grace
As Sinners, Strangers, we will come;
Among thy Saints we aſk a Place,
For in thy Mercy there is Room.

4 LORD, we believe; O chaſe away
The gloomy Clouds of Unbelief:
LORD, we repent; O let thy Ray
Diſſolve our Hearts in ſacred Grief!

5 Now ſpread the Banner of thy Love,
And let us know that we are thine,
Cheer us with Bleſſings from above,—
With all the Joys of Hope divine.

CCXXXI. L. M.

Hope in Darkneſs.

1 O GOD, my Sun, thy bliſsful Rays
Irradiate, warm, and guide my Heart!
How dark, how mournful, are my Days,
If thy enlivening Beams depart!

2 Scarce thro' the Shades, a Glimpſe of Day
Appears to theſe deſiring Eyes!
But ſhall my drooping Spirit ſay,
The cheerful Morn will *never* riſe?

3 O let me not deſpairing mourn,
Tho' gloomy Darkneſs ſpreads the Sky;
My glorious Sun will yet return,
And Night with all its Horrors fly.

4 O for the bright, the joyful Day,
When Hope ſhall in Aſſurance die!
So Tapers loſe their feeble Ray,
Beneath the Sun's refulgent Eye.

CCXXXII. Chatham Tune.

Hoping and Longing.

1 COME, LORD, and help us to rejoice,
In hope that we ſhall hear thy Voice,
Shall one Day ſee our GOD;
Shall ceaſe from all our painful Strife,
Handle and taſte the Word of Life,
And feel the ſprinkled Blood.

2 Let us not always make our Moan,
Nor worſhip thee a GOD unknown;
But let us live to prove
Thy People's Reſt, thy Saints Delight,
The length and breadth, the depth and height
Of thy redeeming Love.

3 Rejoicing now in earneſt Hope,
We ſtand, and from the Mountain-Top
See all the Land below;
Rivers of Milk and Honey riſe,
And all the Fruits of Paradiſe
In endleſs Plenty grow.

4 A Land of Corn, and Wine, and Oil,
Favor'd with GOD's peculiar Smile,
With every Bleſſing bleſt:
There dwells the LORD our Righteouſneſs,
And keeps his Own in perfect Peace
And everlaſting Reſt.

5 O when ſhall we at once go up,
Nor this ſide Jordan longer ſtop,
But the good Land poſſeſs:
When ſhall we end our legal Years,
Our Sorrows, Sins, and Doubts, and Fears,
An howling Wilderneſs!

6 O dearest Joshua! bring us in;
Display thy Grace, forgive our Sin,
Our Unbelief remove:
The heavenly Canaan, LORD divide,
And, O, with all the Sanctify'd,
Give us a Lot of Love!

CCXXXIII. L. M. STEELE.

Hope encouraged by a View of the Divine Perfections, 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

1 WHY sinks my weak desponding Mind?
Why heaves my Heart the anxious Sigh?
Can sovereign Goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe if GOD is nigh?

2 He holds all Nature in his Hand:
That gracious Hand on which I live,
Does Life, and Time, and Death command,
And has immortal Joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this fainting Frame,
On him alone my Hopes recline;
The wonderous Glories of his Name,
How wide they spread! how bright they shine!

4 Infinite Wisdom! boundless Power!
Unchanging Faithfulness and Love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my Refuge e'er remove.

5 My GOD, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my Heart can crave;
A present Help in Times of Need,
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

6 Forgive my Doubts, O gracious LORD,
And ease the Sorrows of my Breast;
Speak to my Heart the healing Word,
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

CCXXXIV. L. M. STEELE.

Happy Poverty; or, *the Poor in Spirit blessed*, Matt. v. 3.

1 YE humble Souls, complain no more,
Let Faith survey your future Store;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred Words of Truth attest.

2 When conscious Grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential Tear;
Hope points to your dejected Eyes,
The bright Reversion in the Skies.

3 In vain the Sons of Wealth and Pride
Despise your Lot, your Hopes deride:
In vain they boast their little Stores,
Trifles are *theirs*, a Kingdom *yours*.

4 A Kingdom of immense Delight,
Where Health, and Peace, and Joy unite;
Where undeclining Pleasures rise,
And every Wish hath full Supplies.

5 A Kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While Time sweeps earthly Thrones away;
The State, which Power and Truth sustain,
Unmov'd for ever must remain.

6 There shall your Eyes with Rapture view
The glorious Friend that dy'd for you;
That dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise
To Crowns of Joy, and Songs of Praise.

7 JESUS, to thee, I breathe my Prayer,
Reveal, confirm my Interest there:
Whate'er my humble Lot below,
This, this my Soul desires to know!

8 O let me hear that Voice divine
Pronounce the glorious Bleſſing mine!
Enroll'd among thy happy Poor,
My largeſt Wiſhes aſk no more.

CCXXXV. C. M. B——

Humble Pleadings for Mercy.

1 LORD, at thy Feet we Sinners lie,
And knock at Mercy's Door;
With heavy Heart and downcaſt Eye,
Thy Favor we implore.

2 [On us, the vaſt Extent diſplay
Of thy forgiving Love;
Take all our heinous Guilt away,
This heavy Load remove.

3 We ſink, with all this Weight oppreſs'd,
Sink down to Death and Hell;
Oh, give our troubled Spirits Reſt,
Our numerous Fears diſpel.]

4 'Tis Mercy, Mercy we implore,
We would thy Bowels move;
Thy Grace is an exhauſtleſs Store,
And thou thyſelf art Love.

5 Oh, for thy Own, for JESUS' Sake,
Our many Sins forgive;
Thy Grace our rocky Hearts can break,
And breaking ſoon relieve.

6 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy Dominion own;
Nor let a Rival more pretend
To repoſſeſs thy Throne.

CCXXXVI. L. M. BEDDOME.

The humble Publican, Luke xviii. 13.

1 LORD with a griev'd and aching Heart,
To thee I look—to thee I cry;
Supply my Wants, and eaſe my Smart,
O help me ſoon, or elſe I die.

2 Here on my Soul a Burden lies,
No human Power can it remove;
My numerous Sins like Mountains riſe,
Do thou reveal thy pardoning Love.

3 Break off theſe adamantine Chains,
From cruel Bondage ſet me free;
Reſcue from everlaſting Pains,
And bring me ſafe to Heaven and thee.

CCXXXVII. Sevens. MADAN'S COLLECTION.

A Prayer for Humility.

1 LORD, if thou thy Grace impart,
Poor in Spirit, meek in Heart,
I ſhall as my Maſter be,
Rooted in Humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little Child;
Pleas'd with all the LORD provides,
Wean'd from all the World beſides.

3 Father, fix my Soul on thee;
Every Evil let me flee;
Nothing Want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious Love.

4 O that all may ſeek and find
Every good in JESUS join'd!
Him let Iſrael ſtill adore,
Truſt him, praiſe him evermore.

CCXXXVIII. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Rejoicing in God, Jer. ix. 23, 24.

1 THE righteous Lord, ſupremely great,
Maintains his univerſal State;
O'er all the Earth his Power extends,
All Heaven before his Footſtool bends.

2 Yet Juſtice ſtill with Power preſides,
And Mercy all his Empire guides;
Mercy and Truth are his Delight,
And Saints are lovely in his Sight.

3 No more, ye Wiſe, your Wiſdom boaſt,
No more, ye Strong, your Valor truſt;
No more, ye Rich, ſurvey your Store,
Elate with Heaps of ſhining Ore.

4 Glory, ye Saints, in this alone,
That God, your God, to you is known;
That you have own'd his ſovereign Sway,
That you have felt his cheering Ray.

5 Our Wiſdom, Wealth, and Power we find,
In one Jehovah, all combin'd;
On him we fix our roving Eyes,
And all our Souls in Raptures riſe.

6 All elſe, which we our Treaſure call,
May in one fatal Moment fall;
But what their Happineſs can move,
Whom God the Bleſſed deigns to love?

CCXXXIX. S. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Rejoicing in the Ways of God, Pſalm cxxxviii. 5.

1 NOW let our Voices join
To form a ſacred Song;
Ye Pilgrims, in Jehovah's Ways
With Muſic paſs along.

2 How ſtrait the Path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking Gins t' entrap our Feet;
No fierce Deſtroyer there.

3 But Flowers of Paradiſe
In rich Profuſion ſpring;
The Sun of Glory gilds the Path,
And dear Companions ſing.

4 See *Salem*'s golden Spires
In beauteous Proſpect riſe;
And brighter Crowns than Mortals wear,
Which ſparkle thro' the Skies.

5 All Honor to his Name,
Who marks the ſhining Way;
To him, who leads the Wanderers on
To Realms of endleſs Day.

CCXL. Sevens. CENNICK.

Rejoicing in Hope, Iſaiah xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey ſweetly ſing;
Sing your Savior's worthy Praiſe,
Glorious in his Works and Ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to GOD,
In the Way the Fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their Happineſs ſhall ſee.

3 O; ye baniſh'd Seed, be glad!
CHRIST our Advocate is made;
Us to ſave our Fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our Souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little Flock, and bleſt,
You on JESUS' Throne ſhall reſt;
There your Seat is now prepar'd,
There your Kingdom and Reward.

5 Fear not, Brethren, joyful ſtand,
On the Borders of your Land;
JESUS CHRIST, your Father's Son,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

6 LORD! ſubmiſſive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee!

CCXLI. COWPER.

Return of Joy.

1 WHEN Darkneſs long has veil'd my Mind,
And ſmiling Day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The Folly of my Doubts and Fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving Heart,
And bluſh that I ſhould ever be
Thus prone to act ſo baſe a Part,
Or harbor one hard Thought of thee!

3 O! let me then at length be taught
(What I am ſtill ſo ſlow to learn;)
That GOD is Love, and changes not,
Nor knows the Shadow of a Turn.

4 Sweet Truth, and eaſy to repeat!
But when my Faith is ſharply try'd,
I find myſelf a Learner yet,
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

5 But, O my LORD, one Look from thee
Subdues the diſobedient Will;
Drives Doubt and Diſcontent away,
And thy rebellious Worm is ſtill.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the Praiſe receive;
Be Shame, and Self-abhorrence, mine.

CCXLII. L. M. DR. WATTS's SERMONS.

Juſtice and Equity, Matt. vii. 12.

1 BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this Rule of thine,
"Never to deal with Others worſe
"Than we would have them deal with us!"

2 This golden Leſſon ſhort and plain,
Gives nor the Mind nor Memory Pain;
And every Conſcience muſt approve,
This univerſal Law of Love.

3 'Tis written in each mortal Breaſt,
Where all our tendereſt Wiſhes reſt:
We draw it from our inmoſt Veins,
Where Love to Self reſides and reigns.

4 Is Reaſon ever at a Loſs?
Call in Self-love to judge the Cauſe:
Let our own fondeſt Paſſions ſhew
How we ſhould treat our Neighbours too.

5 How bleſs'd would every Nation prove,
Thus rul'd by Equity and Love!
All would be Friends without a Foe,
And form a Paradiſe below.

6 JESUS, forgive us that we keep
Thy ſacred Law of Love aſleep;
And take our Envy, Wrath and Pride,
Thoſe ſavage Paſſions for our Guide.

CCXLIII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

GOD *ſhining into the Heart.* 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 PRAISE to the LORD of boundleſs Might,
With uncreated Glories bright!
His Preſence gilds the Worlds above;
The unchanging Source of Light and Love.

2 Our riſing Earth his Eye beheld,
When in ſubſtantial Darkneſs veil'd;
The ſhapeleſs *Chaos*, Nature's Womb,
Lay buried in the horrid Gloom.

3 "Let there be Light," JEHOVAH ſaid,
And Light o'er all its Face was ſpread;
Nature array'd in Charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born Luſtre ſhone.

4 He ſees the Mind, when loſt it lies
In Shades of Ignorance and Vice,
And darts from Heaven a vivid Ray,
And changes Midnight into Day.

5 Shine, mighty GOD, with Vigor ſhine
On this benighted Heart of mine;
And let thy Glories ſtand reveal'd,
As in the Savior's Face beheld.

6 My Soul, reviv'd by Heav'n-born Day,
Thy radiant Image ſhall diſplay,
While all my Faculties unite
To praiſe the LORD, who gives me Light.

CCXLIV. L. M.

One Thing I know, John ix. 25. Iſaiah liv. 13.

1 DEAR Savior, make me wiſe to ſee
My Sin, and Guilt, and Remedy;
'Tis ſaid, of all thy Blood has bought,
"They ſhall of Iſrael's GOD be taught."

2 Their Plague of Heart thy People know;
They know thy Name and truſt thee too;
They know the Goſpel's bliſsful Sound,
The Paths where endleſs Joys abound.

3 They know the Father and the Son,
Theirs is eternal Life begun;
Unto Salvation they are wiſe,
Their Grace ſhall into Glory riſe.

4 But—Ignorance itſelf am I,
Born Blind—eſtrang'd from thee I lie;
O LORD, to thee I humbly own
I *Nothing* know, as ſhould be known.

5 I ſcarce know GOD, or CHRIST, or Sin
My Foes without, or Plague within;
Know not my Intereſt, LORD, in thee,
In Pardon, Peace, or Liberty.

6 But help me to declare To-day,
If *many* Things I cannot ſay,
"ONE Thing I know," all Praiſe to thee,
"Tho' *blind* I was—yet now I *ſee*."

CCXLV. C. M. FAWCETT.

Knowledge at preſent imperfect, 1 Cor. xiii. 9.

1 THY Way, O GOD, is in the Sea,
Thy Paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the Myſtery
Of thy unbounded Grace.

2 Here the dark Veils of Fleſh, and Senſe,
My captive Soul ſurround;
Myſterious Deeps of Providence,
My wondering Thoughts confound.

3 When I behold thy awful Hand,
My earthly Hopes deſtroy;
In deep Aſtoniſhment I ſtand,
And aſk the Reaſon, why?

4 As thro' a Glaſs I dimly ſee,
The Wonders of thy Love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the Joys above.

5 'Tis but in part, I know thy Will;
I bleſs thee for the Sight;
When will thy Love the Reſt reveal
In Glory's clearer Light?

6 With Rapture ſhall I then ſurvey
Thy Providence, and Grace,
And ſpend an everlaſting Day
In Wonder, Love and Praiſe.

CCXLVI. L. M.

Liberality; or, *the Duty and Pleaſures of Benevolence.*

1 O What ſtupendous Mercy ſhines
Around the Majeſty of Heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his Sons,
Their Souls renew'd, their Sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the Grace divine,
The Grace that blazes like a Sun;
Hold forth your fair, tho' feeble Light,
Thro' all your Lives let Mercy run.

3 Upon yonr Bounty's willing Wings
Swift let the great Salvation fly;
The Hungry feed, the Naked clothe,
To Pain and Sickneſs Help apply.

4 Pity the weeping Widow's Woe,
And be her Counſellor and Stay;
Adopt the Fatherleſs, and ſmooth
To uſeful, happy Life his Way.

5 Let Age, with Want and Weakneſs bow'd,
Your Bowels of Compaſſion move;
Let e'en your Enemies be bleſs'd,
Their Hatred recompens'd with Love.

6 When ALL is done, renounce your Deeds,
Renounce Self-Righteouſneſs with Scorn;
Thus will you glorify your GOD,
And thus the Chriſtian Name adorn.

CCXLVII. L. M. D. TURNER.

Thou ſhalt love the LORD *thy* GOD, &c.
Deut. vi. 5.

1 YES, I would love thee, bleſſed GOD!
Paternal Goodneſs marks thy Name;
Thy Praiſes thro' thy high Abode,
The heavenly Hoſts with Joy proclaim.

2 Freely thou gav'ſt thy deareſt Son,
For Man to ſuffer, bleed, and die;
And bid'ſt me as a Wretch undone,
For all I want on him rely.

3 In him thy reconciled Face,
With Joy unſpeakable I ſee;
And feel thy powerful wonderous Grace,
Draw and unite my Soul to thee.

4 Whene'er my fooliſh wandering Heart
Attracted by a Creature's Power,
Would from this bliſsful Centre ſtart;
LORD, fix it there to ſtray no more!

CCXLVIII. C. M. RYLAND, Junior.

Delight in GOD, Pſalm xxxvii. 4.

1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy Care depend;
To thee in every Trouble flee,
My beſt, my only Friend.

2 When all created Streams are dry'd,
Thy Fulneſs is the ſame;
May I with this be ſatisfy'd,
And glory in thy Name.

3 Why ſhould the Soul a Drop bemoan
Who has a Fountain near,
A Fountain which will ever run
With Waters ſweet and clear.

4 No Good in Creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I muſt have all Things, and abound,
While GOD is GOD to me.

5 O that I had a ſtronger Faith
To look within the Veil,
To credit what my Savior ſaith,
Whoſe Word can never fail.

6 He that has made my Heaven ſecure
Will here all Good provide:
While CHRIST is rich can I be poor,
Who am his much-lov'd Bride

7 O LORD, I caſt my Care on thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great Concern ſhall be
To love and pleaſe thee more.

CCXLIX. L. M. DR WATTS's LYRIC POEMS.

Love to CHRIST *preſent or abſent.*

1 OF all the Joys we Mortals know,
JESUS, thy Love exceeds the Reſt;
Love, the beſt Bleſſing here below,
The neareſt Image of the Bleſt.

2 While we are held in thy Embrace,
There's not a Thought attempts to rove;
Each Smile upon thy beauteous Face
Fixes, and charms, and fires our Love.

3 While of thy Abſence we complain,
And long, or weep in all we do,
There's a ſtrange Pleaſure in the Pain,
And Tears have their own Sweetneſs too.

4 When round thy Courts by Day we rove,
Or aſk the Watchmen of the Night
For ſome kind Tidings of our Love,
Thy very Name creates Delight.

5 JESUS, our GOD; yet rather come;
Our Eyes would dwell upon thy Face,
'Tis beſt to ſee our LORD at Home,
And feel the Preſence of his Grace.

CCL. Sevens. NEWTON.

Loveſt thou me? John xxi. 16.

1 'TIS a Point I long to know,
Oft it cauſes anxious Thought;
Do I love the LORD, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeleſs Frame?
Hardly, ſure, can they be worſe,
Who have never heard his Name.

3 Could my Heart ſo hard remain,
Prayer a Taſk and Burden prove;
Every Trifle give me Pain,
If I knew a Savior's Love?

4 When I turn my Eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with Unbelief and Sin,
Can I deem myſelf a Child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the LORD indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my ſtubborn Will,
Find my Sin a Grief and Thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his Saints to meet,
Chooſe the Ways I once abhorr'd;
Find, at Times, the Promiſe ſweet,
If I did not love the LORD?

8 LORD, decide the doubtful Caſe!
Thou who art thy People's Sun;
Shine upon thy Work of Grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin To-day.

CCLI. L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.

Deſiring to love Christ.

1 COME, let me love: or is my Mind
Harden'd to Stone, or froze to Ice?
I ſee the bleſſed fair One bend
And ſtoop to embrace me from the Skies!

2 O! 'tis a Thought would melt a Rock,
And make a Heart of Iron move,
That thoſe ſweet Lips, that heavenly Look
Should ſeek and wiſh a mortal Love!

3 I was a Traitor doom'd to Fire,
Bound to ſuſtain eternal Pains;
He flew on Wings of ſtrong Deſire,
Aſſum'd my Guilt, and took my Chains.

4 Infinite Grace! Almighty Charms!
Stand in Amaze! ye rolling Skies,
Jesus the God, extends his Arms,
Hangs on a Croſs of Love, and dies.

5 Did Pity ever ſtoop ſo low,
Dreſs'd in Divinity and Blood?
Was ever Rebel courted ſo
In Groans of an expiring God?

6 Again he lives, and ſpreads his Hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing Smart;
"By theſe dear Wounds," ſays he; and ſtands
And prays to claſp me to his Heart.

7 Sure I muſt love; or are my Ears
Still deaf, nor will my Paſſions move?
Lord! melt this flinty Heart to Tears;
This Heart ſhall yield to Death or Love.

CCLII. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Profeſſion of Love to Christ.

1 AND have I, Christ, no Love to thee,
No Paſſion for thy Charms?
No Wiſh my Savior's Face to ſee,
And dwell within his Arms?

2 Is there no Spark of Gratitude
In this cold Heart of mine,
To him whoſe generous Boſom glow'd
With Friendſhip all divine?

3 Can I pronounce his charming Name,
His Acts of Kindneſs tell;
And, while I dwell upon the Theme,
No ſweet Emotion feel?

4 Such baſe Ingratitude as this
What Heart but muſt deteſt!
Sure Christ deſerves the nobleſt Place
In every human Breaſt.

5 A very Wretch, Lord, I ſhould prove,
Had I no Love to thee:
Rather than not my Savior love,
O may I ceaſe to be!

CCLIII. New Jeruſalem Tune. B. Francis.

Supreme Love to Christ.

1 MY gracious Redeemer I'll love,
His Praiſes aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the Armies above
To ſhout his adorable Name.
To gaze on his Glories divine
Shall be my eternal Employ,
And feel them inceſſantly ſhine,
My boundleſs ineffable Joy.

2 He freely redeem'd, with his Blood,
My Soul from the Confines of Hell,
To live on the Smiles of my GOD,
And in his ſweet Preſence to dwell;
To ſhine with the Angels of Light,
With Saints and with Seraphs to ſing,
To view, with eternal Delight,
My JESUS, my Savior, my King.

3 In *Meſhech*, as yet, I reſide,
A darkſome and reſtleſs Abode!
Moleſted with Foes on each Side,
And longing to dwell with my GOD.
O, when ſhall my Spirit exchange
This Cell of corruptible Clay,
For Manſions celeſtial, and range
Thro' Realms of ineffable Day!

4 My glorious Redeemer! I long
To ſee thee deſcend on the Cloud,
Amidſt the bright numberleſs Throng,
And mix with the triumphing Crowd:
O, when wilt thou bid me aſcend,
To join in thy Praiſes above,
To gaze on thee, World without End,
And feaſt on thy raviſhing Love.

5 Nor Sorrow, nor Sickneſs, nor Pain,
Nor Sin, nor Temptation, nor Fear,
Shall ever moleſt me again,
Perfection of Glory reigns there.
This Soul and this Body ſhall ſhine
In Robes of Salvation and Praiſe,
And banquet on Pleaſures divine,
Where GOD his full Beauty diſplays.

6 Ye Palaces, Sceptres, and Crowns,
Your Pride with Diſdain I ſurvey;
Your Pomps are but Shadows and Sounds,
And paſs in a Moment away:
The Crown that my Savior beſtows,
Yon permanent Sun ſhall outſhine;
My Joy everlaſtingly flows,
My GOD, my REDEEMER is mine.

CCLIV. S. M. FAWCETT.

Love to the Brethren.

1 BLEST be the Tie that binds
Our Hearts in Chriſtian Love;
The Fellowſhip of kindred Minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's Throne
We pour our ardent Prayers;
Our Fears, our Hopes, our Aims are one,
Our Comforts and our Cares.

3 We ſhare our mutual Woes;
Our mutual Burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The ſympathiſing Tear.

4 When we aſunder part,
It gives us inward Pain;
But we ſhall ſtill be join'd in Heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious Hope revives
Our Courage by the Way;
While each in Expectation lives,
And longs to ſee the Day.

6 From Sorrow, Toil, and Pain,
And Sin, we ſhall be free;
And perfect Love and Friendſhip reign
Thro' all Eternity.

CCLV. S. M. BEDDOME.

Chriſtian Love, Gal. iii. 28.

1 LET Party Names no more
The Chriſtian World o'erſpread;
Gentile and Jew, and Bond and Free,
Are ONE in CHRIST their Head.

2 Among the Saints on Earth,
Let mutual Love be found;
Heirs of the ſame Inheritance,
With mutual Bleſſings crown'd.

3 Let Envy, Child of Hell!
Be baniſh'd far away;
Thoſe ſhould in ſtricteſt Friendſhip dwell,
Who the ſame LORD obey.

4 Thus will the Church below
Reſemble that above,
Where Streams of Pleaſure ever flow,
And every Heart is Love.

CCLVI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Heart purified to unfeigned Love of the Brethren by the Spirit, 1 Peter i. 22.

1 GREAT Spirit of immortal Love,
Vouchſafe our frozen Hearts to move;
With Ardor ſtrong theſe Breaſts inflame
To all that own a Savior's Name.

2 Still let the heavenly Fire endure
Fervent and vigorous, true and pure:
Let every Heart and every Hand
Join in the dear fraternal Band.

3 Celeſtial Dove, deſcend, and bring
The ſmiling Bleſſings on thy Wing;
And make us taſte thoſe Sweets below
Which in the bliſsful Manſions grow.

LOVE TO ENEMIES.

CCLVII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Love to our Neighbour; or, *the Good Samaritan.*
Luke x. 29—37.

1 FATHER of Mercies, ſend thy Grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient Souls,
The Image of thy Love.

2 O may our ſympathizing Breaſts
That generous Pleaſure know;
Kindly to ſhare in others Joy,
And weep for others Woe.

3 When the moſt helpleſs Sons of Grief,
In low Diſtreſs are laid,
Soft be our Hearts their Pains to feel,
And ſwift our Hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying Man,
When thron'd above the Skies;
And, midſt the Embraces of his God,
He felt Compaſſion riſe.

5 On Wings of Love the Savior flew
To raiſe us from the Ground;
And ſhed the richeſt of his Blood,
A Balm for every Wound.

CCLVIII. C. M.

Love to our Enemies from the Example of Christ,
Luke xxiii. 34. Matt. v. 44.

1 ALOUD we ſing the wonderous Grace,
Christ to his Murderers bare;
Which made the torturing Croſs its Throne,
And hung its Trophies there.

2 "Father, forgive," his Mercy cried,
With his expiring Breath,
And drew eternal Bleſſings down
On thoſe who wrought his Death.

3 JESUS, this wonderous Love we ſing,
And whilſt we ſing admire;
Breathe on our Souls, and kindle there,
The ſame celeſtial Fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear Example, we
For Enemies will pray;
With Love, their Hatred, and their Curſe
With Bleſſings will repay.

CCLIX. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

All Attainments vain without Love, 1 Cor. xiii. 1-3.

1 SHOULD bounteous Nature kindly pour
Her richeſt Gifts on me,
Still, O my GOD, I ſhould be poor,
If void of Love to thee.

2 Not ſhining Wit, nor manly Senſe,
Could make me truly good:
Not Zeal itſelf could recompenſe
The Want of Love to GOD.

3 Did I poſſeſs the Gift of Tongues,
But were deny'd thy Grace,
My loudeſt Words, my loftieſt Songs,
Would be but ſounding Braſs.

4 Tho' thou ſhould'ſt give me heavenly Skill,
Each Myſtery to explain,
If I'd no Heart to do thy Will,
My Knowledge would be vain.

5 Had I ſo ſtrong a Faith, my GOD,
As Mountains to remove,
No Faith could do me real Good,
That did not work by Love.

6 [What tho', to gratify my Pride,
And make my Heaven ſecure,
All my Poſſeſſions I divide,
Among the hungry Poor!

7 What tho' my Body I conſign,
To the devouring Flame,
In hope the glorious Deed will ſhine
In Rolls of endleſs Fame!

8 Theſe ſplendid Acts of Vanity,
Tho' all the World applaud,
If deſtitute of Charity,
Can never pleaſe my GOD.]

9 O grant me then this one Requeſt,
And I'll be ſatisfy'd,
That Love divine may rule my Breaſt,
And all my Actions guide.

CCLX. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Meek beautified with Salvation, Pſalm cxlix. 4.

1 YE humble Souls rejoice,
And cheerful Praiſes ſing;
Wake all your Harmony of Voice,
For JESUS is your King.

2 That meek and lowly LORD,
Whom here your Souls have known,
Pledges the Honor of his Word
T' avow you for his Own.

3 He brings Salvation near,
For which his Blood was paid:
How beauteous ſhall your Souls appear,
Thus ſumptuouſly array'd?

4 Sing, for the Day is nigh,
When near your Savior's Seat,
The talleſt Sons of Pride ſhall lie,
The Footſtool of your Feet.

5 Salvation, LORD, is thine,
And all thy Saints confeſs,
The royal Robes, in which they ſhine,
Were wrought by ſovereign Grace.

CCLXL. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Moderation; or, *the Saint indeed*, Phil. 4, 5.

1 HAPPY the Man, whoſe cautious Steps,
Still keep the golden Mean:
Whoſe Life, by Wiſdom's Rules well form'd
Declares a Conſcience clean.

2 Not of Himſelf he highly thinks,
Nor acts the Boaſter's Part:
His modeſt Tongue the Language ſpeaks,
Of his ſtill humbler Heart.

3 Not in baſe Scandal's Arts he deals,
For Truth dwells in his Breaſt:
With Grief he ſees his Neighbour's Faults,
And thinks, and hopes the beſt.

4 What Bleſſings bounteous Heaven beſtows
He takes with thankful Heart:
With Temperance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the Poor a Part.

5 To Sect or Party, his large Soul
Diſdains to be confin'd:
The Good he loves of every Name,
And prays for all Mankind.

6 Pure is his Zeal, the Offspring fair
Of Truth and heavenly Love:
The Bigot's Rage can never dwell
Where reſts the peaceful Dove.

7 His Buſineſs is to keep his Heart,
Each Paſſion to control;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The Empire of his Soul.

8 Not on the World his Heart is ſet,
His Treaſure is above:
Nothing beneath the ſovereign Good,
Can claim his higheſt Love.

CCLXII. L. M.

Agur's Wiſh. Proverbs, xxx. 7, 8, 9.

1 THUS *Agur* breath'd his warm Deſire:
"My GOD, two Favors I require,
"In neither my Requeſt deny,
"Vouchſafe them both before I die.

2 "Far from my Heart and Tents exclude
"Thoſe Enemies to all that's Good,
"*Folly*, whoſe Pleaſures end in Death,
"And *Falſhood's* peſtilential Breath:

3 "Be neither Wealth nor Want my Lot:
"Below the Dome, above the Cot,
"Let me my Life unanxious lead,
"And know nor Luxury nor Need."

4 Theſe Wiſhes, LORD, we make our own
O ſhed in Moderation down
Thy Bounties, 'till this mortal Breath,
Expiring tunes thy Praiſe in Death!

5 But ſhould'ſt thou large Poſſeſſions give,
May we with Thankfulneſs receive
The Exuberance—ſtill our GOD adore,
And bleſs the Needy from our Store.

6 Or ſhould we feel the Pains of Want,
Submiſſion, Reſignation grant,
Till thou ſhalt ſend the wiſh'd Supply,
Or call us to the Bliſs on high.

CCLXIII. L. M.

Chriſtian Patience, Luke xxi. 19.

1 PATIENCE! O what a Grace divine!
Sent from the GOD of Power and Love!
That leans upon its Father's Hand,
As thro' the Wilds of Life we rove.

2 By Patience we ſerenely bear
The Troubles of our mortal State,
And wait contented our Diſcharge,
Nor think our Glory comes too late.

3 Tho' we in full Senſation feel
The Weight, the Wounds our GOD ordains,
We ſmile amid our heavieſt Woes,
And triumph in our ſharpeſt Pains.

4 O for this Grace to aid us on,
And arm with Fortitude the Breaſt,
Till Life's tumultuous Voyage is o'er,
We reach the Shores of endleſs Reſt!

5 Faith into Viſion ſhall reſign,
Hope ſhall in full Fruition die;
And Patience in Poſſeſſion end
In the bright Worlds of Bliſs on high.

CCLXIV. L. M. Beddome.

Patience.

1 DEAR Lord, how bitter is the Cup,
Thy gracious Hand deals out to me!
But cheerfully I'll drink it up,
That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

2 Daſh it with thine unchanging Love,
Let not a Drop of Wrath be there;
The Saints for ever bleſs'd above,
Were often moſt afflicted here.

3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
I'll learn Obedience to thy Will;
And humbly kiſs the chaſtening Rod,
When its ſevereſt Strokes I feel.

CCLXV. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

God *ſpeaking Peace to his People,* Pſalm lxxxv. 8.

1 UNITE, my roving Thoughts, unite
In Silence ſoft and ſweet:
And thou, my Soul, ſit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's Feet.

2 Jehovah's awful Voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlaſting God
Proclaims himſelf my Friend.

3 Harmonious Accents to my Soul
The Sounds of Peace convey;
The Tempeſt at his Word ſubſides,
And Winds and Seas obey.

4 By all its Joys, I charge my Heart,
To grieve his Love no more;
But, charm'd by Melody divine,
To give its Follies o'er.

CCLXVI. Cary's Tune. R. Hill.

A Prayer for the promiſed Reſt, Iſai. xxvi. 3.

1 DEAR Friend, of friendleſs Sinners hear,
And magnify thy Grace divine:
Pardon a Worm that would draw near;
That would his Heart to thee reſign:
A Worm, by Self and Sin oppreſt,
That pants to reach thy promis'd Reſt.

2 With holy Fear, and reverend Love
I long to lie beneath thy Throne;
I long in thee to live, and move,
And ſtay myſelf on thee alone:
Teach me to lean upon thy Breaſt,
To find in thee the promis'd Reſt.

3 Thou ſay'ſt thou wilt thy Servants keep
In perfect Peace, whoſe Minds ſhall be
Like new-born Babes, or helpleſs Sheep,
Completely ſtay'd, dear LORD, on thee:
How calm their State, how truly bleſt,
Who truſt on thee the promis'd Reſt!

4 Take me, my Savior, as thine own,
And vindicate my righteous Cauſe;
Be thou, my Portion, LORD, alone;
And bend me to obey thy Laws:
In thy dear Arms of Love careſs'd,
Give me to find thy promis'd Reſt.

5 Bid the tempeſtous Rage of Sin
With all its wrathful Fury die;
Let the Redeemer dwell within,
And turn my Sorrows into Joy:
O may my Heart, by thee poſſeſs'd
Know thee to be my promis'd Reſt.

CCLXVII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

God *hath commanded all Men every where to repent*, Acts xvii. 30.

1 REPENT, the Voice celeſtial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The Wretch that ſcorns the Mandate dies,
And meets a fiery Day.

2 No more the ſovereign Eye of God
O'erlooks the Crimes of Men;
His Heralds are diſpatch'd abroad
To warn the World of Sin.

3 The Summons reach thro' all the Earth;
Let Earth attend and fear:
Liſten, ye Men of royal Birth,
And let your Vaſſals hear.

4 Together in his Preſence bow,
And all your Guilt confeſs;
Embrace the bleſſed Savior now,
Nor trifle with his Grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful Trumpet ſound,
And call you to his Bar:
For Mercy knows the appointed Bound,
And turns to Vengeance there.

6 Amazing Love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our Days!
Our Hearts ſubdu'd by Goodneſs fall,
And weep, and love, and praiſe.

CCLXVIII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Peter's Admonition, to Simon Magus, turned into Prayer, Acts viii. 21—24.

1 SEARCHER of Hearts, before thy Face
I all my Soul diſplay;
And, conſcious of its innate Arts,
Intreat thy ſtrict Survey.

2 If lurking in its inmoſt Folds
I any Sin conceal,
O let a Ray of Light divine
The ſecret Guile reveal.

3 If tinctur'd with that odious Gall
Unknowing I remain,
Let Grace, like a pure ſilver Stream,
Waſh out th' accurſed Stain.

4 If in theſe fatal Fetters bound
A wretched Slave I lie,
Smite off my Chains, and wake my Soul
To Light and Liberty.

5 To humble Penitence and Prayer
Be gentle Pity given;
Speak ample Pardon to my Heart,
And ſeal its Claim to Heaven.

CCLXIX. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Christ *exalted to be a Prince and a Savior, to give Repentance*, Acts v. 31.

1 EXALTED Prince of Life, we own
The royal Honors of thy Throne:
'Tis fix'd by God's Almighty Hand,
And Seraphs bow at thy Command.

2 Exalted Savior, we confeſs
The ſovereign Triumphs of thy Grace;
Where Beams of gentle Radiance ſhine,
And temper Majeſty divine.

3 Wide thy reſiſtleſs Sceptre ſway,
Till all thine Enemies obey:
Wide may thy Croſs its Virtue prove,
And conquer Millions by its Love.

4 Mighty to vanquiſh, and forgive!
Thine *Iſrael* ſhall repent and live;
And loud proclaim thy healing Breath,
Which works their Life, who wrought thy Death.

CCLXX. Sevens. DR. S. STENNETT.

Penitential Sighs.

1 FATHER, at thy Call I come;
In thy Boſom there is Room
For a guilty Soul to hide,
Preſs'd with Grief on every Side.

2 Here I'll make my piteous Moan;
Thou canſt underſtand a Groan:
Here my Sins and Sorrows tell;
What I feel thou knoweſt well.

3 Ah! how fooliſh I have been,
To obey the Voice of Sin,
To forget thy Love to me,
And to break my Vows to thee.

4 Darkneſs fills my trembling Soul,
Floods of Sorrow o'er me roll:
Pity, Father, pity me;
All my Hope's alone in thee.

5 But, may ſuch a Wretch as I,
Self-condemn'd and doom'd to die,
Ever hope to be forgiven,
And be ſmil'd upon by Heaven?

6 May I round thee cling and twine,
Call myſelf a Child of thine,
And preſume to claim a Part
In a tender Father's Heart?

7 Yes, I may, for I eſpy
Pity trickling from thine Eye:
'Tis a Father's Bowels move,
Move with Pardon and with Love.

8 Well I do remember too
What his Love hath deign'd to do;
How he ſent a Savior down,
All my Follies to atone.

9 Has my elder Brother died?
And is Juſtice ſatisfied?
Why, O why ſhould I deſpair
Of my Father's tender Care?

CCLXXI. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

The Penitent.

1 PRoſtrate, dear Jesus, at thy Feet
A guilty Rebel lies;
And upwards to the Mercy Seat
Preſumes to lift his Eyes.

2 O let not Juſtice frown me hence:
Stay, ſtay the vengeful Storm:
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should cruſh a feeble Worm.

3 If Tears of Sorrow would ſuffice
To pay the Debt I owe,
Tears ſhould from both my weeping Eyes
In ceaſeleſs Torrents flow.

4 But no ſuch Sacrifice I plead
To expiate my Guilt;
No Tears, but thoſe which thou haſt ſhed,
No Blood, but thou haſt ſpilt.

5 Think of thy Sorrows, dearest LORD,
And all my Sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the Word,
That bids the Sinner live.

CCLXXII. C. M. STEELE.

Penitence and Hope.

1 DEAR Savior, when my Thoughts recall
The Wonders of thy Grace;
Low at thy Feet asham'd I fall,
And hide this wretched Face.

2 Shall Love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah vile, ungrateful Heart!
By Earth's low Cares, detain'd, betray'd,
From JESUS to depart—

3 From JESUS, who alone can give
True Pleasure, Peace, and Rest:
When absent from my LORD, I live
Unsatisfy'd, unblest.

4 But he, for his own Mercy's Sake,
My wandering Soul restores:
He bids the mourning Heart partake
The Pardon it implores.

5 O while I breath to thee, my LORD,
The penitential Sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving Word
With Pity in thine Eye!

6 Then shall the Mourner at thy Feet,
Rejoice to seek thy Face;
And grateful own how kind! how sweet!
Thy condescending Grace.

CCLXXIII. L. M. Beddome.

The Prodigal Son; or, *the repenting Sinner accepted*, Luke xv. 32.

1 THE mighty God will not deſpiſe
The contrite Heart for Sacrifice;
The deep-fetch'd Sigh, the ſecret Groan
Riſes accepted to the Throne.

2 He meets, with Tokens of his Grace,
The trembling Lip, the bluſhing Face;
His Bowels yearn when Sinners pray,
And Mercy bears their Sins away.

3 When fill'd with Grief, o'erwhelm'd with Shame,
He, pitying, heals their broken Frame;
He hears their ſad Complaints, and ſpies
His Image in their weeping Eyes.

4 Thus, what a rapturous Joy poſſeſt
The tender Parent's throbbing Breaſt,
To ſee his Spendthrift Son return,
And hear him his paſt Follies mourn!

CCLXXIV. C. M. Beddome.

Why weepeſt thou? John xx. 13.

1 WHY, O my Soul, why weepeſt thou?
Tell me from whence ariſe
Thoſe briny Tears that often flow,
Thoſe Groans that pierce the Skies?

2 Is Sin the Cauſe of thy Complaint,
Or the chaſtiſing Rod?
Doſt thou an evil Heart lament,
And mourn an abſent God?

3 Lord, let me weep for Nought but Sin,
And after None but thee,
And then, I would, O that I might!
A conſtant Weeper be!

CCLXXV. C. M. COWPER.

The contrite Heart, Iſaiah lvii. 15.

1 THE LORD will Happineſs divine
On contrite Hearts beſtow:
Then tell me, gracious GOD, is mine
A contrite Heart or no?

2 I hear, but ſeem to hear in vain,
Inſenſible as Steel;
If Aught is felt, 'tis only Pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I ſometimes think myſelf inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another Mind,
Averſe to all that's Good.

4 My beſt Deſires are faint and few,
I fain would ſtrive for more;
But when I cry, "My Strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy Saints are comforted I know,
And love thy Houſe of Prayer;
I ſometimes go where Others go,
But find no Comfort there.

6 O make this Heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this Doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

CCLXXVI. C. M. BEDDOME.

Reſignation; or, GOD *our Portion*.

1 MY Times of Sorrow and of Joy,
Great GOD, are in thy Hand;
My choiceſt Comforts come from thee,
And go at thy Command.

2 If thou ſhouldſt take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were poſſeſs'd by me,
They were intirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring Word,
Tho' the whole World were gone,
But ſeek enduring Happineſs
In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the World with all its Store,
'Tis but a Bitter-ſweet;
When I attempt to pluck the Roſe,
A pricking Thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect Bliſs can ne'er be found,
The Honey's mixt with Gall;
Midſt changing Scenes and dying Friends,
Be *thou* my All in All.

CCLXXVII. C. M. COWPER.

Submiſſion.

1 O LORD, my beſt Deſires fulfil,
And help me to reſign
Life, Health, and Comfort, to thy Will,
And make thy Pleaſure mine.

2 Why ſhould I ſhrink at thy Command,
Whoſe Love forbids my Fears?
Or tremble at the gracious Hand
That wipes away my Tears?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What moſt I prize to thee;
Who never haſt a Good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy Favor, all my Journey thro',
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What elſe I want, or think I do,
'Tis better ſtill to want.

5 Wiſdom and Mercy guide my Way,
Shall I reſiſt them both?
A poor blind Creature of a Day,
And cruſh'd before the Moth!

6 But ah! my inward Spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy Sway;
Elſe the next Cloud that veils my Skies,
Drives all theſe Thoughts away.

CCLXXVIII. C. M. STEELE.

Filial Submiſſion, Heb xii. 7.

1 AND can my Heart aſpire ſo high,
To ſay, "My Father, GOD!"
LORD, at thy Feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiſs the Rod.

2 I would ſubmit to all thy Will,
For thou art Good and Wiſe;
Let every anxious Thought be ſtill,
Nor one faint Murmur riſe.

3 Thy Love can cheer the darkſome Gloom,
And bid me wait ſerene;
Till Hopes and Joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the Scene.

4 "My Father"—O permit my Heart,
To plead her humble Claim,
And aſk the Bliſs thoſe Words impart,
In my Redeemer's Name.

CCLXXIX. C. M. T. GREENE.

It is the LORD—*let him do what ſeemeth him good*, 1 Sam. iii. 18.

1 IT is the LORD—enthron'd in Light,
Whoſe Claims are all divine;
Who has an undiſputed Right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the LORD—ſhould I diſtruſt,
Or contradict his Will?
Who cannot do but what is juſt,
And muſt be righteous ſtill.

3 It is the LORD—who gives me all
My Wealth, my Friends, my Eaſe;
And of his Bounties may recall
Whatever Part he pleaſe.

4 It is the LORD—who can ſuſtain
Beneath the heavieſt Load,
From whom Aſſiſtance I obtain
To tread the thorny Road.

5 It is the LORD—whoſe matchleſs Skill
Can from Afflictions raiſe
Matter, Eternity to fill
With ever-growing Praiſe.

6 It is the LORD—my cov'nant GOD,
Thrice bleſſed be his Name!
Whoſe gracious Promiſe ſeal'd with Blood,
Muſt ever be the ſame.

7 His Cov'nant will my Soul defend,
Should Nature's Self expire;
And the great Judge of all deſcend
In awful Flames of Fire.

8 And can my Soul with Hopes like theſe,
Be ſullen, or repine;
No, gracious GOD, take what thou pleaſe,
I'll cheerfully reſign.

CCLXXX. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Self-Denial; or, *taking up the Croſs*, Mark viii. 38. Luke ix. 26.

1 ASHAM'D of CHRIST! my Soul diſdain
The mean ungenerous Thought:
Shall I diſown that Friend whoſe Blood
To Man Salvation brought.

2 With the glad News of Love and Peace
From Heaven to Earth he came:
For us endur'd the painful Croſs,
For us deſpis'd the Shame.

3 At his Command, we muſt take up
Our Croſs without Delay:
Our Lives—and thouſand Lives of ours
His Love can ne'er repay.

4 Each faithful Sufferer JESUS views
With infinite Delight:
Their Lives to him are dear, their Deaths
Are precious in his Sight.

5 To bear his Name, his Croſs to bear!
Our higheſt Honor this!
Who nobly ſuffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in Bliſs.

6 But ſhould we in the evil Day
From our Profeſſion fly,
JESUS the Judge, before the World,
The Traitor will deny.

CCLXXXI. C. M.

Self-Denial, Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.

1 AND muſt I part with all I have,
My deareſt LORD, for thee?
It is but right, ſince thou haſt done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes let it go—one Look from thee
Will more than make amends,
For all the Loſſes I ſuſtain
Of Credit, Riches, Friends.

3 Ten thouſand Worlds, ten thouſand Lives,
How worthleſs they appear
Compar'd with thee, ſupremely Good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Savior of Souls, could I from thee
A ſingle Smile obtain,
Tho' deſtitute of all Things elſe,
I'd glory in my Gain.

CCLXXXII. C. M. DR. WATTS'S SERMONS.

Sincerity and Truth, Phil. iv. 8.

1 LET thoſe who bear the Chriſtian Name
Their holy Vows fulfil:
The Saints, the Followers of the Lamb,
Are Men of Honor ſtill.

2 True to the ſolemn Oaths they take,
Tho' to their Hurt they ſwear:
Conſtant and juſt to all they ſpeak,
For GOD and Angels hear.

3 Still with their Lips their Hearts agree,
Nor flattering Words deviſe:
They know the GOD of Truth can ſee
Thro' every falſe Diſguiſe.

4 They hate the Appearance of a Lie,
In all the Shapes it wears;
Firm to the Truth, and when they die,
Eternal Life is theirs.

5 Lo! from afar the LORD deſcends,
And brings the Judgment down;
He bids his Saints, his faithful Friends,
Riſe and poſſeſs their Crown.

6 While Satan trembles at the Sight,
And Devils wiſh to die,
Where will the faithleſs Hypocrite,
And guilty Liar fly?

CCLXXXIII. S. M. BEDDOME.

Sincerity deſired.

1 IF ſecret Fraud ſhould dwell
Within this Heart of mine;
Purge out, O GOD, that curſed Leaven,
And make me wholly thine.

2 If any Rival there
Dares to uſurp the Throne,
O tear th' infernal Traitor thence,
And reign thyſelf alone.

3 Is any Luſt conceal'd?
Bring it to open View;
Search, ſearch, dear LORD, my inmoſt Soul,
And all its Powers renew.

CCLXXXIV. C. M. FAWCETT.

Spiritual Mindedneſs; or, *inward Religion*, James i. 29.

1 RELIGION is the chief Concern
Of Mortals here below;
May I its great Importance learn,
Its ſovereign Virtue know.

2 More needful *this*, than glittering Wealth,
Or Aught the World beſtows;
Not Reputation, Food, or Health,
Can give us ſuch Repoſe.

3 *Religion*, ſhould our Thoughts engage,
Amidſt our youthful Bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining Age,
And for the awful Tomb.

4 O may my Heart, by Grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's Throne;
And be my ſtubborn Will ſubdu'd,
His Government to own.

5 Let deep Repentance, Faith, and Love,
Be join'd with godly Fear;
And all my Converſation prove
My Heart to be ſincere.

6 Preſerve me from the Snares of Sin,
Thro' my remaining Days;
And in me let each Virtue ſhine
To my Redeemer's Praiſe.

7 Let lively Hope my Soul inſpire;
Let warm Affections riſe;
And may I wait, with ſtrong Deſire,
To mount above the Skies.

CCLXXXV. C. M. TATE.

Encouragement to truſt and love GOD,
Pſalm xxxiv.

1 THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
In Trouble and in Joy,
The Praiſes of my GOD ſhall ſtill
My Heart and Tongue employ.

2 Of his Deliverance I will boaſt,
Till all who are diſtreſt,
From my Example Comfort take,
And charm their Griefs to reſt.

3 The Hoſts of GOD, encamp around
The Dwellings of the Juſt:
Protection he affords to all
Who make his Name their Truſt.

4 O make but Trial of his Love,
Experience will decide,
How bleſt are they, and only they,
Who in his Truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then
Have Nothing elſe to Fear;
Make you his Service your Delight;
Your Wants ſhall be his Care.

6 While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
The LORD will Food provide,
For ſuch as put their Truſt in him,
And ſee their Needs ſupply'd.

CCLXXXVI. L. M.

Truſt and Confidence; or, looking beyond preſent Appearances, Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving Fear!
Let Fear in me no more take Place;
My Savior doth not yet appear,
He hides the Brightneſs of his Face:
But ſhall I therefore let him go,
And baſely to the Tempter yield?
No, in the Strength of JESUS, no!
I never will give up my Shield.

2 Altho' the Vine its Fruit deny,
Altho' the Olive yield no Oil,
The withering Fig-Tree droop and die,
The Field illude the Tiller's Toil;
The empty Stall no Herd afford,
And periſh all the bleating Race,
Yet will I triumph in the LORD,
The GOD of my Salvation praiſe.

3 Barren altho' my Soul remain,
And no one Bud of Grace appear,
No Fruit of all my Toil and Pain,
But Sin, and only Sin is here!
Altho' my Gifts and Comforts loſt,
My blooming Hopes cut off I ſee,
Yet will I in my Savior truſt,
And glory that he dy'd for me.

4 In Hope, believing againſt Hope,
JESUS, my LORD and GOD, I claim;
JESUS, my Strength, ſhall lift me up,
Salvation is in JESU's Name;
To me he ſoon ſhall bring it nigh,
My Soul ſhall then outſtrip the Wind,
On Wings of Love mount up on high,
And leave the World, and Sin behind.

CCLXXXVII. L. M.

Humble Truſt; or, *Deſpair prevented.*

1 LORD, didſt thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to truſt thy Blood?
Is not thy Pardon rich and free,
Seal'd in the kind atoning Flood?

2 Who then ſhall drive my trembling Soul
From thee, to Regions of Deſpair?
Who has ſurvey'd the ſacred Roll,
And found my Name not written there?

3 Preſumptuous Thought! to fix the Bound,
To limit Mercy's ſovereign Reign:
What other happy Souls have found,
I'll ſeek, nor ſhall I ſeek in vain.

4 I own my Guilt, my Sins confeſs;
Can Men or Devils make them more?
Of Crimes, already numberleſs,
Vain the Attempt to ſwell the Score.

5 Were the black Liſt before my Sight,
While I remember thou haſt dy'd,
'Twould only urge my ſpeedier Flight,
To ſeek Salvation at thy Side.

6 Low at thy Feet, I'll caſt me down,
To thee reveal my Guilt and Fear;
And—if thou ſpurn me from thy Throne—
I'll be the firſt who periſh'd there.

CCLXXXVIII. C. M. BEDDOME.

Fear not.

1 YE trembling Souls, diſmiſs your Fears,
Be Mercy all your Theme;
Mercy, which like a River flows
In one continued Stream.

2 *Fear not* the Powers of Earth, and Hell,
GOD will theſe Powers reſtrain;
His mighty Arm their Rage repel,
And make their Efforts vain.

3 *Fear not* the Want of outward Good,
He will for his provide;
Grant them Supplies of daily Food,
And give them Heaven beſide.

4 *Fear not* that he will e'er forſake,
Or leave his Work undone;
He's faithful to his Promiſes,
And faithful to his Son.

5 *Fear not* the Terrors of the Grave,
Or Death's tremendous Sting;
He will from endleſs Wrath preſerve,
To endleſs Glory bring.

6 You in his Wiſdom, Power, and Grace,
May confidently truſt;
His Wiſdom guides, his Power protects,
His Grace rewards the Juſt.

CCLXXXIX. Chatham Tune. JESSE.

Fears removed—It is I, be not afraid, John vi. 20.

1 UNCLEAN! unclean! and full of Sin,
From firſt to laſt, alas I've been!
Deceitful is my Heart:
Guilt preſſes down my burden'd Soul,
But JESUS can the Waves control,
And bid my Fears depart.

2 When firſt I heard his Word of Grace,
Ungratefully I hid my Face,
Ungratefully delay'd:
At length his Voice more powerful came,
"'Tis I," he cry'd, "I, ſtill the ſame,
"Thou need'ſt not be afraid."

3 My Heart was chang'd, in that ſame Hour
My Soul confeſs'd his mighty Power,
Out flow'd the briny Tear:
I liſten'd ſtill to hear his Voice,
Again he ſaid, "In me rejoice,
"'Tis I, thou need'ſt not fear."

4 "Unworthy of thy Love," I cry'd,
"Freely I love," he ſoon reply'd,
"On me thy Faith be ſtaid;
"On me for every Thing depend,
"I'm JESUS ſtill, the Sinner's Friend,
"Thou need'ſt not be afraid."

CCXC. As the 104th. NEWTON.

I will truſt and not be afraid, Iſaiah xii. 2.

1 BEGONE Unbelief,
My Savior is near,
And for my Relief
Will ſurely appear:
By Prayer let me wreſtle,
And he will perform;
With CHRIST in the Veſſel,
I ſmile at the Storm.

2 Tho' dark be my Way,
Since he is my Guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
Tho' Ciſterns be broken,
And Creatures all fail,
The Word he has ſpoken
Shall ſurely prevail.

3 His Love in Time paſt,
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at laſt
In Trouble to ſink;
Each ſweet Ebenezer
I have in Review,
Confirms his good Pleaſure
To help me quite thro'.

4 Determin'd to ſave,
He watch'd o'er my Path,
When Satan's blind Slave,
I ſported with Death;
And can he have taught me
To truſt in his Name,
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to Shame?

5 Why ſhould I complain
Of Want or Diſtreſs,
Temptation or Pain?
He told me no leſs:
The Heirs of Salvation,
I know from his Word,
Thro' much Tribulation
Muſt follow their LORD.

6 How bitter that Cup,
No Heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That Sinners might live!
His Way was much rougher,
And darker than mine;
Did JESUS thus ſuffer,
And ſhall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my Good,
The Bitter is Sweet,
The Med'cine is Food;
Tho' painful at preſent,
'Twill ceaſe before long,
And then, O! how pleaſant
The Conqueror's Song!

CCXCI L. M.

True Wiſdom, Proverbs iii. 13—18.

1 HAPPY the Man who finds the Grace,
The Bleſſing of GOD's choſen Race;
The Wiſdom coming from Above,
And Faith that ſweetly works by Love.

2 Happy beyond Deſcription, he,
Who knows, "the Savior dy'd for me."
The Gift unſpeakable obtains,
And heavenly Underſtanding gains.

3 Her Ways, are Ways of Pleaſantneſs,
And all her flowery Paths are Peace;
Wiſdom to Silver we prefer,
And Gold is Droſs compar'd with her.

4 He finds, who Wiſdom apprehends,
A Life begun that never ends;
The Tree of Life divine ſhe is,
Set in the midſt of Paradiſe.

5 Happy the Man who Wiſdom gains,
In whoſe obedient Heart ſhe reigns;
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wiſdom, and CHRIST, and Heaven are one.

CCXCII. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Zeal for Christ; *or, Peter and John following their Maſter,* John xxi. 18—20.

1 BLEST Men, who ſtretch their willing Hands
Submiſſive to their Lord's Commands,
And yield their Liberty and Breath,
To him that lov'd their Souls in Death!

2 Lead me to ſuffer, and to die,
If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh:
One Smile from thee my Heart ſhall fire,
And teach me ſmiling to expire.

3 If Nature at the Trial ſhake,
And from the Croſs or Flames draw back,
Grace can its feeble Courage raiſe,
And turn its Tremblings into Praiſe.

4 While ſcarce I dare with *Peter*, ſay,
"I'll boldly tread the bleeding Way;"
Yet in thy Steps, like *John*, I'd move
With humble Hope, and ſilent Love.

CCXCIII. C. M. Beddome.

Holy Zeal and Diligence.

1 WHILE carnal Men, with all their Might,
Earth's Vanities purſue,
How ſlow the Advances which I make,
With Heaven itſelf in View!

2 Inſpire my Soul with holy Zeal;
Great God, my Love inflame;
Religion, without Zeal and Love,
Is but an empty Name.

3 To gain the Top of Zion's Hill,
May I with Fervor ſtrive;
And all theſe Powers employ for thee,
Which I from thee derive.

THE CHRISTIAN.

CCXCIV. L. M. FAWCETT.

The Chriſtian awakened—What muſt I do to be ſaved? Acts ix. 6.

1 WITH melting Heart, and weeping Eyes,
My guilty Soul for Mercy cries;
What ſhall I do, or whither flee?
T' eſcape that Vengeance due to me.

2 Till now, I ſaw no Danger nigh;
I liv'd at Eaſe, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in Self-deceit and Pride,
"I ſhall have Peace at laſt," I cry'd.

3 But when, great GOD, thy Light divine
Had ſhone on this dark Soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling Awe,
The Terrors of thy holy Law.

4 How dreadful now my Guilt appears,
In Childhood, Youth, and growing Years!
Before thy pure, diſcerning Eye,
LORD, what a filthy Wretch am I!

5 Should Vengeance ſtill my Soul purſue,
Death, and Deſtruction are my Due;
Yet Mercy can my Guilt forgive,
And bid a dying Sinner live.

6 Does not thy ſacred Word proclaim,
Salvation free in JESU's Name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
"O ſave a Wretch condemn'd to die!"

CCXCV. D. TURNER.

Supplicating—JESUS, *thou Son of David, have Mercy on me*, Mark x. 47.

1 JESUS, full of all Compaſſion,
Hear thy humble Suppliant's Cry;
Let me know thy great Salvation,
See I languiſh, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with Heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpleſs Grief,
Proſtrate at thy Feet repenting,
Send, O ſend me quick Relief!

3 Whither ſhould a Wretch be flying,
But to him who Comfort gives?
Whither, from the Dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?

4 While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathleſs on the curſed Tree,
Fain I'd feel my Heart believing
That thou ſufferedſt thus for me.

5 With thy Righteouſneſs and Spirit,
I am more than Angels bleſt;
Heir with thee, all Things inherit,
Peace, and Joy, and endleſs Reſt.

6 Without thee, the World poſſeſſing,
I ſhould be a Wretch undone;
Search thro' Heaven, the Land of Bleſſing,
Seeking Good, and finding none.

7 Hear then, bleſſed Savior, hear me,
My Soul cleaveth to the Duſt;
Send the Comforter to cheer me,
Lo! in thee I put my Truſt.

8 On the Word, thy Blood hath ſealed,
Hangs my everlaſting All;
Let thine Arm be now revealed,
Stay, O ſtay me, leſt I fall!

9 In the World of endleſs Ruin,
Let it never, LORD, be ſaid,
"Here's a Soul that periſh'd, ſuing
"For the boaſted Savior's Aid!"

10 *Sav'd*—the Deed ſhall ſpread new Glory,
Thro' the ſhining Realms above;
Angels ſing the pleaſing Story,
All enraptur'd with thy Love!

CCXCVI. Sevens.

Longing for an Intereſt in the Redeemer; or, *venturing on the Mercy of* GOD, *in* CHRIST.

1 GRACIOUS LORD, incline thine Ear,
My Requeſts vouchſafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceaſing Cry,
Give me CHRIST, or elſe I die.

2 Wealth and Honor I diſdain,
Earthly Comforts, LORD, are vain;
Theſe can never ſatisfy,
Give me CHRIST, or elſe I die.

3 LORD, deny me what thou wilt,
Only eaſe me of my Guilt;
Suppliant at thy Feet I lie,
Give me CHRIST, or elſe I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am Nothing elſe but Sin;
On thy Mercy I rely,
Give me CHRIST, or elſe I die.

5 Thou doſt freely ſave the Loſt,
In thy Grace alone I truſt;
With my earneſt Suit comply,
Give me CHRIST, or elſe I die.

6 Thou doſt promiſe to forgive,
All who in thy Son believe;
LORD, I know thou canſt not lie,
Give me CHRIST, or elſe I die.

7 Father, doſt thou ſeem to Frown?
Let me ſhelter in thy Son;
JESUS, to thine Arms I fly,
Come and ſave me, or I die.

CCXCVII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Chooſing the better Part, Luke x. 42.

1 BESET with Snares on every Hand,
In Life's uncertain Path I ſtand:
Savior divine, diffuſe thy Light
To guide my doubtful Footſteps right.

2 Engage this roving treacherous Heart
To fix on *Mary*'s better Part;
To ſcorn the Trifles of a Day
For Joys, that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildeſt Storms ariſe:
Let Tempeſts mingle Earth and Skies;
No fatal Shipwreck ſhall I fear,
But all my Treaſures with me bear.

4 If thou, my JESUS, ſtill be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal Comforts flee,
To find ten Thouſand Worlds in thee.

CCXCVIII. S. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Devoting himself to God, Rom. xii. 1.

1 AND will the Eternal King
So mean a Gift reward?
That Offering, Lord, with Joy we bring,
Which thy own Hand prepar'd.

2 We own thy various Claim,
And to thine Altar move;
The willing Victims of thy Grace,
And bound with Cords of Love.

3 Deſcend, celeſtial Fire,
The Sacrifice inflame;
So ſhall a grateful Odor riſe
Thro' our Redeemer's Name.

CCXCIX. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Our Bodies the Temples of the Holy Ghoſt, 1 Cor. vi. 19.

1 AND will th' offended God again
Return, and dwell with ſinful Men?
Will he within this Boſom raiſe
A living Temple to his Praiſe?

2 The joyful News tranſports my Breaſt,
All hail! I cry, thou heavenly Gueſt:
Lift up your Heads, ye Powers within,
And let the King of Glory in.

3 Enter with all thy heavenly Train,
Here live, and here for ever reign:
Thy Sceptre o'er my Paſſions ſway,
Let Love command and I'll obey.

4 Reaſon and Conſcience ſhall ſubmit,
And pay their Homage at thy Feet:
To thee I'll conſecrate my Heart,
And bid each Rival thence depart.

5 No Idol-God ſhall hold a Place
Within this Temple of thy Grace:
Dagon before the Ark ſhall fall,
And Vengeance ſeize the Prieſts of *Baal*.

CCC. Chatham Tune. J. C. W.

The Spiritual Pilgrim.

1 HOW happy is the Pilgrim's Lot,
How free from every anxious Thought,
From worldly Hope and Fear!
Confin'd to neither Court nor Cell,
His Soul diſdains on Earth to dwell,
He only ſojourns here.

2 His Happineſs in Part is mine,
Already ſav'd from Self-deſign,
From every Creature Love!
Bleſs'd with the Scorn of finite Good,
My Soul is lighten'd of its Load,
And ſeeks the Things above.

3 The Things eternal I purſue,
And Happineſs, beyond the View
Of thoſe who baſely pant
For Things by Nature felt and ſeen:
Their Honors, Wealth, and Pleaſures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 Nothing on Earth I call my own,
A Stranger to the World unknown,
I all their Goods deſpiſe;
I trample on their whole Delight,
And ſeek a Country out of Sight,
A Country in the Skies.

5 There is my Houſe and Portion fair,
My Treaſure and my Heart are there,
And my abiding Home:
For me my elder Brethren ſtay,
And Angels beckon me away,
And JESUS bids me come.

6 I come, thy Servant, LORD, replies,
I come to meet thee in the Skies,
And claim my heavenly Reſt:
Now let the Pilgrim's Journey end,
Now, O my Savior, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy Breaſt!

CCCI.

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 RISE, my Soul, and ſtretch thy Wings,
Thy better Portion trace;
Riſe from tranſitory Things,
T'wards Heaven thy native Place.
Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,
Time ſhall ſoon this Earth remove:
Riſe, my Soul, and haſte away
To Seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the Ocean run,
Nor ſtay in all their Courſe:
Fire aſcending ſeeks the Sun,
Both ſpeed them to their Source:
Thus a Soul new born of GOD,
Pants to view his glorious Face,
Upward tends to his Abode,
To reſt in his Embrace.

3 Ceaſe, ye Pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn;
Preſs onward to the Prize;
Soon the Savior will return
Triumphant in the Skies:
Yet a Seaſon, and you know
Happy Entrance will be given,
All your Sorrows left below,
And Earth exchang'd for Heaven.

CCCII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Running the Chriſtian Race, Phil. iii. 12—14.

1 AWAKE, my Soul, ſtretch every Nerve,
And preſs with Vigor on:
A heavenly Race demands thy Zeal,
And an immortal Crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating Voice,
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own Hand preſents the Prize
To thine aſpiring Eye.

3 A Cloud of Witneſſes around,
Hold thee in full Survey;
Forget the Steps already trod,
And onward urge thy Way.

4 Bleſs'd Savior, introduc'd by thee,
Have we our Race begun;
And, crown'd with Victory, at thy Feet
We lay our Laurels down.

CCCIII. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

The Chriſtian Warfare.

1 MY Captain ſounds the Alarm of War,
"Awake! the Powers of Hell are near!
"To Arms! to Arms!" I hear him cry,
"'Tis yours to conquer, or to die."

2 Rous'd by the animating Sound,
I caſt my eager Eyes around;
Make haſte to gird my Armour on,
And bid each trembling Fear be gone.

3 Hope is my Helmet, Faith my Shield,
Thy Word, my GOD, the Sword I wield:
With ſacred Truth, my Loins are girt,
And holy Zeal inſpires my Heart.

4 Thus arm'd I venture on the Fight,
Reſolv'd to put my Foes to Flight:
While JESUS kindly deigns to ſpread,
His conq'ring Banner o'er my Head.

5 In him I hope, in him I truſt;
His bleeding Croſs is all my Boaſt:
Thro' Troops of Foes he'll lead me on
To Vict'ry, and the Victor's Crown.

CCCIV. 148th. TOPLADY's COLLECTION.

The Chriſtian's ſpiritual Voyage.

1 JESUS, at thy Command,
I launch into the Deep;
And leave my native Land,
Where Sin lulls all aſleep:
For thee I would the World reſign,
And ſail to Heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my Pilot wiſe;
My Compaſs is thy Word:
My Soul each Storm defies,
While I have ſuch a LORD!
I truſt thy Faithfulneſs and Power
To ſave me in the trying Hour.

3 Tho' Rocks, and Quickſands deep,
Thro' all my Paſſage lie;
Yet CHRIST will ſafely keep,
And guide me with his Eye:
He bears the World and all Things up;
Nor can I ſink with ſuch a Prop.

4 By Faith I ſee the Land,
The Port of endleſs Reſt:
My Soul, thy Sails expand,
And fly to JESUS' Breaſt!
O may I reach the heavenly Shore,
Where Winds and Waves diſtreſs no more!

5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And Storms forbear to toſs;
Be thou, dear LORD, ſtill nigh,
Leſt I ſhould ſuffer Loſs:
For more the treacherous Calm I dread,
Than Tempeſts burſting o'er my Head.

6 Come, HOLY GHOST, and blow
A proſperous Gale of Grace,
To waft, from all below,
To Heaven, my deſtin'd Place!
Then, in full Sail, my Port I'll find,
And leave the World and Sin behind.

CCCV.

Tempted—but flying to CHRIST *the Refuge.*

1 JESUS, Lover of my Soul,
Let me to thy Boſom fly,
While the nearer Waters roll,
While the Tempeſt ſtill is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the Storm of Life is paſt;
Safe into the Haven guide:
O receive my Soul at laſt.

2 Other Refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs Soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and comfort me:
All my Truſt on thee is ſtay'd,
All my Help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceleſs Head
With the Shadow of thy Wing.

3 Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want;
All in All in thee I find;
Raiſe the Fallen, cheer the Faint,
Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind:
Juſt and holy is thy Name,
I am all Unrighteouſneſs,
Vile and full of Sin I am,
Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

4 Plenteous Grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my Sin;
Let the healing Streams abound;
Make, and keep me pure within:
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my Heart,
Riſe to all Eternity.

CCCVI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Chriſtian's Temptations moderated, a Proof of God's Fidelity, 1 Cor. x. 13.

1 NOW let the Feeble all be ſtrong,
And make Jehovah's Arm their Song:
His Shield is ſpread o'er every Saint,
And thus ſupported, who ſhall faint?

2 What tho' the Hoſts of Hell engage
With mingled Cruelty and Rage?
A faithful GOD reſtrains their Hands,
And chains them down in Iron Bands.

3 Bound by his Word, he will diſplay,
A Strength proportion'd to our Day;
And, when united Trials meet,
Will ſhew a Path of ſafe Retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that Promiſe good,
Which JESUS ratified with Blood:
Still is he gracious, wiſe, and juſt,
And ſtill in him let Iſrael truſt.

CCCVII. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

The Miniſtry of Angels.

1 GREAT GOD, what Hoſts of Angels ſtand,
In ſhining Ranks at thy right Hand,
Array'd in Robes of dazzling Light,
With Pinions ſtretch'd for diſtant Flight!

2 Immortal Fires! ſeraphic Flames!
Who can recount their various Names?
In Strength and Beauty they excell,
For near the Throne of GOD they dwell.

3 How eagerly they wiſh to know
The Duties he would have them do!
What Joy their active Spirits feel
To execute their Sovereign's Will!

4 Hither, at his Command, they fly,
To guard the Beds on which we lie;
To ſhield our Perſons, Night and Day,
And ſcatter all our Fears away.

5 [Aghaſt the hoſtile Syrian Band
Around the helpleſs Prophet ſtand,
While mighty *Gabriel* downward flies,
And with his Chariots fills the Skies.

6 *Herod* attempts, but all in vain,
To bind a *Peter* with his Chain:
At one ſoft Word an Angel ſpeaks,
The maſſy Chain aſunder breaks.]

7 Send, O my GOD, ſome Angel down,
(Tho' to a mortal Eye unknown)
To guide and guard my doubtful Way
Up to the Realms of endleſs Day.

CCCVIII. C. M. STEELE.

WALKING *in Darkneſs and truſting in* GOD, Iſaiah l. 10.

1 HEAR, gracious GOD, my humble Moan,
To thee I breathe my Sighs,
When will the mournful Night be gone?
And when my Joys ariſe?

2 My GOD—O could I make the Claim—
My Father and my Friend—
And call thee mine, by every Name,
On which thy Saints depend!

3 By every Name of Power and Love,
I would thy Grace intreat;
Nor ſhould my humble Hopes remove,
Nor leave thy ſacred Seat.

4 Yet tho' my Soul in Darkneſs mourns,
Thy Word is all my Stay;
Here, I would reſt, 'till Light returns,
Thy Preſence makes my Day.

5 Speak, LORD, and bid celeſtial Peace
Relieve my aching Heart;
O ſmile, and bid my Sorrows ceaſe,
And all the Gloom depart.

6 Then ſhall my drooping Spirit riſe,
And bleſs thy healing Rays,
And change theſe deep complaining Sighs,
For Songs of ſacred Praiſe.

CCCIX. S. M.

Complaining.—The Good that I would, I do not, Rom. vii. 19.

1 I Would, but cannot ſing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my Soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Tho' I endeavor oft;
This ſtony Heart can ne'er relent
Till JESUS make it ſoft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Tho' woo'd by Love divine;
No Arguments have Power to move
A Soul ſo baſe as mine.

4 I would, but cannot reſt
In GOD's moſt holy Will;
I know what he appoints is beſt,
Yet murmur at it ſtill.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would eaſy be;
I would but cannot—LORD, relieve;
My Help muſt come from thee!

6 But if indeed I *would*,
Tho' I can Nothing do;
Yet the Deſire is ſomething good,
For which my Praiſe is due.

7 By Nature prone to Ill,
Till thine appointed Hour,
I was as deſtitute of Will,
As now I am of Power.

8 Wilt thou not crown at Length,
The Work thou haſt begun?
And with a Will, afford me Strength,
In all thy Ways to run.

CCCX. L. M. Beddome.

Complaining of Inconſtancy.

1 THE wandering Star, and fleeting Wind,
Both repreſent th' unſtable Mind:
The Morning Cloud, and early Dew,
Bring our Inconſtancy to View.

2 But Cloud, and Wind, and Dew, and Star,
Faint and imperfect Emblems are;
Nor can there Aught in Nature be
So fickle and ſo falſe as we.

3 Our outward Walk, and inward Frame,
Scarce thro' a ſingle Hour the ſame;
We vow, and ſtrait our Vows forget,
And then theſe very Vows repeat.

4 We Sin forſake, to Sin return,
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;
In deep Diſtreſs, then Raptures feel,
We ſoar to Heaven, then ſink to Hell.

5 With flowing Tears, LORD, we confeſs
Our Folly, and Unſteadfaſtneſs;
When ſhall theſe Hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy Grace, and fix'd for thee.

CCCXI. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Pride lamented.

1 OFT have I turn'd my Eye within,
And brought to Light ſome latent Sin,
But Pride, the Vice I moſt deteſt,
Still lurks ſecurely in my Breaſt.

2 Here with a thouſand Arts ſhe tries
To dreſs me in a fair Diſguiſe,
To make a guilty wretched Worm
Put on an Angel's brighteſt Form.

3 She hides my Follies from my Eyes,
And liſts my Virtues to the Skies;
And while the ſpecious Tale ſhe tells,
Her own Deformity conceals.

4 Rend, O my GOD, the Veil away,
Bring forth the Monſter to the Day;
Expoſe her hideous Form to View,
And all her reſtleſs Power ſubdue.

5 So ſhall Humility divine
Again poſſeſs this Heart of mine;
And form a Temple for my GOD,
Which he will make his lov'd Abode.

CCCXII. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Pleading with GOD *under Affliction.*

1 WHY ſhould a living Man complain
Of deep Diſtreſs within,
Since every Sigh, and every Pain
Is but the Fruit of Sin?

4 No, LORD, I'll patiently ſubmit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet ſure I may, here at thy Feet,
My painful Feelings tell.

5 Thou ſeeſt what Floods of Sorrow riſe,
And beat upon my Soul:
One Trouble to another cries,
Billows on Billows roll.

6 From Fear to Hope, and Hope to Fear,
My ſhipwreck'd Soul is toſt;
Till I am tempted in Deſpair
To give up all for loſt.

7 Yet thro' the ſtormy Clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my GOD:
O fix my Feet upon a Rock,
Beyond the gaping Flood.

8 One Look of Mercy from thy Face,
Will ſet my Heart at Eaſe:
One all-commanding Word of Grace
Will make the Tempeſt ceaſe.

CCCXIII. Clark's Tune.

Backſliding and returning; or, *the Backſlider's Prayer.*

1 JESUS, let thy pitying Eye,
Call back a wand'ring Sheep;
Falſe to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep;
Let me be by Grace reſtor'd,
On me be all its Freeneſs ſhewn,
Turn and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone.

2 Savior Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me thro' thy dying Love,
The humble contrite Heart;
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A Portion of thy Love unknown;
Turn and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone.

3 See me, Savior, from above,
Nor ſuffer me to die;
Life, and Happineſs, and Love,
Drop from thy gracious Eye:
Speak the reconciling Word,
And let thy Mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone.

4 Look, as when thy pitying Eye,
Was clos'd that we might live;
Father (at the Point to die,
My Savior gaſp'd) "Forgive;"
Surely with that dying Word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'tis done!"
O! my loving, bleeding LORD,
This breaks my Heart of Stone.

CCCXIV. C. M. FAWCETT.

Peter's Fall and Recovery, Luke xxii. 54—56

1 HOW did the Powers of Darkneſs rage,
Againſt the Son of GOD!
While cruel Men on Earth engage
To ſhed his precious Blood.

2 His Friends forſook him with Surpriſe,
When that dread Scene began,
And one perfidiouſly denies
He ever knew the Man.

3 How feeble human Efforts prove
Againſt Temptation's Power;
E'en *Peter*'s flaming Zeal and Love,
Are vanquiſh'd in an Hour.

4 His firmeſt Purpoſe will not ſtand;
Behold his Guilt and Shame!
LORD, keep me by thy mighty Hand,
Or I ſhall do the ſame.

5 At length the ſuffering Savior turns,
And looks with pitying Eyes;
Peter relents, withdraws, and mourns,
And loud for Mercy cries.

6 So boundleſs is Jehovah's Grace,
He hears the humble Prayer;
If I am found in *Peter*'s Caſe,
I would not ſtill deſpair.

7 Look on me, LORD, with Eyes of Love,
My wandering Soul reſtore;
My Guilt forgive, my Fears remove,
And let me ſin no more.

CCCXV. C. M. NEWTON.

O that I were as in Months paſt! Job xxix. 2.

1 SWEET was the Time when firſt I felt
The Savior's pardoning Blood
Apply'd, to cleanſe my Soul from Guilt,
And bring me home to GOD.

2 Soon as the Morn the Light reveal'd,
His Praiſes tun'd my Tongue;
And when the Evening Shades prevail'd,
His Love was all my Song.

3 In vain the Tempter ſpread his Wiles,
The World no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Savior's Smiles,
And lean'd upon his Arm.

4 In Prayer my Soul drew near the LORD,
And ſaw his Glory ſhine;
And when I read his holy Word,
I call'd each Promiſe mine.

5 Then to his Saints I often ſpoke,
Of what his Love had done;
But now my Heart is almoſt broke
For all my Joys are gone.

6 Now when the Evening Shade prevails,
My Soul in Darkneſs mourns;
And when the Morn the Light reveals,
No Light to me returns.

7 My Prayers are now a chattering Noiſe,
For JESUS hides his Face;
I read, the Promiſe meets my Eyes,
But will not reach my Caſe.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my Soul his Prey;
Yet, LORD, thy Mercies cannot fail,
O come without Delay.

CCCXVI. C. M. STEELE.

Troubled, but making GOD *a Refuge.*

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary Soul,
On thee, when Sorrows riſe,
On thee, when Waves of Trouble roll,
My fainting Hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each riſing Grief,
For thou alone canſt heal;
Thy Word can bring a ſweet Relief
For every Pain I feel.

3 But O! when gloomy Doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The Springs of Comfort ſeem to fail,
And all my Hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious GOD, where ſhall I flee?
Thou art my only Truſt;
And ſtill my Soul would cleave to thee,
Tho' proſtrate in the Duſt.

5 Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy Face?
And ſhall I ſeek in vain?
And can the Ear of ſovereign Grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, ſtill the Ear of ſovereign Grace
Attends the Mourner's Prayer;
O may I ever find Acceſs
To breathe my Sorrows there.

7 Thy Mercy-Seat is open ſtill;
Here let my Soul retreat;
With humble Hope attend thy Will,
And wait beneath thy Feet.

CCCXVII C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Perſecution to be expected by every true Chriſtian, 2 Tim. iii. 12.

1 GREAT Leader of thine Iſrael's Hoſt,
We ſhout thy conquering Name;
Legions of Foes beſet thee round,
And Legions fled with Shame.

2 A Victory glorious and complete
Thou by thy Death did'ſt gain;
So in thy Cauſe may we contend,
And Death itſelf ſuſtain.

3 By our illuſtrious General fir'd,
We no Extremes would fear;
Prepar'd to ſtruggle and to bleed,
If thou, our LORD, be near.

4 We'll trace the Footſteps thou haſt drawn
To Triumph and Renown;
Nor ſhun thy Combat and thy Croſs,
May we but ſhare thy Crown.

CCCXVIII. Helmſley Tune. FAWCETT.

Caſt down, yet hoping in GOD, Pſalm xlii. 5.

1 O My Soul, what means this Sadneſs?
Wherefore art thou thus caſt down?
Let thy Griefs be turn'd to Gladneſs,
Bid thy reſtleſs Fears be gone:
Look to JESUS,
And rejoice in his dear Name.

2 What tho' Satan's ſtrong Temptations,
Vex and teize thee, Day by Day?
And thy ſinful Inclinations
Often fill thee with Diſmay?
Thou ſhalt conquer,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming Blood.

3 Tho' ten Thouſand Ills beſet thee
From without, and from within;
JESUS ſaith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will ſave from Hell and Sin:
He is faithful,
To perform his gracious Word.

Tho' Diſtreſſes now attend thee,
And thou tread'ſt the thorny Road;
His right Hand ſhall ſtill defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee Home to GOD:
Therefore praiſe him,
Praiſe the great Redeemer's Name.

O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly Hoſt above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceaſing ſing his Love:
Happy Songſters:
When ſhall I your Chorus join?

CCCXIX. C. M.

The Requeſt.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly Bliſs
Thy ſovereign Will denies,
Accepted at thy Throne of Grace,
Let this Petition riſe;

"Give me a calm, a thankful Heart,
"From every Murmur free:
"The Bleſſings of thy Grace impart,
"And make me live to thee.

"Let the ſweet Hope that thou art mine,
"My Life and Death attend;
"Thy Preſence thro' my Journey ſhine,
"And crown my Journeys end."

CCCXX. C. M. STEELE.

Watchfulneſs and Prayer, Matt. 26. 41.

ALAS, what hourly Dangers riſe!
What Snares beſet my Way!
To Heaven O let me lift my Eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful Thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing Tears;
My weak Reſiſtance, ah, how vain!
How ſtrong my Foes and Fears.

3 O gracious GOD, in whom I live,
My feeble Efforts aid,
Help me to watch, and pray, and ſtrive,
Tho' trembling and afraid.

4 Increaſe my Faith, increaſe my Hope,
When Foes and Fears prevail;
And bear my fainting Spirit up,
Or ſoon my Strength will fail.

5 Whene'er Temptations fright my Heart,
Or lure my Feet aſide,
My GOD, thy powerful Aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly Way,
And bid the Tempter flee;
And let me never, never ſtray
From Happineſs and thee.

CCCXXI. L. M. NEWTON.

Prayer anſwered by Croſſes.

1 I Aſk'd the LORD that I might grow
In Faith, and Love, and every Grace;
Might more of his Salvation know,
And ſeek, more earneſtly, his Face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I truſt, has anſwer'd Prayer;
But it has been in ſuch a Way,
As almoſt drove me to Deſpair.

3 I hop'd that in ſome favor'd Hour,
At once he'd anſwer my Requeſt;
And by his Love's conſtraining Power,
Subdue my Sins, and give me Reſt.

4 Inſtead of this, he made me feel
The hidden Evils of my Heart;
And let the angry Powers of Hell
Aſſault my Soul in every Part.

5 Yea more, with his own Hand he ſeem'd
Intent to aggravate my Woe;
Croſs'd all the fair Deſigns I ſchem'd,
Blaſted my Gourds, and laid me low.

6 LORD, why is this, I trembling cry'd,
Wilt thou purſue thy Worm to Death?
"'Tis in this Way," the LORD reply'd,
"I anſwer Prayer for Grace and Faith.

"Theſe inward Trials I employ,
"From Self, and Pride, to ſet thee free;
"And break thy Schemes of earthly Joy,
"That thou may'ſt ſeek thy All in me."

CCCXXII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Growing in Grace, 2 Peter iii. 18.

1 PRAISE to thy Name, eternal GOD,
For all the Grace thou ſhed'ſt abroad;
For all thy Influence from above,
To warm our Souls with ſacred Love.

2 Bleſs'd be thy Hand, which from the Skies
Brought down this Plant of Paradiſe;
And gave its heavenly Beauties Birth
To deck this Wilderneſs of Earth.

3 But why does that celeſtial Flower
Open, and thrive, and ſhine no more?
Where are its balmy Odors fled?
And why reclines its beauteous Head?

4 Too plain, alas! the Langour ſhews
Th' unkindly Soil in which it grows;
Where the black Froſt, and beating Storm
Wither, and rend its tender Form.

5 Unchanging Sun, thy Beams diſplay,
To drive the Froſt and Storms away;
Make all thy potent Virtues known
To cheer a Plant ſo much thy own.

6 And thou, bleſs'd Spirit, deign to blow
Freſh Gales of Heaven on Shrubs below;
So ſhall they grow, and breathe abroad
A Fragrance grateful to our GOD.

CCCXXIII. L. M. G——;

Riſing to GOD.

1 NOW let our Souls on Wings ſublime,
Riſe from the Vanities of Time;
Draw back the parting Veil, and ſee
The Glories of Eternity.

2 Born by a new celeſtial Birth,
Why ſhould we grovel here on Earth?
Why graſp at tranſitory Toys,
So near to Heaven's eternal Joys?

3 Shall Aught beguile us on the Road,
When we are walking back to GOD?
For Strangers into Life we come,
And Dying is but going Home.

4 Welcome ſweet Hour of full Diſcharge,
That ſets our longing Souls at Large;
Unbinds our Chains, breaks up our Cell,
And gives us with our GOD to dwell.—

5 To dwell with GOD, to feel his Love
Is the full Heaven enjoy'd above;
And the ſweet Expectation now
Is the young Dawn of Heaven below.

CCCXXIV. L. M. FAWCETT.

Remembering all the Way the LORD *has led him,*
Deut. viii. 2.

1 THUS far my GOD hath led me on,
And made his Truth and Mercy known;
My Hopes and Fears alternate riſe,
And Comforts mingle with my Sighs.

2 Thro' this wide Wilderneſs I roam,
Far diſtant from my bliſsful Home;
LORD, let thy Preſence be my Stay,
And guard me in this dangerous Way.

3 Temptations every where annoy,
And Sins and Snares my Peace deſtroy;
My earthly Joys are from me torn,
And oft an abſent GOD I mourn.

4 My Soul with various Tempeſts toſs'd,
Her Hopes o'erturn'd, her Projects croſs'd,
Sees every Day new Straits attend,
And wonders where the Scene will end.

5 Is this, dear LORD, that thorny Road,
Which leads us to the Mount of GOD?
Are theſe the Toils thy People know,
While in the Wilderneſs below?

6 Tis even ſo, thy faithful Love
Doth all thy Children's Graces prove;
'Tis thus our Pride and Self muſt fall,
That JESUS may be All in All.

CCCXXV. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Waiting for the Coming of his LORD; or, *the active Chriſtian*, Luke xii. 35—38.

1 YE Servants of the LORD,
Each in his Office wait,
Obſervant of his heavenly Word,
And watchful at his Gate.

2 Let all your Lamps be bright,
And trim the golden Flame;
Gird up your Loins, as in his Sight,
For awful is his Name.

3 Watch, 'tis your LORD's Command;
And while we ſpeak, he's near:
Mark the firſt Signal of his Hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy Servant he
In ſuch a Poſture found!
He ſhall his LORD with Rapture ſee,
And be with Honor crown'd.

5 CHRIST ſhall the Banquet ſpread
With his own bounteous Hand,
And raiſe that favorite Servant's Head
Amidſt th' angelic Band.

CCCXXVI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Solicitous of finiſhing his Courſe with Joy, Acts xx. 24.

1 ASSIST us, LORD, thy Name to praiſe
For the rich Goſpel of thy Grace;
And, that our Hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital Power.

2 With Joy may we our Courſe purſue,
And keep the Crown of Life in View;
That Crown, which in one Hour repays
The Labor of ten thouſand Days.

3 Should Bonds or Death obſtruct our Way,
Unmov'd their Terrors we'll ſurvey;
And the laſt Hour improve for thee,
The laſt of Life, or Liberty.

4 Welcome thoſe Bonds, which may unite
Our Souls to their ſupreme Delight!
Welcome that Death, whoſe painful Strife
Bears us to CHRIST our better Life!

CCCXXVII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Believer committing his departing Spirit to JESUS, Acts vii. 59.

1 O Thou, that haſt Redemption wrought;
Patron of Souls, thy Blood hath bought;
To thee our Spirits we commit,
Mighty to reſcue from the Pit.

2 Millions of bliſsful Souls above,
In Realms of Purity and Love,
With Songs of endleſs Praiſe proclaim
The Honors of thy faithful Name.

3 When all the Powers of Nature fail'd,
Thy ever-conſtant Care prevail'd;
Courage and Joy thy Friendſhip ſpoke,
When every mortal Bond was broke.

4 We on that Friendſhip, LORD, repoſe,
The healing Balm of all our Woes;
And we, when ſinking in the Grave,
Truſt thine Omnipotence to ſave.

5 O may our Spirits, by thy Hand
Be gather'd to that happy Band,
Who, 'midſt the Bleſſings of thy Reign,
Loſe all Remembrance of their Pain.

6 In Raptures there divinely ſweet
Give us our Kindred-Souls to meet,
And wait with them that brighter Day,
Which all thy Triumph ſhall diſplay!

CCCXXVIII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

The Chriſtian Warrior animated and crowned,
Rev. ii. 10.

1 HARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's Voice
From his triumphant Seat;
'Midſt all the War's tumultuous Noiſe,
How powerful and how ſweet!

2 "Fight on, my faithful Band," he cries,
"Nor fear the mortal Blow:
"Who firſt in ſuch a Warfare dies,
"Shall ſpeedieſt Victory know.

3 "I have my Days of Combat known,
"And in the Duſt was laid;
"But thence I mounted to my Throne,
"And Glory crowns my Head.

4 "That Throne, that Glory you ſhall ſhare;
"My Hands the Crown ſhall give;
"And you the ſparkling Honors wear,
"While God himſelf ſhall live."

5 Lord, 'tis enough; our Souls are fir'd
With Courage, and with Love;
Vain are the Aſſaults of Earth, and Hell,
Our Hopes are fix'd above.

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

CCCXXIX. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Retirement and Meditation, Pſalm iv. 4.

1 RETURN, my roving Heart, return,
And chaſe theſe ſhadowy Forms no more;
Seek out ſome Solitude to mourn,
And thy forſaken God implore.

2 O thou, great God, whoſe piercing Eye,
Diſtinctly marks each deep Receſs;
In theſe ſequeſter'd Hours draw nigh,
And with thy Preſence fill the Place.

3 Thro' all the Windings of my Heart,
My Search let heavenly Wiſdom guide;
And ſtill its radiant Beams impart,
Till all be ſearch'd, and purify'd.

4 Then, with the Viſits of thy Love,
Vouchſafe my inmoſt Soul to cheer;
Till every Grace ſhall join to prove
That God hath fix'd his Dwelling there.

CCCXXX. L. M. Beddome.

Reading the Scriptures.

1 GREAT God, oppreſs'd with Grief and Fear,
I take thy Book, and hope to find
Some gracious Word of Promiſe there,
To ſooth the Sorrows of my Mind:

2 I turn the ſacred Volume o'er,
And ſearch with Care from Page to Page:
Of Threatenings find an ample Store,
But Nought that can my Grief aſſuage.

3 And *is* there Nought? forbid, dear LORD,
So baſe a Thought ſhould e'er ariſe;
I'll ſearch again, and while I ſearch,
O may the Scales fall off mine Eyes.

4 'Tis done: and with tranſporting Joy,
I read the Heaven-inſpired Lines;
There Mercy ſpreads its brighteſt Beams,
And Truth with dazzling Luſtre ſhines.

5 Here's heavenly Food for hungry Souls,
And Mines of Gold to enrich the Poor:
Here's healing Balm for every Wound,
A Salve for every feſtering Sore.

CCCXXXI. L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Self-Examination, Gal. iv. 19, 20.

1 WHAT ſtrange Perplexities ariſe?
What anxious Fears and Jealouſies?
What Crowds in doubtful Light appear?
How few, alas, approv'd and clear!

2 And what am I?—My Soul, awake,
And an impartial Survey take:
Does no dark Sign, no Ground of Fear,
In Practice or in Heart appear?

3 What Image does my Spirit bear?
Is JESUS form'd, and living there?
Say, do his Lineaments divine
In Thought, and Word, and Action ſhine?

4 Searcher of Hearts, O ſearch me ſtill;
The Secrets of my Soul reveal;
My Fears remove; let me appear
To GOD and my own Conſcience clear.

5 Scatter the Clouds, that o'er my Head
Thick Glooms of dubious Terrors ſpread;
Lead me into celeſtial Day,
And, to Myſelf, Myſelf diſplay.

6 May I at that bleſs'd World arrive,
Where CHRIST thro' all my Soul ſhall live,
And give full Proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy Doubt or Fear.

CCCXXXII. C. M.

Secret Prayer, Matt. vi. 6.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing Eye
Sees thro' the darkeſt Night;
In deep Retirement thou art nigh,
With Heart diſcerning Sight.

2 There may that piercing Eye ſurvey
My duteous Homage paid,
With every Morning's dawning Ray,
And every Evening's Shade.

3 O let thy own celeſtial Fire
The Incenſe ſtill inflame;
While my warm Vows to thee aſpire,
Thro' my Redeemer's Name.

4 So ſhall the Viſits of thy Love
My Soul in ſecret bleſs;
So ſhalt thou deign in Worlds above
Thy Suppliant to confeſs.

PAUSE.

5 Mercy, good LORD, Mercy I aſk,
This is the total Sum;
Mercy, thro' CHRIST, is all my Suit,
LORD, let thy Mercy come.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

CCCXXXIII. C. M.

Going to a New Habitation.

1 GREAT GOD, where'er we pitch our Tent,
Let us an Altar raiſe;
And there with humble Frame preſent
Our Sacrifice of Praiſe.

2 To thee we give our Health and Strength,
While Health and Strength ſhall laſt,
For future Mercies humbly truſt.
Nor e'er forget the paſt.

CCCXXXIV. L. M. STEELE.

The Chriſtian's nobleſt Reſolution, Joſhua xxiv. 15.

1 AH wretched Souls, who ſtrive in vain
Slaves to the World, and Slaves to Sin!
A nobler Toil may I ſuſtain,
A nobler Satisfaction win.

2 May I reſolve with all my Heart,
With all my Powers to ſerve the LORD;
Nor from his Precepts e'er depart,
Whoſe Service is a rich Reward.

3 O be his Service all my Joy,
Around let my Example ſhine,
Till Others love the bleſs'd Employ,
And join in Labors ſo divine

4 Be this the Purpoſe of my Soul,
My ſolemn, my determin'd Choice,
To yield to his ſupreme Controul,
And in his kind Commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his ſacred Ways;
Great GOD, accept my Soul's Deſire,
And give me Strength to live thy Praiſe.

CCCXXXV. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Family Religion, Gen. xviii. 19

1 FATHER of All, thy Care we bleſs,
Which crowns our Families with Peace;
From thee they ſpring, and, by thy Hand,
They have been, and are ſtill ſuſtain'd.

2 To God, moſt worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domeſtic Altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of Heaven, ſcorns not to dwell
With Saints in their obſcureſt Cell.

3 To thee may each united Houſe,
Morning and Night, preſent its Vows;
Our Servants there, and riſing Race
Be taught thy Precepts, and thy Grace.

4 O may each future Age proclaim
The Honors of thy glorious Name;
While pleas'd and thankful, we remove
To join the Family above.

CCCXXXVI. S. M.

Prayer for Infants; or, *Children, Day by Day, given to* God.

1 GREAT God, now condeſcend,
To bleſs our riſing Race;
Soon may their willing Spirits bend
To thy victorious Grace!

2 O! what a vaſt Delight
Their Happineſs to ſee!
Our warmeſt Wiſhes all unite,
To lead their Souls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our Infant Seed,
O bring the long'd-for happy Hour
That makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy Word,
Confeſs the Savior's Name,
Then follow their deſpiſed LORD,
Thro' the Baptiſmal Stream.

5 Thus let our favor'd Race
Surround thy ſacred Board,
There to adore thy ſovereign Grace,
And ſing their dying LORD.

CCCXXXVII. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

CHRIST's *Condeſcending Regard to little Children*, Mark x. 14.

1 SEE Iſrael's gentle Shepherd ſtand,
With all-engaging Charms;
Hark how he calls the tender Lambs,
And folds them in his Arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor ſcorn their humble Name;
For 'twas to bleſs ſuch Souls as theſe,
The LORD of Angels came.

3 We bring them, LORD, by fervent Prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we Ourſelves are thine,
Thine let our Offspring be!

4 Ye little Flock, with Pleaſure hear,
Ye Children ſeek his Face;
And fly with Tranſport to receive
The Bleſſings of his Grace.

5 If Orphans they are left behind,
Thy Guardian Care we truſt:
That Care ſhall heal our bleeding Hearts
If weeping o'er their Duſt.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

CCCXXXVIII. As the 148th. B. FRANCIS.*

On opening a Place of Worſhip.

1 IN ſweet exalted Strains
The King of Glory praiſe;
O'er Heaven and Earth he reigns,
Thro' everlaſting Days:
He, with a Nod, the World controls,
Suſtains or ſinks the diſtant Poles.

2 To Earth he bends his Throne,
His Throne of Grace divine;
Wide is his Bounty known,
And wide his Glories ſhine:
Fair Salem, ſtill his choſen Reſt,
Is with his Smiles and Preſence bleſt.

3 Then, King of Glory, come,
And with thy Favor crown
This Temple as thy Dome,
This People as thy own:
Beneath this Roof, O deign to ſhow,
How GOD can dwell with Men below.

4 Here, may thine Ears attend
Our interceeding Cries,
And grateful Praiſe aſcend
All fragrant to the Skies:
Here may thy Word melodious ſound,
And ſpread celeſtial Joys around.

* Sung on opening the Meeting-Houſe at Horſley, Glouceſterſhire, September 18, 1774; and alſo, at the opening of the New Meeting-Houſe, at Downend, near Briſtol, October 4, 1786.

5 Here, may th' attentive Throng
Imbibe thy Truth and Love,
And Converts join the Song
Of Seraphim above,
And willing Crowds ſurround thy Board
With ſacred Joy and ſweet Accord.

6 Here, may our unborn Sons
And Daughters ſound thy Praiſe,
And ſhine like poliſh'd Stones,
Thro' long ſucceeding Days;
Here, LORD, diſplay thy ſaving Power,
While Temples ſtand, and Men adore.

CCCXXXIX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

On opening a Place of Worſhip.

1 GREAT GOD, thy watchful Care we bleſs,
Which guards our Synagogues in Peace;
Nor dare tumultuous Foes invade,
To fill our Worſhippers with Dread.

2 Theſe Walls we to thy Honor raiſe,
Long may they echo to thy Praiſe;
And thou, deſcending, fill the Place
With choiceſt Tokens of thy Grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the Graces of his Train;
While Power divine his Word attends,
To conquer Foes, and cheer his Friends.

4 And in the great deciſive Day,
When GOD the Nations ſhall ſurvey;
May it before the World appear
That Crowds were born to Glory here.

CCCXL. C. M. NEWTON.

On opening a Place for ſocial Prayer.

1 DEAR Shepherd of thy People, hear,
Thy Preſence now diſplay;
As thou haſt given a Place for Prayer,
So give us Hearts to pray.

2 Within theſe Walls let holy Peace,
And Love, and Concord dwell;
Here give the troubled Conſcience Eaſe,
The wounded Spirit heal.

3 Shew us ſome Token of thy Love,
Our fainting Hope to raiſe;
And pour thy Bleſſings from above
That we may render Praiſe.

4 And may the Goſpel's joyful Sound
Enforc'd by mighty Grace,
Awaken many Sinners round,
To come and fill the Place.

CCCXLI. S. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

The Pleaſures of ſocial Worſhip.

1 HOW charming is the Place,
Where my Redeemer GOD
Unveils the Beauties of his Face,
And ſheds his Love abroad!

2 Not the fair Palaces
To which the Great reſort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where JESUS holds his Court.

3 Here on the Mercy-Seat,
With radiant Glory crown'd
Our joyful Eyes behold him ſit,
And ſmile on all around.

4 To him their Prayers and Cries
Each humble Soul preſents:
He liſtens to their broken Sighs,
And grants them all their Wants.

5 To them his ſovereign Will
He graciouſly imparts:
And in Return accepts with Smiles,
The Tribute of their Hearts.

6 Give me, O LORD, a Place
Within thy bleſt Abode,
Among the Children of thy Grace,
The Servants of my GOD.

CCCXLII. Sevens. D. TURNER.

The Excellency of Public Worſhip.

1 LORD of Hoſts, how lovely Fair,
E'en on Earth, thy Temples are!
Here thy waiting People ſee,
Much of Heaven, and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious Preſence flows,
Bliſs that ſoftens all our Woes;
While thy Spirit's holy Fire,
Warms our Hearts with pure Deſire.

3 Here we ſupplicate thy Throne,
Here thou mak'ſt thy Glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous Ways,
Taſte thy Love, and ſing thy Praiſe.

4 Thus with feſtive Songs of Joy
We our happy Lives employ;
Love and long to love thee more,
Till from Earth to Heaven we ſoar.

CCCXLIII. L. M. Steele.

The Happineſs of humble Worſhip, Pſalm lxxxiv.

1 HOW lovely, how divinely ſweet,
O Lord, thy ſacred Courts appear;
Fain would my longing Paſſions meet
The Glories of thy Preſence there.

2 O, bleſt the Men, bleſt their Employ,
Whom thy indulgent Favors raiſe
To dwell in theſe Abodes of Joy,
And ſing thy never-ceaſing Praiſe.

3 Happy the Men whom Strength divine,
With ardent Love and Zeal inſpires;
Whoſe Steps to thy bleſt Way incline,
With willing Hearts and warm Deſires.

4 One Day within thy ſacred Gate,
Affords more real Joy to me,
Than Thouſands in the Tents of State;
The meaneſt Place is Bliſs with thee.

5 God is a Sun; our brighteſt Day
From his reviving Preſence flows;
God is a Shield, thro' all the Way,
To guard us from ſurrounding Foes.

6 He pours his kindeſt Bleſſings down,
Profuſely down on Souls ſincere;
And Grace ſhall guide, and Glory crown
The happy Favorites of his Care.

7 O Lord of Hoſts, thou God of Grace,
How bleſt, divinely bleſt, is he,
Who truſts thy Love and ſeeks thy Face,
And fixes all his Hopes on thee!

CCCXLIV. L. M.

Delight in GOD's *Houſe, and Confidence in him,* Pſalm xxvii.

1 THOU, LORD, my Safety, thou my Light,
What Danger ſhall my Soul affright?
Strength of my Life! what Arm ſhall dare
To hurt whom thou haſt own'd thy Care?

2 One Wiſh, with holy Tranſport warm,
My Heart has form'd, and yet ſhall form;
One Gift I aſk; that to my End
Fair *Sion*'s Dome I may attend;

3 There joyful find a ſure Abode,
And view the Beauty of my GOD;
For he within his hallow'd Shrine
My ſecret Refuge ſhall aſſign.

4 When thou with condeſcending Grace,
Haſt bid me ſeek thy ſhining Face,
My Heart reply'd to thy kind Word,
Thee will I ſeek, all gracious LORD.

5 Should every earthly Friend depart,
And Nature leave a Parent's Heart;
My GOD, on whom my Hopes depend,
Will be my Father and my Friend.

6 Ye humble Souls, in every Strait
On GOD with ſacred Courage wait;
His Hand ſhall Life and Strength afford,
O ever wait upon the LORD.

CCCXLV. S. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC.

Forms vain without Religion.

3 ALmighty Maker, GOD!
How wonderous is thy Name!
Thy Glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the Creation's Frame!

2 Nature in every Dreſs
Her humble Homage pays,
And finds a thouſand Ways t' expreſs
Thine undiſſembled Praiſe.

3 My Soul would riſe and ſing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my Tongue adore my King,
And pay the Worſhip due.

4 But Pride, that buſy Sin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd Pride, that creeps ſecurely in,
And ſwells a haughty Worm.

5 Create my Soul anew,
Elſe all my Worſhip's vain;
This wretched Heart will ne'er be true,
Until its form'd again.

6 Let Joy and Worſhip ſpend
The Remnant of my Days,
And to my GOD, my Soul, aſcend
In ſweet Perfumes of Praiſe.

THE LORD'S DAY.

CCCXLVI. Chatham Tune. MERRICK.

Zeal for the Houſe of GOD, *and Delight in Worſhip*, Pſalm cxxii.

1 THE joyful Morn, my GOD, is come,
That calls me to thy honor'd Dome
Thy Preſence to adore:
My Feet the Summons ſhall attend,
With willing Steps thy Courts aſcend,
And tread the hallow'd Floor.

2 Hither from *Judah*'s utmoſt End,
The Heaven-protected Tribes aſcend;
Their Offerings hither bring:
Here, eager to atteſt their Joy,
In Hymns of Praiſe their Tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

3 Be Peace implor'd by each on Thee,
O *Sion*, while with bended Knee
To *Jacob*'s GOD we pray:
How bleſs'd, who calls himſelf thy Friend!
Succeſs his Labor ſhall attend,
And Safety guard his Way.

4 O may'ſt thou, free from hoſtile Fear,
Nor the loud Voice of Tumult hear,
Nor War's wild Waſtes deplore:
May Plenty nigh thee take her Stand,
And in thy Courts, with laviſh Hand,
Diſtribute all her Store.

5 Seat of my Friends and Brethren, hail!
How can my Tongue, O *Sion*, fail
To bleſs thy lov'd Abode?
How ceaſe the Zeal that in me glows,
Thy Good to ſeek, whoſe Walls incloſe
The Manſions of my GOD?

CCCXLVII. Sevens. D. TURNER.

A Song of Praiſe to the Redeemer, Pſalm xl. 7, 8.

1 HOLY Wonder, heavenly Grace,
Come, inſpire our humble Lays,
While the Savior's Love we ſing,
Whence our Hopes and Comforts ſpring.

2 Man, involv'd in Guilt and Woe,
Touch'd his tender Boſom ſo,
That, when Juſtice Death demands,
Forth the great Deliverer ſtands.

3 Cries to GOD, "thy Mercy ſhew,
"Lo! I come thy Will to do;
"I the Sacrifice will be,
"Death ſhall plunge his Dart in me."

4 Tho' the Form of GOD he bore,
Great in Glory, great in Power,
See him in our Fleſh array'd,
Lower than his Angels made.

5 He that Heaven itſelf poſſeſs'd,
Now an Infant at the Breaſt!
Angels from the World above,
See and ſing th' amazing Love!

6 Thro' the ſhining Hours of Day,
Toil and Danger mark his Way;
Lonely Mounts, and chilling Air,
Witneſs oft his Midnight Prayer.

7 Now the heavenly Lover dies!
Darkneſs veils the Mid-day Skies!
Angels round the bloody Tree,
Throng and gaze in Ecſtacy!

8 Power unſeen Earth's Boſom heaves,
Rocks and Tombs aſunder cleave;
While the Temple's rending Veil
Tells the Prieſt the awful Tale.

9 But, the third Day's Dawning come,
Lo! the Savior leaves the Tomb!
Reaſcends his native Sky,
Where he lives no more to die.

10 On his Croſs he builds his Throne,
Whence he makes his Glories known,
Sends his Spirit down to give,
Dying Sinners Grace to live.

CCCXLVIII. L. M. J. STENNETT.

The Sabbath.

1 ANOTHER ſix Days Work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my Soul, enjoy thy Reſt,
Improve the Day thy GOD has bleſs'd.

2 Come, bleſs the LORD, whoſe Love aſſigns
So ſweet a Reſt to wearied Minds;
Provides an Antepaſt of Heaven,
And gives this Day the Food of Seven.

3 O that our Thoughts and Thanks may riſe,
As grateful Incenſe, to the Skies;
And draw from Heaven that ſweet Repoſe,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

4 This heavenly Calm, within the Breaſt,
Is the dear Pledge of glorious Reſt,
Which for the Church of GOD remains,
The End of Cares, the End of Pains.

5 With Joy, great GOD, thy Works we view,
In various Scenes both old and new;
With Praiſe, we think on Mercies paſt,
With Hope, we future Pleaſures taſte.

6 In holy Duties let the Day,
In holy Pleaſures paſs away;
How ſweet, a Sabbath thus to ſpend,
In Hope of one that ne'er ſhall end!

LORD'S DAY.

CCCXLIX. As the 148th.

A Hymn for LORD's *Day Morning.*

2 AWAKE, our drowſy Souls,
Shake off each ſlothful Band,
The Wonders of this Day
Our nobleſt Songs demand.
Auſpicious Morn! thy bliſsful Rays,
Bright Seraphs hail in Songs of Praiſe.

2 At thy approaching Dawn,
Reluctant Death reſign'd
The glorious Prince of Life,
Her dark Domains confin'd:
Th' angelic Hoſt around him bends,
And, 'midſt their Shouts, the GOD aſcends.

3 All hail, triumphant LORD,
Heaven with Hoſannas rings;
While Earth, in humbler Strains,
Thy Praiſe reſponſive ſings:
Worthy art thou, who once waſt ſlain,
Through endleſs Years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great GOD, thy Sword,
Aſcend thy conquering Carr,
While Juſtice, Truth, and Love
Maintain the glorious War:
Victorious thou, thy Foes ſhalt tread,
And Sin and Hell in Triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent Arm,
And wing th' unerring Dart,
With ſalutary Pangs,
To each rebellious Heart:
Then dying Souls for Life ſhall ſue,
Numerous as Drops of Morning Dew.

CCCL. C. M. B——.

A Hymn for the Evening of the LORD's *Day.*

1 FREQUENT the Day of GOD returns
To ſhed its quickening Beams;
And yet how ſlow Devotion burns!
How languid are its Flames!

2 Accept our faint Attempts to love,
Our Frailties, LORD, forgive;
We would be like thy Saints above,
And praiſe thee while we live.

3 Increaſe, O LORD, our Faith and Hope,
And fit us to aſcend,
Where the Aſſembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er ſhall end.

4 Where we ſhall breathe in heavenly Air,
With heavenly Luſtre ſhine;
Before the Throne of GOD appear,
And feaſt on Love divine.

5 Where we, in high ſeraphic Strains,
Shall all our Powers employ;
Delighted range the etherial Plains,
And take our fill of Joy.

CCCLI. C. M. CENNICK.

LORD's *Day Evening.*

1 WHEN, O dear JESUS, when ſhall I
Behold thee all ſerene?
Bleſt in perpetual Sabbath-Day,
Without a Veil between.

2 Aſſiſt me while I wander here,
Amidſt a World of Cares;
Incline my Heart to pray with Love,
And then accept my Prayers.

3 [Releaſe my Soul from every Chain,
No more Hell's Captive led;
And pardon a repenting Child,
For whom the Savior bled.

4 Spare me, my GOD, O ſpare the Soul,
That gives itſelf to thee;
Take all that I poſſeſs below,
And give thyſelf to me.]

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my Guide and Friend,
To light my Way to ceaſeleſs Joys,
To Sabbaths without End.

CCCLII. L. M.

The eternal Sabbath, Heb. iv. 9.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, LORD, we love;
But there's a nobler Reſt above;
To that our laboring Souls aſpire
With ardent Pangs of ſtrong Deſire.

2 No more Fatigue, no more Diſtreſs;
Nor Sin nor Hell ſhall reach the Place;
No Groans to mingle with the Songs,
Which warble from immortal Tongues.

3 No rude Alarms of raging Foes;
No Cares to break the long Repoſe;
No Midnight Shade, no clouded Sun,
But ſacred, high, eternal Noon.

4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, LORD, we love,
But there's a nobler Reſt above;
To that our laboring Souls aſpire
With ardent Pangs of ſtrong Deſire.

HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.

CCCLIII. L. M. COWPER.

Exhortation to Prayer.

1 WHAT various Hinderances we meet,
In coming to a Mercy-Seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of Prayer,
But wiſhes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the darkened Cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the Ladder Jacob ſaw;
Gives Exerciſe to Faith and Love,
Brings every Bleſſing from above.

3 Reſtraining Prayer, we ceaſe to fight;
Prayer makes the Chriſtian's Armor bright;
And Satan trembles, when he ſees
The weakeſt Saint upon his Knees.

4 While Moſes ſtood with Arms ſpread wide,
Succeſs was found on Iſrael's Side;
But when thro' Wearineſs they fail'd,
That Moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no Words? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your Fellow-Creature's Ear
With the ſad Tale of all your Care.

6 Were half the Breath thus vainly ſpent,
To Heaven in Supplication ſent;
Your cheerful Song would oftener be,
"Hear what the LORD has done for me."

CCCLIV. Sevens.

I will not let thee go except thou bleſs me,
Gen. xxxii. 26.

1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a Bleſſing thou beſtow;
Do not turn away thy Face,
Mine's an urgent, preſſing Caſe.

2 Doſt thou aſk me who I am?
Ah, my LORD, thou know'ſt my Name!
Yet the Queſtion gives a Plea,
To ſupport my Suit with thee.

3 Thou didſt once a Wretch behold,
In Rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy Grace, thy Power defy,
That poor Rebel, LORD, was I.

4 Once a Sinner near Deſpair
Sought thy Mercy-Seat by Prayer;
Mercy heard and ſet him free,
LORD, that Mercy came to me.

5 Many Days have paſs'd ſince then,
Many Changes I have ſeen;
Yet have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up but thou.

6 Thou haſt help'd in every Need,
This emboldens me to plead:
After ſo much Mercy paſt,
Canſt thou let me ſink at laſt?

7 No—I muſt maintain my Hold,
'Tis thy Goodneſs makes me bold;
I can no Denial take,
When I plead for JESU's ſake.

CCCLV. C. M. EDMUND JONES *.

The Succeſsful Reſolve—I will go in unto the King, Eſther iv. 16.

1 COME, humble Sinner, in whoſe Breaſt,
A thouſand Thoughts revolve,
Come, with your Guilt and Fear oppreſt,
And make this laſt Reſolve.

2 "I'll go to JESUS, tho' my Sin
"Hath like a Mountain roſe;
"I know his Courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppoſe.

3 "Proſtrate I'll lie before his Throne,
"And there my Guilt confeſs,
"I'll tell him I'm a Wretch undone
"Without his ſovereign Grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
"Whoſe Sceptre Pardon gives,
"Perhaps he may Command my Touch,
"And then the Suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my Plea,
"Perhaps will hear my Prayer;
"But if I periſh I will pray,
"And periſh only there.

6 "I can but periſh if I go,
"I am reſolv'd to try:
"For if I ſtay away, I know
"I muſt for ever die."

* The Rev. Mr. Jones was a truly worthy Paſtor of the Baptiſt Church at Exon, Devon: his Succeſſor was my very amiable Friend, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Lewis, to whoſe Memory, this Page is ſacred.

CCCLVI. S. M.

A broken Heart, and a bleeding Savior.

1 UNTO thine Altar, LORD,
A broken Heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciouſly accept,
Of ſuch a worthleſs Thing?

2 To CHRIST the bleeding Lamb,
My Faith directs its Eyes;
Thou may'ſt reject that worthleſs Thing,
But not his Sacrifice.

3 When he gave up the Ghoſt,
The Law was ſatisfy'd;
And now to its moſt rigorous Claims,
I anſwer, "JESUS died."

CCCLVII. L. M. BEDDOME.

Holy Boldneſs.

1 SPRINKLED with reconciling Blood,
I dare approach thy Throne, O GOD;
Thy Face no frowning Aſpect wears,
Thy Hand no vengeful Thunder bears!

2 Th' incircling Rainbow, peaceful Sign!
Doth with refulgent Brightneſs ſhine;
And while my Faith beholds it near,
I bid farewell to every Fear.

3 Let me my grateful Homage pay,
With Courage ſing, with Fervor pray;
And tho' myſelf a Wretch undone
Hope for Acceptance thro' thy Son—

4 Thy Son, who on the accurſed Tree,
Expir'd to ſet the vileſt free;
On this I build my only Claim,
And all I aſk is in his Name.

CCCLVIII. Chatham Tune. J. STRAPHAN.

The LORD'S *Prayer*, Matt. vi. 9—13.

1 OUR Father, whoſe eternal Sway
The bright angelic Hoſts obey,
O! lend a pitying Ear:
When on thy awful Name we call,
And at thy Feet ſubmiſſive fall
O! condeſcend to hear.

2 Far may thy glorious Reign extend,
May Rebels to thy Sceptre bend,
And yield to ſovereign Love.
May we take Pleaſure to fulfil
The ſacred Dictates of thy Will,
As Angels do above.

3 From thy kind Hand each temporal Good,
Our Raiment and our daily Food,
In rich Abundance come:
LORD give us ſtill a freſh Supply,
If thou withhold thy Hand, we die,
And fill the ſilent Tomb.

4 Pardon our Sins, O GOD! that riſe,
And call for Vengeance from the Skies;
And while we are forgiven,
Grant that Revenge may never reſt,
And Malice harbor in that Breaſt
That feels the Love of Heaven.

5 Protect us in the dangerous Hour,
And from the wily Tempter's Power
O! ſet our Spirits free;
And if Temptation ſhould aſſail,
May mighty Grace o'er all prevail,
And lead our Hearts to thee.

6 Thine is the Power, to thee belongs
The conſtant Tribute of our Songs,
All Glory to thy Name:
Let every Creature join our Lays,
In one reſounding Act of Praiſe
Thy Wonders to proclaim.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

CCCLIX. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

To be ſung between Prayer and Sermon, Mat. xviii. 20.

1 WHERE two or three, with ſweet Accord,
Obedient to their ſovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his Acts of Grace,
And offer ſolemn Prayer and Praiſe;

2 "There," ſays the Savior, "will I be,
"Amid this little Company;
"To them unveil my ſmiling Face,
"And ſhed my Glories round the Place."

3 We meet at thy Command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful Word:
Now ſend thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our Hearts with heavenly Love.

CCCLX. C. M.

1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 IN vain *Apollos'* ſilver Tongue,
And *Paul's* with Strains profound,
Diffuſe among the liſtening Throng,
The Goſpel's gladdening Sound:

2 Jesus, the Work is wholly thine
To form the Heart anew,
Now, let thy ſovereign Grace divine
Each ſtubborn Soul ſubdue.

CCCLXI. As the Old 112th. FAWCETT.

Before Sermon.

1 THY Preſence, gracious GOD, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy Word:
Now let thy Voice engage our Ear,
And Faith be mixt with what we hear:
Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting Servants bleſs,
And crown thy Goſpel with Succeſs.

2 Diſtracting Thoughts and Cares remove,
And fix our Hearts and Hopes above;
With Food divine may we be fed,
And ſatisfy'd with living Bread:
Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting Servants bleſs,
And crown thy Goſpel with Succeſs.

3 To us thy ſacred Word apply,
With ſovereign Power, and Energy;
And may we, in thy Faith and Fear,
Reduce to Practice what we hear:
Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting Servants bleſs,
And crown thy Goſpel with Succeſs.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy Will:
Thy ſaving Power and Love diſplay;
And guide us to the Realms of Day:
Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting Servants bleſs,
And crown thy Goſpel with Succeſs.

CCCLXII. C. M. BEDDOME.

The Freeneſs of the Goſpel.

1 HOW free and boundleſs is the Grace
Of our redeeming GOD,
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And Men of every Blood!

3 The mightieſt King, and meaneſt Slave,
May his rich Mercy taſte;
He bids the Beggar and the Prince,
Unto the Goſpel Feaſt.

3 None are excluded thence, but thoſe
Who do themſelves exclude;
Welcome the Learned and Polite,
The Ignorant and Rude.

4 Come then, ye Men of every Name,
Of every Rank and Tongue;
What you are willing to receive
Doth unto you belong.

CCCLXIII Sevens.

A Bleſſing humbly requeſted.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy Feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our Suit diſdain,
Shall we ſeek thee, LORD, in vain?

2 In thy own appointed Way,
Now we ſeek thee, here we ſtay;
LORD, from hence we would not go,
Till a Bleſſing thou beſtow.

3 Send ſome Meſſage from thy Word,
That may Joy and Peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full Salvation to each Heart.

4 Grant that all may ſeek, and find
Thee a GOD ſupremely kind;
Heal the Sick, the Captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

CCCLXIV. L. M.

The Pool of Bethesda, John v. 2—4.

1 HOW long thou faithful GOD, shall I
Here in thy Ways forgotten lie,
When shall the Means of Healing be
The Channels of thy Grace to me?

2 Sinners on every Side step in,
And wash away their Pain and Sin;
But I an helpless Sin-sick Soul,
Still lie expiring at the Pool.

3 Angel and Son of GOD come down,
The sacred, Gospel-Banquet crown;
Thy Power into the Means infuse,
And give them now their sacred Use.

4 Thou seest me lying at the Pool,
I would, thou know'st, I would be Whole:
O let the troubled Waters move,
And minister thy healing Love.

CCCLXV. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

Prayer for Minister and People.

1 DEAREST Savior, help thy Servant
To proclaim thy wonderous Love!
Pour thy Grace upon this People,
That thy Truth they may approve:
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining Courts above.

2 Now thy gracious Word invites them
To partake the Gospel-Feast:
Let thy SPIRIT sweetly draw them;
Every Soul be JESU's Guest!
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd Rest.

CCCLXVI. L. M. NEWTON.

Caſting the Goſpel-Net, Luke v. 5. John xxi. 6.

NOW while the Goſpel-Net is caſt,
Do thou, O LORD, the Effort own;
From numerous Diſappointments paſt,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

May this be a much favor'd Hour,
To Souls in Satan's Bondage led;
O clothe thy Word with ſovereign Power
To break the Rocks, and raiſe the Dead!

To Mourners ſpeak a cheering Word,
On ſeeking Souls vouchſafe to ſhine;
Let poor Backſliders be reſtor'd,
And all thy Saints in Praiſes join.

[O hear our Prayer, and give us Hope,
That when thy Voice ſhall call us Home,
Thou ſtill wilt raiſe a People up
To love and praiſe thee in our Room.]

CCCLXVII. S. M. BEDDOME.

He beheld the City and wept over it, John xix. 41.

DID CHRIST o'er Sinners weep?
And ſhall our Cheeks be dry?
Let Floods of penitential Grief
Burſt forth from either Eye.

The Son of GOD in Tears,
Angels with Wonder ſee!
Be thou aſtoniſh'd, O my Soul,
He ſhed thoſe Tears for thee.

He wept, that we might weep,
Each Sin demands a Tear;
In Heaven alone no Sin is found,
And there's no Weeping there.

CCCLXVIII. Helmſley Tune. E—.

A Bleſſing requeſted.

1 COME, thou Soul-transforming Spirit,
Bleſs the Sower and the Seed:
Let each Heart thy Grace inherit,
Raiſe the weak, the hungry feed.
From the Goſpel
Now ſupply thy People's Need.

2 O may all enjoy the Bleſſing!
Which thy Word's deſign'd to give:
Let us all, thy Love poſſeſſing,
Joyfully the Truth receive.
And for ever
To thy Praiſe and Glory live.

CCCLXIX. As the 148th.

Blind Bartimeus, Luke xviii, 35—38.

1 SINFUL, and blind, and poor
And loſt without thy Grace,
Thy Mercy I implore,
And wait to ſee thy Face:
Begging I Sit by the Way-Side,
And long to know the crucify'd.

2 JESUS, attend my Cry,
Thou Son of *David* hear,
If now thou paſſeſt by,
Stand ſtill and call me near;
The Darkneſs from my Heart remove,
And ſhew me now thy pardoning Love.

CCCLXX. L. M. BEDDOME.

Thy Kingdom come, Matt. vi. 10.

1 ASCEND thy Throne, almighty King,
And ſpread thy Glories all abroad;
Let thine own Arm Salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious GOD.

Let Millions bow before thy Seat,
Let humble Mourners ſeek thy Face,
Bring daring Rebels to thy Feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious Grace.

O let the Kingdoms of the World
Become the Kingdoms of the LORD;
Let Saints, and Angels praiſe thy Name,
Be thou thro' Heaven and Earth ador'd.

CCCLXXI. L. M.

Ezekiel's *Viſion of the dry Bones*, Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

LOOK down, O LORD, with pitying Eye;
See *Adam*'s Race in Ruin lie;
Sin ſpreads its Trophies o'er the Ground,
And ſcatters ſlaughter'd Heaps around.

And can theſe mouldering Corpſes live?
And can theſe periſh'd Bones revive?
That, mighty GOD, to thee is known;
That wonderous Work is all thy own.

Thy Miniſters are ſent in vain
To propheſy upon the Slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty Aid is nigh.

But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life ſpreads thro' all the Realms of Death;
Dry Bones obey thy powerful Voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice:

So when thy Trumpet's awful Sound
Shall ſhake the Heavens and rend the Ground,
Dead Saints ſhall from their Tombs ariſe,
And ſpring to Life beyond the Skies.

HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

CCCLXXII.

The Parable of the Sower, Matt. xiii. 3—10.

1 NOW, LORD, the heavenly Seed is ſown,
Be it thy Servants Care
Thy heavenly Bleſſing to bring down,
By humble fervent Prayer.

2 In vain we plant without thine Aid,
And water too in vain;
LORD of the Harveſt, GOD of Grace,
Send down thy heavenly Rain.

3 Then ſhall our cheerful Hearts and Tongues
Begin this Song divine;
"Thou, LORD, haſt given the rich Increaſe,
"And be the Glory thine."

CCCLXXIII. As the 148th. NEWTON.

ON what has now been ſown,
Thy Bleſſing, LORD, beſtow;
The Power is thine alone,
To make it ſpring and grow:
Do thou the gracious Harveſt raiſe,
And thou, alone, ſhalt have the Praiſe.

CCCLXXIV. L. M.

The Spread of the Goſpel, Matt. vi. 10.

1 TO diſtant Lands thy Goſpel ſend,
And thus thy Empire wide extend:
To Gentile, Turk, and ſtubborn Jew,
Thou King of Grace! Salvation ſhew.

2 Where'er thy Sun, or Light ariſe,
Thy Name, O GOD! immortalize:
May Nations yet unborn confeſs,
Thy Wiſdom, Power, and Righteouſneſs.

CCCLXXV. C. M.

Duties and Privileges, Jude xx. 21.

WHILE Sinners, who preſume to bear
The Chriſtian's ſacred Name,
Throw up the Reins to every Luſt,
And glory in their Shame;

Ye Saints preſerv'd in CHRIST and call'd,
Deteſt their impious Ways,
And on the Baſis of your Faith
An heavenly Temple raiſe.

Upon the Spirit's promis'd Aid
Depend from Day to Day,
And, while he breathes his quickening Gale,
Adore, and praiſe, and pray.

Preſerve unquench'd your Love to GOD,
And let the Flame ariſe,
And higher and ſtill higher blaze,
Till it aſcends the Skies.

With a tranſporting Joy expect
The Grace your LORD ſhall give,
When all his Saints ſhall from his Hands
Their Crowns of Life receive.

CCLXXVI. C.M. TOPLADY's COLLECTION.

Now is the accepted Time.

COME, guilty Souls, and flee away
To CHRIST, and heal your Wounds;
This is the welcome Goſpel Day
Wherein free Grace abounds.

GOD lov'd the Church, and gave his Son
To drink the Cup of Wrath:
And JESUS ſays he'll caſt out none
That come to him by Faith.

CCCLXXVII. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Acceptance through CHRIST *alone*, John xiv. 6.

1 HOW ſhall the Sons of Men appear,
Great GOD, before thine awful Bar?
How may the Guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal Mind?

2 Not Vows, nor Groans, nor broken Cries,
Not the moſt coſtly Sacrifice,
Not infant Blood profuſely ſpilt,
Will expiate a Sinner's Guilt.

3 Thy Blood, dear JESUS, thine alone,
Hath ſovereign Virtue to atone:
Here we will reſt our only Plea
When we approach, great GOD, to thee.

CCCLXXVIII.

Habbakuk iii. 17, 18.

IS JESUS mine! I'm now prepar'd
To meet with what I thought moſt hard;
Yes, let the Winds of Trouble blow,
And Comforts melt away like Snow:
No blaſted Trees, or failing Crops,
Can hinder my eternal Hopes;
Tho' Creatures change, the LORD's the ſame,
Then let me triumph in his Name.

CCCLXXIX. Sevens.

Help, Hoſea xiii. 9.

SELF-deſtroy'd for Help I pray:
Help me, Savior, from above,
Help me to believe, obey,
Help me to repent, and love,
Help to keep the Graces given,
Help me quite from Hell to Heaven.

CCCLXXX. C. M.

Felix *trembling*, Acts xxiv. 24, 25.

1 SEE *Felix*, cloth'd with Pomp and Power,
See his reſplendent Bride
Attend to hear a Priſoner preach
The SAVIOR crucify'd.

2 He well deſcribes who JESUS was,
His Glories and his Love,
How he obey'd and bled below,
And reigns and pleads above.

3 *Felix* upſtarts and trembling cries,
"Go for this Time away;
"I'll hear thee on theſe Points again
"On ſome convenient Day."

4 Attention to the Words of Life
Let *Felix* thus adjourn;
LORD, let *us* make theſe ſolemn Truths,
Our firſt and laſt Concern.

CCCLXXXI. S. M.

Jabez's *Prayer*, 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

1 "O that the LORD indeed
"Would me his Servant bleſs,
"From every Evil ſhield my Head,
"And crown my Paths with Peace!

2 "Be his Almighty Hand
"My Helper and my Guide,
"Till, with his Saints in *Canaan*'s Land,
"My Portion he divide."

CCCLXXXII. C. M.

Pſalm lxxxiv. 8.

1 LORD GOD, omnipotent to bleſs,
My Supplication hear;
Guardian of *Jacob*, to my Voice
Incline thy gracious Ear.

2 If I have never yet begun
To tread the ſacred Road,
O teach my wandering Feet the Way
To *Zion*'s bleſt Abode!

3 Or if I'm travelling in the Path,
Aſſiſt me with thy Strength,
And let me ſwift Advances make,
And reach thine Heaven at length!

4 My Care, my Hope, my firſt Requeſt,
Are all compris'd in this,
To follow where thy Saints have led,
And then partake their Bliſs.

CCCLXXXIII. As the 104th.

Praiſe for Salvation.

1 OUR Savior alone,
The LORD let us bleſs,
Who reigns on his Throne,
The Prince of our Peace;
Who evermore ſaves us
By ſhedding his Blood;
All hail, holy JESUS,
Our LORD and our GOD!

2 We thankfully ſing
Thy Glory and Praiſe,
Thou merciful Spring
Of Pity and Grace:
Thy Kindneſs for ever
To Men we will tell,
And ſay, Our dear Savior
Redeems us from Hell.

3 Preſerve us in Love,
While here we abide:
O never remove
Thy Preſence, nor hide

Thy glorious Salvation,
Till each of us ſee
With Joy the bleſs'd Viſion
Completed in thee!

CCCLXXXIV. C. M.

Not unto us, Pſalm cxv. 1.

1 NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Bleſt Lamb, be Glory given!
Here ſhall thy Praiſes be begun,
And carried on in Heaven.

2 The Hoſt of Spirits now with thee
Eternal Anthems ſing:
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our Hallelujahs bring.

3 Had we our Tongues like them inſpir'd,
Like theirs our Songs ſhould riſe;
Like them we never ſhould be tir'd,
But love the Sacrifice.

4 Till we the Veil of Fleſh lay down,
Accept our weaker Lays;
And, when we reach thy Father's Throne,
We'll give thee nobler Praiſe.

CCCLXXXV. HART.

Our GOD *for ever and ever,* Pſalm xlviii. 14.

THIS GOD is the GOD we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend;
Whoſe Love is as large as his Power,
And neither knows Meaſure nor End:
'Tis JESUS the firſt and the laſt,
Whoſe Spirit ſhall guide us ſafe Home;
We'd praiſe him for all that is paſt
And truſt him for all that's to come.

CCCLXXXVI. C. M. CENNICK.

CHRIST *the Burden of the Song.*

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No Muſic's like thy charming Name,
Nor half ſo ſweet can be.

2 O let us ever hear thy Voice,
In Mercy to us ſpeak,
And in our Prieſt we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchiſedec.

3 Our JESUS ſhall be ſtill our Theme,
While in this World we ſtay,
We'll ſing our JESU's lovely Name,
When all Things elſe decay:

4 When we appear in yonder Cloud,
With all thy favor'd Throng,
Then will we ſing more ſweet, more loud,
And CHRIST ſhall be our Song.

CCCLXXXVII.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 GLORY to GOD on high!
Let Earth and Skies reply;
Praiſe ye his Name:
His Love and Grace adore,
Who all our Sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 JESUS, our LORD and GOD,
Bore Sin's tremendous Load,
Praiſe ye his Name:
Tell what his Arm hath done,
What Spoils from Death he won;
Sing his great Name alone;
Worthy the Lamb.

3 While they around the Throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praiſing his Name:
Thoſe who have felt his Blood
Sealing their Peace with GOD,
Sound his dear Fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join all ye ranſom'd Race,
Our holy LORD to bleſs;
Praiſe ye his Name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful Noiſe,
Shouting with Heart and Voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

5 What tho' we change our Place,
Yet we ſhall never ceaſe
Praiſing his Name:
To him our Songs we bring,
Hail him, our gracious King,
And without ceaſing ſing,
Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the Hoſts above,
In Realms of endleſs Love,
Praiſe his dear Name:
To him aſcribed be
Honor and Majeſty,
Thro' all Eternity;
Worthy the Lamb.

CCCLXXXVIII. L. M. HART.

At Diſmiſſion.

1 DISMISS us with thy Bleſſing, LORD,
Help us to feed upon thy Word,
All that has been amiſs forgive,
And let thy Truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are Guilty, thou art Good,
Waſh all our Works in JESU's Blood;
Give every fetter'd Soul releaſe;
And bid us all depart in Peace.

CCCLXXXIX.

The Same.

1 LORD, diſmiſs us with thy Bleſſing,
Fill our Hearts with Joy and Peace,
Let us each thy Love poſſeſſing,
Triumph in redeeming Grace:
O refreſh us!
Travelling thro' this Wilderneſs.

2 Thanks we give and Adoration,
For thy Goſpel's joyful Sound,
May the Fruits of thy Salvation,
In our Hearts and Lives abound:
May thy Preſence,
With us evermore be found.

3 So whene'er the Signal's given,
Us from Earth to call away;
Borne on Angels Wings to Heaven,
Glad to leave our cumberous Clay,
May we ready,
Riſe and reign in endleſs Day.

CCCXC. C. M.

Sanctification and Growth, Heb. xiii. 13, 20.

1 NOW may the GOD of Peace and Love,
Who from the impriſoning Grave,
Reſtor'd the Shepherd of the Sheep,
Omnipotent to ſave.

2 Thro' the rich Merits of that Blood,
Which he on *Calvary* ſpilt,
To make th' eternal Cov'nant ſure,
On which our Hopes are built,

3 Perfect our Souls in every Grace
T' accompliſh all his Will,
And all that's pleaſing in his Sight
Inſpire us to fulfil!

4 For the great Mediator's Sake,
We for theſe Bleſſings pray:
With Glory let his Name be crown'd
Thro' Heaven's eternal Day!

CCCXCI. L. M.

The Peace of GOD *ſhall keep*, &c. Phil. iv. 7.

1 THE Peace which GOD alone reveals,
And by his Word of Grace imparts,
Which only the Believer feels,
Direct and keep, and cheer our Hearts:

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The FATHER, WORD, and COMFORTER,
Pour an abundant Bleſſing down
On every Soul aſſembled here!

CCCXCII. NEWTON.

May the Grace, &c. 2 *Cor.* xiii. 14.

MAY the Grace of CHRIST our Savior,
And the FATHER's boundleſs Love,
With the Holy SPIRIT's Favor,
Reſt upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in Union
With each other, and the LORD;
And poſſeſs, in ſweet Communion,
Joys which Earth can not afford.

DOXOLOGIES.

CCCXCIII. C. M.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Who made the Earth and Heaven,
Of equal Dignity poſſeſt,
Be equal Honors given.

CCCXCIV. S. M. BEDDOME.

TO the eternal THREE,
In Will and Eſſence One,
Be univerſal Homage paid,
Coequal Honors done.

CCCXCV. L. M. Bp. KEN.

PRAISE GOD, from whom all Bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him all Creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heavenly Hoſt,
Praiſe FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

CCCXCVI. As the 104th.

GIVE Glory to GOD, ye Children of Men,
And publiſh abroad, again and again,
The SON's glorious Merit, the FATHER's free Grace;
The Gifts of the SPIRIT, to Adam's loſt Race.

CCCXCVII. BENTLEY'S COLLECTION.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Be Praiſe amidſt the heavenly Hoſt,
And in the Church below;
From whom all Creatures drew their Breath,
By whom Redemption bleſs'd the Earth,
From whom all Comforts flow!

THE WORLD.

CCCXCVIII. L. M. BLACKMORE.

The Vanity of earthly Things.

WHAT are Poſſeſſions, Fame, and Power,
The boaſted Splendor of the Great?
What Gold, which dazz'led Eyes adore,
And ſeek with endleſs Toils and Sweat?

Expreſs their Charms, declare their Uſe,
That we their Merit may deſcry;
Tell us what Good they can produce,
Or what important Want ſupply?

If wounded with the Senſe of Sin,
To them for Pardon we ſhould pray,
Will they reſtore our Peace within;
And waſh our guilty Stains away?

Can they celeſtial Life inſpire,
Nature with Power divine renew,
With pure and ſacred Tranſports fire,
Our Boſoms, and our Luſts ſubdue?

When with the Pangs of Death we ſtrive,
And yeild all Comforts here for loſt,
Will they ſupport us, will they give,
Kind Succour, when we need it moſt?

When at th' Almighty's awful Bar
To hear our final Doom we ſtand,
Can they incline the Judge to ſpare,
Or wreſt the Vengeance from his Hand?

7 Can they protect us from Deſpair,
From the dark Reign of Death and Hell,
Crown us with Bliſs, and throne us where
The Juſt, in Joys immortal dwell?

8 Sinners, your Idols we deſpiſe,
If theſe Reliefs they cannot grant;
Why ſhould we ſuch Deluſions prize,
And pine in everlaſting Smart?

CCCXCIX. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Vanity of the World, Pſalm iv. 6.

1 IN vain the giddy World inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
"Who will ſupply our vaſt Deſires,
"Or ſhew us any Good?"

2 Thro' the wide Circuit of the Earth
Their eager Wiſhes rove,
In Chace of Honor, Wealth, and Mirth,
The Phantoms of their Love.

3 But oft theſe ſhadowy Joys elude
Their moſt intenſe Purſuit:
Or if they ſeize the fancied Good,
There's Poiſon in the Fruit.

4 Lord, from this World call off my Love,
Set my Affections right:
Bid me aſpire to Joys above,
And walk no more by Sight.

5 O let the Glories of thy Face
Upon my Boſom ſhine:
Aſſur'd of thy forgiving Grace,
My Joys will be divine.

CCCC. C. M. NEEDHAM.

The rich Fool ſurpriſed, Luke xii. 16—22.

1 DELUDED Souls! who think to find
A ſolid Bliſs below:
Bliſs! the fair Flower of Paradiſe,
On Earth can never grow.

2 See how the fooliſh Wretch is pleas'd,
T' increaſe his worldly Store;
Too ſcanty now he finds his Barns,
And ſighs for Room for more.

3 "What ſhall I do?" diſtreſt he cries,
"This Scheme will I purſue:
"My ſcanty Barns ſhall now come down,
"I'll build them large and new.

4 Here will I lay my Fruits, and bid
"My Soul to take its Eaſe:
"Eat, drink, be glad, my laſting Store
Shall give what Joys I pleaſe."

5 Scarce had he ſpoke, when lo! from Heaven
The Almighty made reply:
"For whom doſt thou provide, thou Fool?
"This Night thyſelf ſhall die."

6 Teach me, my GOD, all earthly Joys
Are but an empty Dream:
And may I ſeek my Bliſs alone,
In thee the good Supreme.

CCCCI. C. M.

The whole World no Compenſation for the Loſs of one Soul, Mark viii. 36.

1 LORD, ſhall we part with Gold for Droſs,
With ſolid Good for Shew?
Out-live our Bliſs, and mourn our Loſs
In everlaſting Woe?

2 Let us not loſe the living GOD,
For one ſhort Dream of Joy;
With fond Embrace cling to a Clod,
And fling all Heaven away.

3 Vain World, thy weak Attempts forbear,
We all thy Charms defy;
And rate our precious Souls too dear
For all thy Wealth to buy.

CCCCII. L. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC.

The Farewell.

1 DEAD be my Heart to all below,
To mortal Joys and mortal Cares;
To ſenſual Bliſs that charms us ſo,
Be dark, mine Eyes, and deaf, my Ears.

2 LORD, I renounce my carnal Taſte,
Of the fair Fruit that Sinners prize:
Their Paradiſe ſhall never waſte
One Thought of mine, but to deſpiſe.

3 All earthly Joys are over-weigh'd
With Mountains of vexatious Care;
And where's the Sweet that is not laid
A Bait to ſome deſtructive Snare?

4 Begone, for ever, mortal Things!
Thou mighty Mole-Hill, Earth, farewell!
Angels aſpire on lofty Wings,
And leave the Globe for Ants to dwell.

5 Come, Heaven, and fill my vaſt Deſires,
My Soul purſues the ſovereign Good:
She was all made of heavenly Fires,
Nor can ſhe live on meaner Food.

THE GOSPEL CHURCH.

CCCCIII. C. M.

The Church deſcribed; or, *the Stabiliyt and Glory of Sion*, Cant. vi, 10.

1 SAY who is ſhe, that looks abroad
Like the ſweet-bluſhing Dawn,
When with her living Light ſhe paints
The Dew-Drops of the Lawn.

2 Fair as the Moon, when in the Skies
Serene her Throne ſhe guides,
And o'er the twinkling Stars ſupreme
In full-orb'd Glory rides.

3 Clear as the Sun, when from the Eaſt
Without a Cloud he ſprings,
And ſcatters boundleſs Light and Heat,
From his reſplendent Wings.

4 Tremendous as an Hoſt that moves
Majeſtically ſlow,
With Banners wide-diſplay'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the Foe!

5 This is the Church by Heaven array'd
With Strength and Grace divine,
Thus ſhall ſhe ſtrike her Foes with Dread,
And thus her Glories ſhine.

CCCCIV. L. M. STEELE.

The Preſence of CHRIST *the Joy of his People.*

1 THE wondering Nations have beheld
The ſacred Propheſy fulfill'd,
And Angels hail'd the glorious Morn,
That ſhew'd the great Meſſiah born:

2 The Prince! the Savior! long deſir'd
Whom Men foretold, by Heaven inſpir'd,
And raptur'd ſaw the bliſsful Day
Riſe o'er the World with healing Ray.

3 Oft, in the Temples of his Grace,
His Saints behold his ſmiling Face;
And oft have ſeen his Glory ſhine,
With Power and Majeſty divine:

4 But ſoon alas! his Abſence mourn,
And pray and wiſh his kind Return:
Without his Life-inſpiring Light,
'Tis all a Scene of gloomy Night.

5 Come, deareſt LORD, thy Children cry,
Our Graces droop, our Comforts die;
Return, and let thy Glories riſe
Again to our admiring Eyes:

6 Till fill'd with Light, and Joy, and Love,
Thy Courts below, like thoſe above,
Triumphant Hallelujahs raiſe,
And Heaven and Earth reſound thy Praiſe.

CCCCV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Aſking the Way to Sion, Jer. l. 5.

1 ENQUIRE, ye Pilgrims, for the Way
That leads to Sion's Hill,
And thither ſet your ſteady Face,
With a determin'd Will.

2 Invite the Strangers all around
Your pious March to join;
And ſpread the Sentiments, you feel
Of Faith and Love divine.

3 O come, and to his Temple haſte,
And ſeek his Favor there;
Before his Footſtool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent Prayer!

4 O come, and join your Souls to GOD
In everlaſting Bands,
Accept the Bleſſings he beſtows,
With thankful Hearts and Hands.

CCCCVI. As the 148th. DR. DODDRIDGE.

At the forming a Church.

Iſaiah lvi. 6, 7. Matt. xxi. 13. *and* Eph. ii. 19.

1 GREAT Father of Mankind,
We bleſs that wonderous Grace,
Which could for *Gentiles* find
Within thy Courts a Place:
How kind the Care
Our GOD diſplays,
For us to raiſe
A Houſe of Prayer!

2 Tho' once eſtranged far,
We now approach the Throne;
For JESUS brings us near,
And makes our Cauſe his own:
Strangers no more,
To thee we come,
And find our Home,
And reſt ſecure.

3 To thee our Souls we join,
And love thy ſacred Name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy Claim;
Our Father-King,
Thy Covenant-Grace
Our Souls embrace,
Thy Titles ſing.

Here in thy Houſe we feaſt
On Dainties all divine;
And, while ſuch Sweets we taſte,
With Joy our Faces ſhine:
Incenſe ſhall riſe
From Flames of Love,
And GOD approve
The Sacrifice.

5 May all the Nations throng
To worſhip in thy Houſe;
And thou attend the Song,
And ſmile upon their Vows;
Indulgent ſtill,
Till Earth conſpire
To join the Choir
On *Zion*'s Hill.

CCCCVII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Inſtitution of a Goſpel Miniſtry from CHRIST, Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12.

1 FATHER of Mercies, in thy Houſe
Smile on our Homage, and our Vows;
While with a grateful Heart we ſhare
Theſe Pledges of our Savior's Care.

2 The Savior, when to Heaven he roſe
In ſplendid Triumph o'er his Foes,
Scatter'd his Gifts on Men below,
And wide his royal Bounties flow.

3 Hence ſprung th' *Apoſtles* honor'd Name,
Sacred beyond heroic Fame;
In lowlier Forms to bleſs our Eyes,
Paſtors from hence, and *Teachers* riſe.

4 From CHRIST their varied Gifts derive,
And fed by CHRIST their Graces live:
While, guarded by his potent Hand,
'Midſt all the Rage of Hell they ſtand.

5 So ſhall the bright Succeſſion run
Thro' the laſt Courſes of the Sun;
While unborn Churches by their Care
Shall riſe and flouriſh large and fair.

6 JESUS our LORD, their Hearts ſhall know,
The Spring, whence all theſe Bleſſings flow:
Paſtors and *People* ſhout his Praiſe
Thro' the long Round of endleſs Days.

CCCCVIII. L. M.

On ſending a Member into the Work of the Miniſtry§—
Iſaiah's *Obedience to the heavenly Viſion*, Iſa. vi. 8.

1 OUR GOD aſcends his lofty Throne,
Array'd in Majeſty unknown;
His Luſtre all the Temple fills,
And ſpreads o'er all th' ethereal Hills.

2 The holy, holy, holy LORD,
By all the *Seraphim* ador'd,
And, while they ſtand beneath his Seat,
They veil their Faces, and their Feet.

3 LORD, how can ſinful Lips proclaim
The Honors of ſo great a Name?
O for thine Altar's glowing Coal
To touch his Lips, to fire his Soul.

4 Then, if a Meſſenger thou aſk,
A Laborer for the hardeſt Taſk,
Thro' all his Weakneſs and his Fear,
Love ſhall reply, "Thy Servant's here."

§ If ſung on any other Occaſion, "his," in the three laſt Verſes, may be exchanged for "my."

5 Nor let his willing Soul complain,
Tho' all its Efforts ſeem in vain;
It ample Recompence ſhall be,
But to have wrought, O GOD, for thee.

CCCCIX. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Seeking Direction in the Choice of a Paſtor.

1 SHEPHERD of Iſrael, bend thine Ear,
Thy Servants Groans indulgent hear;
Perplex'd, diſtreſs'd, to thee we cry,
And ſeek the Guidance of thine Eye.

2 Send forth, O LORD, thy Truth and Light,
To guide our doubtful Footſteps right:
Our drooping Hearts, O GOD, ſuſtain,
Nor let us ſeek thy Face in vain.

3 Return, in Ways of Peace, return,
Nor let thy Flock neglected mourn;
May our bleſs'd Eyes a Shepherd ſee,
Dear to our Souls, and dear to thee.

CCCCX. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Watching for Souls. An Ordination Hymn.
Heb. xiii. 17.

1 LET Sion's Watchmen all awake,
And take th' Alarm they give;
Now let them, from the Mouth of GOD,
Their awful Charge receive.

2 'Tis not a Cauſe of ſmall Import,
The Paſtor's Care demands;
But what might fill an Angel's Heart,
And fill'd a Savior's Hands.

3 They watch for Souls, for which the LORD
Did heavenly Bliſs forego;
For Souls, which muſt for ever live,
In Raptures, or in Woe.

4 All to the great Tribunal haſte,
Th' Account to render there;
And ſhouldſt thou ſtrictly mark our Faults,
LORD, where ſhould we appear!

5 May they, that JESUS whom they preach,
Their *own Redeemer* ſee,
And watch thou daily o'er their Souls,
That they may watch for thee.

CCCCXI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Goodneſs of GOD *acknowledged in giving Paſtors after his own Heart*, Jer. iii. 15§.

At the Settlement of a Miniſter.

1 SHEPHERD of *Iſrael*, thou doſt keep
With conſtant Care, thy humble Sheep;
By thee inferior Paſtors riſe
To feed our Souls, and bleſs our Eyes.

2 To all thy Churches ſuch impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious Heart;
Whoſe Courage, Watchfulneſs, and Love
Men may atteſt, and GOD approve.

3 Fed by their active tender Care,
Healthful may all thy Sheep appear,
And, by their fair Example led,
The Way to *Zion*'s Paſture tread.

4 Here haſt thou liſten'd to our Vows,
And ſcatter'd Bleſſings on thy Houſe;
Thy Saints are ſuccour'd, and no more
As Sheep without a Guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former Stroke,
And bleſs the Shepherd and the Flock;
Confirm the Hopes thy Mercies raiſe,
And own this Tribute of our Praiſe.

§ See Hymn cccevii. and Aſſociation Hymns.

CCCCXII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Christ's *Care of Miniſters and Churches*, Rev. ii. 1.

1 WE bleſs th' eternal Source of Light,
Who makes the Stars to ſhine;
And, thro' this dark beclouded World,
Diffuſeth Rays divine.

2 We bleſs the Churches ſovereign King,
Whoſe golden Lamps we are;
Fix'd in the Temples of his Love
To ſhine with Radiance fair.

3 Still be our Purity preſerv'd;
Still fed with Oil the Flame;
And in deep Characters inſcrib'd
Our heavenly Maſter's Name.

4 Then, while between our Ranks he walks,
And all our State ſurveys,
His Smiles ſhall with new Luſtre deck
The People of his Praiſe.

CCCCXIII. L. M.

On the dangerous Illneſs of a Miniſter.

1 O Thou, before whoſe gracious Throne,
We bow our ſuppliant Spirits down,
View the ſad Breaſt, the ſtreaming Eye,
And let our Sorrows pierce the Sky.

2 Thou know'ſt the anxious Cares we feel,
And all our trembling Lips would tell;
Thou only canſt aſſuage our Grief—
And yeild our Woe-fraught Hearts Relief.

3 Tho' we have ſinn'd, and juſtly dread
The Vengeance hovering o'er our Head;
Yet, Power benign, thy Servant ſpare,
Nor turn aſide thy People's Prayer.

4 Avert thy ſwift deſcending Stroke,
Nor ſmite the Shepherd of the Flock,
Leſt o'er the barren Waſte we ſtray,
To prowling Wolves an eaſy Prey.

5 Reſtore him ſinking to the Grave,
Stretch out thine Arm, make haſte to ſave;
Back to our Hopes and Wiſhes give,
And bid our Friend and Father live.

6 Bound to each Soul by tendereſt Ties,
In every Breaſt his Image lies,
Thy pitying Aid, O GOD, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding Heart.

7 Yet if our Supplications fail,
And Prayers and Tears can Naught prevail,
Condemn'd on this dark Deſert Coaſt,
To mourn our much lov'd Leader loſt:

8 Be thou his Strength, be thou his Stay,
Support him thro' the gloomy Way,
Comfort his Soul, ſurround his Bed,
And guide him thro' the dreary Shade.

9 Around him may thy Angels wait,
Deck'd with their Robes of heavenly State,
To teach his happy Soul to riſe,
And waft him to his native Skies.

CCCCXIV. C. M.

At a Miniſters leaving his People.—Paul's farewell Charge, Acts xx. 26, 27.

1 WHEN Paul was parted from his Friends
It was a weeping Day;
But JESUS made them all amends,
And wip'd their Tears away.

2 In Heaven they met again with Joy,
(Secure no more to part)
Where Praiſes every Tongue employ,
And Pleaſure fills each Heart.

3 Thus all the Preachers of his Grace
Their Children ſoon ſhall meet;
Together ſee their Savior's Face,
And worſhip at his Feet.

4 But they who heard the Word in vain,
Tho' oft and plainly warn'd;
Will tremble when they meet again
The Miniſters they ſcorn'd.

5 On your own Heads your Blood will fall
If any periſh here;
The Preachers who have told you *all*,
Shall ſtand approv'd and clear.

6 Yet, LORD, to ſave themſelves alone,
Is not their utmoſt View;
O! hear their Prayer, thy Meſſage own,
And ſave their Hearers too.

CCCCXV. L. M.

The People's Prayer for their Miniſter.

1 WITH heavenly Power, O LORD, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His Perſon bleſs, his Soul ſecure,
And make him to the End endure.

2 Gird him with all-ſufficient Grace;
Direct his Feet in Paths of Peace;
Thy Truth, and Faithfulneſs fulfil,
And help him to obey thy Will.

Before him thy Protection ſend;
O love him, ſave him to the End!
Nor let him, as thy Pilgrim, rove
Without the Convoy of thy Love.

4 Enlarge, enflame, and fill his Heart,
In him thy mighty Power exert:
That Thouſands yet unborn may praiſe
The Wonders of redeeming Grace.

CCCCXVI. Dr. Gibbons.

The Paſtor's Wiſh for his People §, Phil. iv. 1.

1 MY Brethren from my Heart belov'd,
Whoſe Welfare fills my daily Care,
My preſent Joy, my future Crown,
The Word of Exhortation hear.

2 Stand faſt upon the ſolid Rock,
Of the Redeemer's Righteouſneſs,
Adorn the Goſpel with your Lives,
And practice what your Lips profeſs.

3 With Pleaſure meditate the Hour,
When he, deſcending from the Skies,
Shall bid your Bodies, mean and vile,
In his all-glorious Image riſe.

4 Glory in his dear, honor'd Name,
To him inviolably cleave;
Your All he purchas'd by his Blood,
Nor let him leſs than All receive.

5 Such is your Paſtor's faithful Charge,
Whoſe Soul deſires not yours, but you,
O may he at the Lord's Right-Hand,
Himſelf and all his People view.

§ Given out at Dr. Gibbons's Meeting-Houſe, July 21, 1782; when the Place was to be ſhut up for Repair.

CCCCXVII. L. M.

At a Choice of Deacons, 1 Tim. iii. 8—13.

1 FAIR Sion's King, we ſuppliant bow,
And hail the Grace thy Church enjoys;
The holieſt Deacons are thy own,
With all the Gifts thy Love employs.

2 Up to thy Throne, we lift our Eyes,
For Bleſſings to attend our Choice §,
Of ſuch, whoſe generous, prudent Zeal,
Shall make thy favor'd Ways rejoice.

3 Happy in JESUS their own LORD,
May they his ſacred Table ſpread,
The Table of their Paſtor fill,
And fill the holy Poor with Bread.

4 [When Paſtor, Saints, and Poor, they ſerve,
May their own Hearts with Grace be crown'd!
While Patience, Sympathy, and Joy
Adorn, and thro' their Lives abound.]

5 By pureſt Love to CHRIST and Truth,
O may they win a good Degree
Of Boldneſs in the Chriſtian Faith,
And meet the Smile of thine and thee.

6 And when the Work to them aſſign'd—
The Work of Love is fully done,
Call them from ſerving Tables here,
To ſit around thy glorious Throne.

§ If this Hymn be ſung *before* the Choice, then the ſecond Line of the ſecond Verſe may ſtand thus,

"For Wiſdom to direct our Choice."

CCCCXVIII.

Glorious Things ſpoken of Zion the City of GOD,
Iſaiah xxxiii, 20, 21.

1 GLorious Things of thee are ſpoken,
Zion, City of our GOD!
He, whoſe Word can not be broken,
Form'd thee for his own Abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can ſhake thy ſure Repoſe?
With Salvation's Walls ſurrounded
Thou mayſt ſmile at all thy Foes.

2 See! the Streams of living Waters
Springing from eternal Love;
Well ſupply thy Sons and Daughters,
And all fear of Want remove:
Who can faint while ſuch a River
Ever flows their Thirſt t' aſſuage?
Grace, which like the LORD, the Giver,
Never fails from Age to Age.

3 Round each Habitation hovering
See the Cloud and Fire appear!
For a Glory and a Covering,
Shewing that the LORD is near:
Thus deriving from their Banner
Light by Night and Shade by Day;
Safe they feed upon the Manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Bleſt Inhabitants of Zion,
Waſh'd in the Redeemer's Blood!
JESUS, whom their Souls rely on,
Makes them Kings and Prieſts to GOD:
'Tis his Love his People raiſes
Over Self to reign as Kings,
And as Prieſts, his ſolemn Praiſes
Each for a Thank-offering brings.

5 Savior, if of Zion's City
I thro' Grace a Member am;
Let the World deride or pity,
I will glory in thy Name:
Fading is the Worldling's Pleaſure,
All his boaſted Pomp and Show;
Solid Joys and laſting Treaſure,
None but Zion's Children know.

CCCCXIX. C. M.

The Increaſe of the Church promiſed and pleaded.
Pſalm ii. 8.

1 FATHER, is not thy Promiſe pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That thro' the Nations of the Earth
Thy Word of Life ſhall run?

2 "Aſk, and I give the *Heathen* Lands
"For thine Inheritance,
"And to the World's remoteſt Shores
"Thine Empire ſhall advance."

3 Haſt thou not ſaid the blinded *Jews*
Shall their Redeemer own;
While *Gentiles* to his Standard crowd,
And bow before his Throne?

4 [When ſhall th' untutor'd *Indian* Tribes,
A dark bewilder'd Race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's Feet,
And learn and feel his Grace.]

5 Are not all Kingdoms, Tribes, and Tongues,
Under th' Expanſe of Heaven,
To the Dominion of thy Son,
Without Exemption given?

6 From East to West, from North to South,
Then be his Name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy Millions, shout
Hosannahs to thy LORD!

7 *Asia* and *Africa*, resound
From Shore to Shore his Fame;
And thou, *America*, in Songs
Redeeming Love proclaim!

CCCCXX. C. M.

Prayer for Missionaries.

1 GREAT GOD, the Nations of the Earth
Are by Creation thine;
And in thy Works by all beheld,
Thy radiant Glories shine.

2 But, LORD, thy greater Love has sent
Thy Gospel to Mankind;
Unveiling what rich Stores of Grace
Are treasur'd in thy Mind.

3 LORD, when shall these glad Tidings spread
The spacious Earth around,
Till every Tribe, and every Soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 O when shall *Afric's* sable Sons
Enjoy the heavenly Word,
And Vassals long-enslav'd become
The freedmen of the LORD?

5 When shall th' untutor'd *Heathen* Tribes,
A dark bewilder'd Race,
Sit down at our *Immanuel's* Feet,
And learn and feel his Grace?

6 Haſte, ſovereign Mercy, and transform
Their Cruelty to Love;
Soften the Tiger to a Lamb,
The Vulture to a Dove!

7 Smile, LORD, on each divine Attempt
To ſpread the Goſpel's Rays,
And build on Sin's demoliſh'd Throne
The Temples of thy Praiſe!

CCCCXXI. L M.

Longing for the Latter Day Glory.

HOW many Years has Man been driven
Far off from Happineſs and Heaven?
When wilt thou, gracious LORD, reſtore
Thy wandering Church, to roam no more?

2 Six thouſand Years are nearly paſt
Since Adam from thy Sight was caſt;
And ever ſince, his fallen Race,
From Age to Age are void of Grace.

3 When will the happy Trump proclaim
The Judgment of the martyr'd Lamb:
When ſhall the captive Troops be free,
And keep th' eternal Jubilee!

4 Haſten it, LORD, in every Land,
Send thou thine Angels and command;
"Go ſound Deliverance; loudly blow
"Salvation to the Saints below!"

5 We want to have the Day appear!
The promis'd great Sabbatic Year,
When far from Grief, and Sin, and Hell,
Iſrael in ceaſeleſs Peace ſhall dwell.

6 'Till then, we will not let thee reſt,
Thou ſtill ſhalt hear our ſtrong Requeſt;
And this our daily Prayer ſhall be,
LORD, ſound the Trump of Jubilee.

CCCCXXII. As the old 112th.

Gentiles praying for Jews, Rom. xi. 1, 2, 25, 26.

1 FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earneſt Suit for Abra'm's Seed;
Juſtly they claim the ſofteſt Prayer
From us, adopted in their Stead:
Who Mercy thro' their Fall obtain,
And CHRIST by their Rejection gain.

2 Outcaſts from thee, and ſcatter'd wide,
Thro' every Nation under Heaven,
Blaſpheming whom they crucify'd,
Unſav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n:
Branded like Cain, they bear their Load,
Abhorr'd of Men, and curs'd of GOD.

3 But haſt thou finally forſook,
For ever caſt thy own away?
Wilt thou not bid the Murderers look
On him they peirc'd, and weep and pray?
Yes, gracious LORD, thy Word is paſt:
All Iſrael ſhall be ſav'd at laſt.

4 Come then, thou great Deliverer come;
The Veil from Jacob's Heart remove,
Receive thy ancient People Home,
That quicken'd by thy dying Love,
The World may their Reception view,
And ſhout to GOD, the Glory due.

ASSOCIATIONS—OR, GENERAL MEETINGS OF CHURCHES AND MINISTERS §.

CCCCXIII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Spiritual Aſſociations regiſtered in Heaven; or, God's *gracious Approbation of active Attempts to revive Religion*, Mal. iii. 16, 17.

1 THE Lord on mortal Worms looks down
From his celeſtial Throne;
And, when the Wicked ſwarm around,
He well diſcerns his own.

2 He ſees the tender Hearts that mourn
The Scandals of the Times;
And join their Efforts to oppoſe
The wide-prevailing Crimes.

3 Low to the ſocial Band he bows
His ſtill-attentive Ear;
And, while his Angels ſing around,
Delights their Voice to hear.

4 The Chronicles of Heaven ſhall keep
Their Words in Tranſcript fair;
In the Redeemer's Book of Life
Their Names recorded are.

5 "Yes (ſaith the Lord) the World ſhall know
"Theſe humble Souls are mine:
"Theſe, when my Jewels I produce,
"Shall in full Luſtre ſhine.

6 "When Deluges of fiery Wrath
"My Foes away ſhall bear,
"That Hand, which ſtrikes the Wicked thro',
"Shall all my Children ſpare."

§ See alſo Hymns 403—406, 412—422.

CCCCXXIV. L. M. B. FRANCIS.

Miniſters abounding in the Work of the LORD.

1 BEFORE thy Throne, eternal King,
Thy Miniſters their Tribute bring,
Their Tribute of united Praiſe
For heavenly News and peaceful Days.

2 We ſing the Conqueſts of thy Sword,
And publiſh loud thy healing Word:
While Angels ſound thy glorious Name,
Thy ſaving Grace our Lips proclaim.

3 Thy various Service we eſteem
Our ſweet Employ, our Bliſs ſupreme;
And, while we feel thy heavenly Love,
We burn like Seraphim above.

4 Nor Seraphs there can ever raiſe
With us, an equal Song of Praiſe:
They are the nobleſt Work of GOD,
But we—the purchaſe of his Blood.

5 Still in thy Work would we abound;
Still prune the Vine, or plow the Ground;
Thy Sheep, with wholeſome Paſture feed,
And watch them with unwearied Heed.

6 Thou art our LORD, our Life, our Love,
Our Care below, and Crown above:
Thy Praiſe ſhall be our beſt Employ,
Thy Preſence our eternal Joy.

CCCCXXV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Loveſt thou me? feed my Lambs, John xxi. 15.

1 DO not I love thee, O my LORD?
Behold my Heart and ſee;
And turn each curſed Idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my Soul?
Then let me Nothing love?
Dead be my Heart to every Joy,
When JESUS cannot move.

3 Is not thy Name melodious ſtill
To mine attentive Ear;
Doth not each Pulſe with Pleaſure bound
My Savior's Voice to hear?

4 [Haſt thou a Lamb in all thy Flock,
I would diſdain to feed?
Haſt thou a Foe, before whoſe Face
I fear thy Cauſe to plead?

5 Would not mine ardent Spirit vie
With Angels round the Throne,
To execute thy ſacred Will,
And make thy Glory known?

6 Would not my Heart pour forth its Blood
In Honor of thy Name?
And challenge the cold Hand of Death
To damp th' immortal Flame.]

7 Thou knowſt I love thee, deareſt LORD,
But O! I long to ſoar
Far from the Sphere of mortal Joys,
And learn to love thee more.

CCCCXXVI. L. M. BEDDOME.

Prayer for Miniſters.

1 FATHER of Mercies, bow thine Ear,
Attentive to our earneſt Prayer;
We plead for thoſe who plead for thee,
Succeſsful Pleaders may they be.

2 How great their Work, how vaſt their Charge!
Do thou their anxious Souls enlarge;
Their beſt Acquirements are our Gain,
We ſhare the Bleſſings they obtain.

3 Clothe then with Energy divine
Their Words, and let thoſe Words be thine
To them thy ſacred Truth reveal,
Suppreſs their Fear, inflame their Zeal.

4 Teach them to ſow the precious Seed,
Teach them thy choſen Flock to feed:
Teach them immortal Souls to gain
Souls that will well reward their Pain.

5 Let thronging Multitudes around,
Hear from their Lips the joyful Sound;
In humble Strains thy Grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating Power.

6 Let Sinners break their maſſy Chains,
Diſtreſſed Souls forget their Pains;
Let Light thro' diſtant Realms be ſpread,
And Zion rear her drooping Head.

CCCCXXVII. Altered by RYLAND, Junior.

Prayer for a Revival.

1 SAVIOR, viſit thy Plantation,
Grant us, LORD, a gracious Rain!
All will come to Deſolation,
Unleſs thou return again:
LORD, revive us,
All our Help muſt come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a Diſtance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Leſt, for want of thine Aſſiſtance,
Every Plant ſhould droop and die. Lord, &c.

3 Surely, once thy Garden flouriſh'd,
Every Part look'd gay and green;
Then thy Word our Spirits nouriſh'd,
Happy Seaſons we have ſeen! Lord, &c.

4 But a Drought has ſince ſucceeded,
And a ſad Decline we ſee;
LORD, thy Help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee: Lord, &c.

5 Where are thoſe we counted Leaders,
Fill'd with Zeal, and Love, and Truth?
Old Profeſſors, tall as Cedars,
Bright Examples to our Youth! Lord, &c.

6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We ſhall meet no more below,
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a ſingle Leaf they ſhow: Lord, &c.

7 Younger Plants—the Sight how pleaſant,
Cover'd thick with Bloſſoms ſtood;
But they cauſe us Grief at preſent,
Froſts have nipp'd them in the Bud! Lord, &c.

8 Deareſt Savior, haſten hither,
Thou canſt make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our Hopes be vain! Lord, &c.

9 Let our mutual Love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in Prayers;
Let each one eſteem'd thy Servant,
Shun the World's bewitching Snares: Lord, &c.

10 Break the Tempter's fatal Power,
Turn the ſtony Heart to Fleſh;
And begin, from this good Hour,
To revive thy Work afreſh:
Lord revive us,
All our Help muſt come from thee.

CCCCXXVIII. Helmſley Tune.

Longing for the Spread of the Goſpel.

1 OVER the gloomy Hills of Darkneſs,
Look, my Soul, be ſtill, and gaze,
All the Promiſes do travail
With a glorious Day of Grace:
Bleſſed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious Morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian ſee,
That divine and glorious Conqueſt,
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the Goſpel
Loud reſound from Pole to Pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that ſit in Darkneſs,
Let them have the glorious Light,
And from eaſtern Coaſt to weſtern,
May the Morning chaſe the Night,
And Redemption
Freely purchas'd, win the Day.

4 May the glorious Day approaching,
From eternal Darkneſs dawn,
And the everlaſting Goſpel
Spread abroad thy holy Name;
All the Borders
Of the great IMMANUEL's Land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Goſpel,
Win and conquer, never ceaſe;
May thy laſting wide Dominions
Multiply, and ſtill increaſe;
Sway thy Sceptre,
Savior, all the World around.

CCCCXXIX. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Increaſe of the Church.

1 SHOUT, for the bleſſed JESUS reigns,
Thro' diſtant Lands his Triumphs ſpread:
And Sinners, freed from endleſs Pains,
Own him their Savior and their Head.

2 His Sons and Daughters, from afar,
Daily at Sion's Gate arrive;
Thoſe who were dead in Sin before,
By ſovereign Grace are made alive.

3 Oppreſſors bow beneath his Feet,
O'ercome by his victorious Power:
Princes in humble Poſture wait,
And proud Blaſphemers learn t'adore.

4 Gentiles and Jews his Laws obey,
Nations remote their Offerings bring,
And, unconſtrain'd, their Homage pay
To their exalted GOD and King.

5 O may his Conqueſts ſtill increaſe,
And every Foe his Power ſubdue;
While Angels celebrate his Praiſe
And Saints his growing Glories ſhew.

6 Loud Hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty Songs exalt his Name,
In Songs, as laſting as his Love.

CCCXXX. As the 148th. S——.

The Increaſe of the Meſſiah's Kingdom.

1 ALL hail, incarnate GOD!
The wonderous Things foretold
Of thee in ſacred Writ,
With Joy our Eyes behold:
Still does thine Arm new Trophies wear,
And Monuments of Glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary Head
Its ſilver Honors pays,
To thee the blooming Youth
Devotes his brighteſt Days:
And every Age their Tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conquering King.

3 O haſte, victorious Prince,
That happy glorious Day,
When Souls, like Drops of Dew,
Shall own thy gentle Sway:
Oh may it bleſs our longing Eyes,
And bear our Shouts beyond the Skies.

4 All hail, triumphant LORD,
Eternal be thy Reign;
Behold the Nations ſue
To wear thy gentle Chain:
When Earth and Time are known no more,
Thy Throne ſhall ſtand for ever ſure.

CCCCXXXI. As the 148th.

The compleating of the ſpiritual Temple, Zech. iv. 7.

1 SING to the LORD above,
Who deigns on Earth to raiſe
A Temple to his Love,
A Monument of Praiſe:
Ye Saints around, thro' all its Frame,
Harmonious ſound the Builder's Name.

2 Beneath his Eye and Care
The Edifice ſhall riſe
Majeſtic ſtrong and fair,
And ſhine above the Skies:
There ſhall he place the poliſh'd Stone
Ordain'd the Work of Grace to crown.

COLLECTIONS FOR POOR CHURCHES AND POOR BRETHREN.

CCCCXXXII. B. FRANCIS.

At a Collection for poor Miniſters.

1 PRAISE the Savior, all ye Nations,
Praiſe him, all ye Hoſts above;
Shout, with joyful Acclamations,
His divine victorious Love:
Be his Kingdom now promoted,
Let the Earth her Monarch know;
Be my All to him devoted,
To my LORD my All I owe.

2 See how beauteous on the Mountains
Are their Feet, whoſe grand Deſign
Is to guide us to the Fountains,
That o'erflow with Bliſs divine,—
Who proclaim the joyful Tidings
Of Salvation all around,—
Diſregard the World's Deridings,
And in Works of Love abound.

3 With my Subſtance I will honor
My Redeemer and my LORD;
Were ten thouſand Worlds my Manor,
All were Nothing to his Word:
While the Heralds of Salvation
His abounding Grace proclaim,
Let his Friends of every Station
Gladly join to ſpread his Fame.

CCCCXXXIII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Relieving Christ *in his Members*, Matt. xxv. 40.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy Grace!
Thy Bounties how complete!
How ſhall I count the matchleſs Sum!
How pay the mighty Debt!

2 High on a Throne of radiant Light,
Doſt thou exalted ſhine;
What can my Poverty beſtow,
When all the Worlds are thine?

3 But thou haſt Brethren here below,
The Partners of thy Grace;
And wilt confeſs their humble Names
Before thy Father's Face.

4 In them thou may'ſt be cloth'd, and fed,
And viſited and cheer'd;
And, in their Accents of Diſtreſs,
My Savior's Voice is heard.

5 Thy Face, with Rev'rence and with Love,
We in thy Poor would ſee;
O let us rather beg our Bread
Than keep it back from thee.

CCCCXXXIV. L. M.

Of thine Own have we given thee, 1 Chron xxix. 14.

1 THE Lord, who rules the World's Affairs,
For me a well-ſpread Board prepares;
My grateful Thanks to him ſhall riſe,
He knows my Wants, thoſe Wants ſupplies.

2 And ſhall I grudge to give *his* Poor
A *Mite* from all my generous Store?
No, Lord! the Friends of thine and thee,
Shall *always* find a Friend in me.

CCCCXXXV. L. M. Dr. Gibbons.

The Beneficence of Chriſt for our Imitation, Acts x. 38.

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal Clay,
What were his Works from Day to Day,
But Miracles of Power and Grace,
That ſpread Salvation thro' our Race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in View
Thy Pattern, and thy Steps purſue!
Let Alms beſtow'd, let Kindneſs done
Be witneſs'd by each rolling Sun!

3 That Man may *laſt*, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but Nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank;
Creation's Blot, Creation's Blank:

4 But he, who marks from Day to Day,
In generous Acts his radiant Way,
Treads the ſame Path his Savior trod,
The Path to Glory and to God.

CCCCXXXVI. C. M.

Providing Bags that wax not old, Luke xii. 33.

1 YES, there are Joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in Store;
Treaſure, beyond the changing Sky,
Brighter than golden Ore.

2 The Seeds, which Piety and Love
Have ſcatter'd here below,
In the fair, fertile Fields above,
To ample Harveſts grow.

3 The Mite, my willing Hands can give,
At Jesus' Feet I lay;
Grace ſhall the humble Gift receive,
And Grace at large repay.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

CCCCXXXVII. S. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Praiſe for Converſion, Pſalm lxvi. 16.

1 COME, ye that fear the Lord,
And liſten while I tell,
How narrowly my Feet eſcap'd
The Snares of Death and Hell.

2 The flatt'ring Joys of Senſe
Aſſail'd my fooliſh Heart,
While Satan, with malicious Skill,
Guided the pois'nous Dart.

3 I fell beneath the Stroke,
But fell to riſe again;
My Anguiſh rous'd me into Life,
And Pleaſure ſprung from Pain.

4 Darkneſs, and Shame, and Grief
Oppreſs'd my gloomy Mind;
I look'd around me for Relief,
But no Relief could find.

5 At Length, to God I cry'd;
He heard my plaintive Sigh,
He heard, and inſtantly he ſent
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping Head he rais'd,
My bleeding Wounds he heal'd,
Pardon'd my Sins, and with a Smile
The gracious Pardon ſeal'd.

7 O! may I ne'er forget
The Mercy of my God;
Nor ever want a Tongue to ſpread
His loudeſt Praiſe abroad.

CCCCXXXVIII. C. M.

The Converſion of Sinners a Matter for Prayer and Praiſe.

1 THERE's Joy in Heaven, and Joy on Earth,
When Prodigals return,
To ſee deſponding Souls rejoice,
And haughty Sinners mourn.

2 "Come Saints, and hear what GOD hath done,"
Is a reviving Sound:
O may it ſpread from Sea to Sea,
E'en all the Globe around.

3 Often, O ſovereign LORD, renew
The Wonders of this Day;
That JESUS here may ſee his Seed,
And Satan loſe his Prey.

4 Great GOD, the Work is all thine own,
Thine be the Praiſes too,
Let every Heart and every Tongue
Give thee the Glory due.

CCCCXXXIX. C. M. NEWTON.

Apoſtacy—Will ye alſo go away?

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's Way,
(Alas! what Numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Savior ſay,
"Wilt thou forſake me too?"

2 Ah, LORD! with ſuch a Heart as mine,
Unleſs thou hold me faſt;
I feel I muſt, I ſhall decline,
And prove like them at laſt.

3 Yet thou alone haſt Power, I know,
To ſave a Wretch like me:
To whom, or whither, could I go,
If I ſhould turn from thee?

4 Beyond a Doubt I reſt aſſur'd
Thou art the CHRIST of GOD;
Who haſt eternal Life ſecur'd
By Promiſe and by Blood.

5 The Help of Men and Angels join'd,
Could never reach my Caſe;
Nor can I hope Relief to find,
But in thy boundleſs Grace.

6 No Voice but thine can give me Reſt,
And bid my Fears depart;
No Love but thine can make me bleſs'd,
And ſatisfy my Heart.

7 What Anguiſh has that Queſtion ſtirr'd,
If I will alſo go?
Yet, LORD, relying on thy Word,
I humbly anſwer, No!

CCCCXL. C. M. STEELE.

To whom ſhall we go but unto thee; or, *Life and Safety in* CHRIST *alone*, John vi. 67—69.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my Heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend—
And can my Soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my Hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither ſhall I go,
A wretched Wanderer from my LORD?
Can this dark World of Sin and Woe
One Glimpſe of Happineſs afford?

3 Eternal Life thy Words impart,
On theſe my fainting Spirit lives;
Here ſweeter Comforts cheer my Heart
Than all the Round of Nature gives.

4 Let Earth's alluring Joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One Smile, one bliſsful Smile of thine,
My deareſt LORD, outweighs them all.

5 Thy Name my inmoſt Powers adore,
Thou art my Life, my Joy, my Care:
Depart from thee—'tis Death,—'tis more!
'Tis endleſs Ruin, deep Deſpair!

6 Low at thy Feet my Soul would lie,
Here Safety dwells, and Peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine Eye,
For Life, eternal Life is thine.

CCCCXLI. L. M. DR. GIBBONS.

Prayer for the whole Church.

1 IN thee, thou all-ſufficient GOD,
The Springs of Happineſs ariſe,
That cheer this howling Waſte below,
And bleſs the Manſions of the Skies:

2 We, the Productions of thy Power,
And Penſioners upon thy Love,
Look to thy Throne with longing Eyes,
And wait thy Bleſſings from above:

3 Protect the Young from every Snare,
And let thy Staff ſupport the Old,
Relieve the Poor, nor let the Rich,
Have all their Heritage in Gold.

4 Let joyful Saints ſtill taſte thy Grace,
Give to the Mourners heavenly Day,
Suſtain the Strong, and quick revive,
The withering Plants from their Decay.

BAPTISM.

CCCCXLII. As the old 112th.

Chriſt baptized in Jordan§.

1 IN Jordan's Tide the Baptiſt ſtands,
Immerſing the repenting Jews;
The SON OF GOD the Rite demands,
Nor dares the holy Man refuſe:
JESUS deſcends beneath the Wave,
The Emblem of his future Grave.

2 Wonder ye Heavens! your Maker lies
In Deeps conceal'd from human View;
Ye Saints behold him ſink and riſe,
A fit Example thus for you:
The ſacred Record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the Deed.

3 But lo! from yonder opening Skies,
What Beams of dazzling Glory ſpread!
Dove-like the ETERNAL SPIRIT flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's Head;
Amaz'd they ſee the Power divine,
Around the Savior's Temples ſhine.

4 But hark, my Soul, hark and adore!
What Sounds are thoſe that roll along,
Not like loud Sinai's awful Roar,
But ſoft and ſweet as Gabriel's Song!
"This is my well-beloved Son,
"I ſee well-pleas'd what he hath done."

§ For the Alterations made in this, and ſeveral of the following Hymns on Baptiſm, I am indebted to my venerable Friend, the Rev. Mr. Turner of Abingdon.

5 Thus the ETERNAL FATHER ſpoke,
Who ſhakes Creation with a Nod;
Thro' parting Skies the Accents broke,
And bid us hear the SON OF GOD:
O hear the awful Word To-day,
Hear all ye Nations and obey!

CCCCXLIII. L. M. I. STENNETT.

A Baptiſmal Hymn.

1 THE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the Loſt to ſeek and ſave;
Went humbly down from Jordan's Shore,
To find a Tomb beneath its Wave!

2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil
"All Righteouſneſs," he meekly ſaid;
Why ſhould we then to do his Will,
Or be aſham'd, or be afraid?

3 With thee into thy watery Tomb,
LORD, 'tis our Glory to deſcend;
'Tis wonderous Grace that gives us Room,
To lie interr'd by ſuch a Friend.

4 Yet as the yielding Waves give Way,
To let us ſee the Light again;
So on the Reſurrection Day,
The Bands of Death prov'd weak and vain.

5 Thus when thou ſhalt again appear,
The Gates of Death ſhall open wide,
Our Duſt thy mighty Voice ſhall hear,
And riſe and triumph at thy Side.

CCCCXLIV. Chatham Tune. NORMAN.

Thus it becometh us, &c. Matt. iii. 15.

1. THUS it became the Prince of Grace,
And thus ſhould all the favor'd Race
High Heavens Beheſts fulfil;
For that the condeſcending GOD
Should lead his Followers thro' the Flood,
Was Heaven's eternal Will.

2 'Tis not as led by Cuſtom's Voice,
We make theſe Ways our favor'd Choice,
And thus with Zeal purſue:
No: Heaven's eternal ſovereign LORD
Has, in the Precepts of his Word,
Enjoin'd us thus to do.

3 And ſhall we ever dare deſpiſe
The gracious Mandate of the Skies,
Where condeſcending Heaven,
To ſinful Man's apoſtate Race,
In matchleſs Love, and boundleſs Grace,
His Will reveal'd has given.

4 Thou everlaſting gracious King,
Aſſiſt us now thy Grace to ſing,
And ſtill direct our Way,
To thoſe bright Realms of Peace and Reſt,
Where all th' exulting Tribes are bleſs'd
With one great choral Day.

CCCCXLV. New Jeruſalem Tune. FAWCETT.

Invitation to follow the Lamb,

1 HUMBLE Souls, who ſeek Salvation,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming Blood,
Hear the Voice of Revelation
Tread the Path that JESUS trod:

Flee to him your only Savior,
In his mighty Name confide;
In the whole of your Behaviour
Own him as your ſovereign Guide.

2 Hear the bleſs'd Redeemer call you,
Liſten to his gracious Voice;
Dread no Ills that can befall you,
While you make his Ways your Choice:
JESUS ſays "Let each Believer"
"Be baptized in my Name:"
He himſelf, in Jordan's River,
Was immers'd beneath the Stream.

3 Plainly here his Footſteps tracing,
Follow him without Delay;
Gladly his Command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the Way:
View the Rite with Underſtanding;
JESUS' Grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his Example riſe.

CCCCXLVI. C. M.

The Believer conſtrained by the Love of CHRIST *to follow him.*

1 DEAR LORD, and will thy pardoning Love
Embrace a Wretch ſo vile!
Wilt thou my Load of Guilt remove,
And bleſs me with thy Smile!

2 Haſt thou the Croſs for me endur'd,
And all its Shame deſpis'd?
And ſhall I be aſham'd, O LORD,
With thee to be baptiz'd?

3 Didſt thou the great Example lead,
In *Jordan*'s ſwelling Flood?
And ſhall my Pride diſdain the Deed
That's worthy of my GOD?

4 Dear LORD, the Ardor of thy Love
Reproves my cold Delays:
And now my willing Footſteps move
In thy delightful Ways.

CCCCXLVII. C. M. RYLAND, Junior.

Difficulties, in the Way of Duty, ſurmounted—
Hinder me not, Gen. xxiv. 56 §.

1 [WHEN Abram's Servant to procure
A Wife for Iſaac went,
He met Rebekah—told his Wiſh,—
Her Parents gave Conſent.

2 Yet, for ten Days, they urg'd the Man
His Journey to delay;
Hinder me not, he quick reply'd,
Since GOD hath crown'd my Way.

3 'Twas thus I cry'd, when CHRIST the LORD,
My Soul to him did wed;
Hinder me not, nor Friends, nor Foes,
Since GOD my Way hath ſped.

4 Stay ſays the World and taſte awhile
My every pleaſant Sweet;
Hinder me not, my Soul replies,
Becauſe the Way is great.

5 Stay Satan my old Maſter cries,
Or Force ſhall thee detain;
Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My GOD has broke thy Chain.]

§ This Hymn may begin at the 6th Verſe.

6 In all my LORD's appointed Ways,
My Journey I'll purſue;
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd Saints
For I muſt go with you.

7 Thro' Floods and Flames, if JESUS lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, ſhall be my Cry,
Tho' Earth and Hell oppoſe.

8 Thro' Duty, and thro' Trials too
I'll go at his Command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound,
To my Immanuel's Land.

9 And when my Savior calls me Home,
Still this my Cry ſhall be
Hinder me not, come welcome Death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

CCCCXLVIII. C. M. J. STENNETT.

Immerſion.

1 THUS was the great Redeemer plung'd,
In Jordan's ſwelling Flood;
To ſhew he muſt be ſoon baptiz'd,
In Tears, and Sweat, and Blood.

2 Thus was his ſacred Body laid
Beneath the yielding Wave,
Thus was his ſacred Body rais'd
Out of the liquid Grave.

3 LORD, we thy Precepts would obey,
In thy own Footſteps tread;
Would die, be buried, riſe with thee,
Our ever-living Head.

CCCCXLIX. Sevens.

Buried with CHRIST *in Baptiſm*, Rom. vi. 4.

1. JESUS, mighty King in Sion!
Thou alone our Guide ſhalt be;
Thy Commiſſion we rely on,
We would follow none but thee.

2. As an Emblem of thy Paſſion,
And thy Victory o'er the Grave;
We who know thy great Salvation
Are baptiz'd beneath the Wave.

3. Fearleſs of the World's deſpiſing,
We the ancient Path purſue;
Buried with our LORD, and riſing
To a Life divinely new.

CCCCL. L. M. J. STENNETT.

A Baptiſmal Hymn.

1. SEE how the willing Converts trace
The Path their great Redeemer trod;
And follow thro' his liquid Grave,
The meek the lowly Son of GOD!

2. Here they renounce their former Deeds,
And to a heavenly Life aſpire;
Their Rags for glorious Robes exchang'd,
They ſhine in clean and bright Attire!

3. O ſacred Rite, by thee the Name
Of JESUS we to own begin:
This is our Reſurrection Pledge,
Pledge of the Pardon of our Sin.

4. Glory to GOD on high be given,
Who ſhews his Grace to ſinful Men;
Let Saints on Earth, and Hoſts in Heaven,
In Concert join their loud AMEN.

CCCCLI. L.M. Gregg. Alter'd by B. Francis.

Not aſhamed of Christ.

1 JESUS! and ſhall it ever be
A mortal Man aſham'd of thee!
Aſham'd of thee, whom Angels praiſe,
Whoſe Glories ſhine thro' endleſs Days!

2 Aſham'd of Jesus! ſooner far
Let Evening bluſh to own a Star;
He ſheds the Beams of Light divine,
O'er this benighted Soul of mine.

3 Aſham'd of Jesus! juſt as ſoon
Let Midnight be aſham'd of Noon;
'Tis Midnight with my Soul till he,
Bright Morning-Star! bid Darkneſs flee.

4 Aſham'd of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my Hopes of Heaven depend!
No; when I bluſh—be this my Shame,
That I no more revere his Name.

5 Aſham'd of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no Guilt to waſh away;
No Tear to wipe, no Good to crave,
No Fears to quell, no Soul to ſave.

6 Till then—nor is my Boaſting vain—
Till then, I boaſt a Savior ſlain!
And O, may this my Glory be,
That Christ is not aſham'd of me!

7 [His Inſtitutions would I prize,
Take up my Croſs—the Shame deſpiſe;
Dare to defend his noble Cauſe,
And yield Obedience to his Laws.]

CCCCLII. L. M.

The Candidates—they were baptized both Men and Women, Acts viii. 12.

1 GREAT GOD, we in thy Courts appear,
With humble Joy and holy Fear,
Thy wiſe Injunctions to obey;
Let Saints and Angels hail the Day!

2 Great Things, O everlaſting Son,
Great Things for us thy Grace has done;
Conſtrain'd by thy Almighty Love,
Our willing Feet to meet thee move.

3 In thy Aſſembly, here we ſtand,
Obedient to thy great Command;
The ſacred Flood is full in View,
And thy ſweet Voice invites us thro'.

4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Muſt not invite and be deny'd;
Was not the LORD, who came to ſave,
Inter'd in ſuch a liquid Grave?

5 Thus we, dear Savior, own thy Name,
Receive us riſing from the Stream;
Then to thy Table let us come,
And dwell in Sion as our Home.

CCCCLIII. C. M. BEDDOME.

Morning before Baptiſm; or, *at the Water Side*, Pſalm cxix. 32.

1 HOW great, how ſolemn is the Work,
Which we attend To-day!
Now for a holy, ſolemn Frame,
O GOD to thee we pray.

2 O may we feel, as once we felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at Heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting Look,
Reliev'd our every Smart.

3 Let Graces, then in Exercise
Be exercis'd again;
And, nurtur'd by celestial Power,
In Exercise remain.

4 Awake our Love, our Fear, our Hope,
Wake Fortitude and Joy;
Vain World be gone, let Things above
Our happy Thoughts employ.

5 Whilst thee, our Savior and our GOD,
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious, rival Lust,
Each Traitor from the Throne.

6 Instruct our Minds, our Wills subdue,
To Heaven our Passions raise,
That hence our Lives, our All may be
Devoted to thy Praise.

CCCCLIV. L. M.

The Administrator.

1 "GO teach the Nations, and baptize,"
Aloud th' ascending JESUS cries:
His glad Apostles took the Word,
And round the Nations preach'd their LORD.

2 Commission'd thus by Zion's King,
We to his holy Laver bring
These happy Converts, who have known
And trusted in his Grace alone.

3 LORD, in thy House they seek thy Face,
O bless them with peculiar Grace:
Refresh their Souls with Love divine;
Let Beams of Glory round them shine.

BAPTISM.

SINGLE VERSES ON BAPTISM§.

CCCCLV—CCCCLXVII. L. M.

WHate'er to thee, our LORD, belongs
Is always worthy of our Songs;
And all thy Works, and all thy Ways
Demand our Wonder and our Praiſe.

BEDDOME.

Hoſannah to the Church's Head,
Who ſuffer'd in our Room and Stead,
He was immers'd in Jordan's Flood,
And then immers'd in Sweat and Blood.

J. STENNETT.

Behold the Grave where JESUS lay,
Before he ſhed his precious Blood!
How plain he mark'd the humble Way,
To Sinners thro' the myſtic Flood!

BEDDOME.

Come, ye redeemed of the LORD,
Come, and obey his ſacred Word;
He died, and roſe again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

BEDDOME.

We to this Place are come, to ſhow
What we to boundleſs Mercy owe;
The Savior's Footſteps to explore,
And tread the Path he trod before.

BEDDOME.

Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On theſe baptiſmal Waters move;
That we thro' Energy divine,
May have the Subſtance with the Sign.

§ As it is now pretty common to ſing by the Water-Side, and as ſome of our Brethren in the Country give out a Verſe or two while they are adminiſtering the Ordinance, it is hoped theſe ſingle Verſes will be acceptable.

BAPTISM.

All ye that love IMMANUEL's Name,
And long to feel th' increaſing Flame,
'Tis you, ye Children of the Light!
The Spirit and the Bride invite.

H. F——.

Ye who your native Vileneſs mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Who ſee your wretched State by Sin,
"Ye bleſſed of the LORD, come in."

H. F——.

JESUS, my SAVIOR and my All,
Methinks I hear thy gentle Call;
Theſe are the Sounds that chide my Stay,
"Ariſe, my Love, and come away."

H. F——.

Amazing Grace! and ſhall I ſtill
Prove diſobedient to thy Will?
Ah No: dear LORD, the watery Tomb
Belongs to thee, and there I come.

H——.

Apoſtles trod this holy Ground,
This is the Road Believers go;
My JESUS in this Way was found,
I charge my Soul to tread it too.

J. STENNETT.

With lowly Minds, and lofty Songs,
Let all admire the SAVIOR's Grace,
Till the great riſing Day reveal
Th' immortal Glory of his Face.

G——.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
We humbly dedicate our Powers:
If with Jehovah's Bleſſing crown'd,
Immortal Happineſs is ours.

CCCCLXVIII. As the 148th.

An Addreſs to the Holy Spirit.

1 DESCEND celeſtial Dove,
And make thy Preſence known;
Reveal our Savior's Love
And ſeal us for thine own,
Unbleſs'd by thee, our Works are vain,
Nor can we e'er Acceptance gain.

2 When our incarnate GOD,
The Sovereign Prince of Light,
In Jordan's ſwelling Flood
Receiv'd the holy Rite;
In open View, thy Form came down,
And Dove like flew, the King to crown.

3 The Day was never known,
Since Time began its Race,
On which ſuch Glory ſhone,
On which was ſhewn ſuch Grace,
As that which ſhed, in Jordan's Stream
On JESUS' Head the heavenly Beam.

4 Continue ſtill to ſhine,
And fill us with thy Fire:
This Ordinance is thine,
Do thou our Souls inſpire!
Thou wilt attend on all thy Sons
"'Till Time ſhall end," thy Promiſe runs.

CCCCLXIX. C. M. JAMES NEWTON.

After Baptiſm, Mark xvi. 16.

1 "PROCLAIM," ſaith CHRIST, "my wonderous Grace,
"To all the Sons of Men;
"He that believes, and is baptiz'd,
"Salvation ſhall obtain."

2 Let plenteous Grace deſcend on thoſe,
Who, hoping in thy Word,
This Day have publicly declar'd
That JESUS is their LORD.

3 With cheerful Feet, may they advance
And run the Chriſtian Race;
And, thro' the Troubles of the Way,
Find all-ſufficient Grace.

CCCCLXX. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

A Practical Improvement of Baptiſm, Col. iii. 1.

1 ATTEND, ye Children of your GOD;
Ye Heirs of Glory hear;
For Accents, ſo divine as theſe,
Might charm the dulleſt Ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Savior's Death,
Your Souls to Sin muſt die;
With CHRIST your LORD, ye live anew,
With CHRIST aſcend on high.

3 There by his Father's Side he ſits,
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns himſelf your Brother ſtill,
And your Forerunner there.

4 Riſe from theſe earthly Trifles, riſe
On Wings of Faith and Love;
Above your choiceſt Treaſure lies,
And be your Hearts above.

5 But Earth and Sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
LORD, ſend thy ſtrong attractive Power
To raiſe and fix us high.

CCCCLXXI. C. M. BEDDOME.

The Reflection of a baptized Believer—He went on his Way rejoicing, Acts viii. 39.

1 THE holy Eunuch, when baptiz'd,
Went on his Way with Joy:
And who can tell what rapturous Thoughts,
Did then his Mind employ?

2 "Is that moſt glorious Savior mine
" Of whom I lately read?
" Who bearing all my Sins and Griefs,
" Was number'd with the Dead?

3 " Is he who burſting from the Grave,
" Now reigns above the Sky,
" My Advocate before the Throne,
" My Portion when I die?

4 " Have I profeſs'd his holy Name?
" Do I his Goſpel bear
" To Ethiopia's ſcorched Lands,
" And ſhall I ſpread it there?

5 " Bleſs'd Pool! in which I lately lay,
" And left my Fears behind;
" What an unworthy Wretch am I!
" And GOD profuſely kind!

6 " Bleſs'd Emblem of that precious Blood
" Which ſatisfy'd for Sin;
" And of that renovating Grace,
" Which makes the Conſcience clean."

This Pattern, LORD, with ſacred Joy
Help us to keep in View;
The ſame our Work, the ſame, O make
Our Conſolation too.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

CCCCLXXII. L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric.

A Preparatory Thought for the Lord's *Supper. In Imitation of* Iſaiah lxiii. 1—3.

1 WHAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the Skies,
Array'd in Garments roll'd in Blood,
With Joy and Pity in his Eyes?

2 The Lord! the Savior! Yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the Smiles he wears;
Dear glorious Man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in Agonies and Tears.

3 Lo, he reveals his ſhining Breaſt;
I own thoſe Wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal Feaſt,
Sweet Fruit of the ſharp Pangs he bore.

4 Whence flow theſe Favors ſo divine!
Lord! why ſo laviſh of thy Blood?
Why for ſuch earthly Souls as mine!
This heavenly Fleſh, this ſacred Food?

5 'Twas his own Love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the curſed Tree;
'Twas his own Love this Table ſpread
For ſuch unworthy Worms as we.

6 Then let us taſte the Savior's Love;
Come, Faith, and feed upon the Lord;
With glad Conſent our Lips ſhall move,
And ſweet Hoſannah's crown the Board.

CCCCLXXIII. C. M. STEELE.

An Invitation to the Goſpel Feaſt, Luke xiv. 22.

1 YE wretched, hungry, ſtarving Poor,
Behold a royal Feaſt!
Where Mercy ſpreads her bounteous Store,
For every humble Gueſt.

2 See, JESUS ſtands with open Arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and Fear alarms;
But ſee, there yet is Room.

3 Room in the Savior's bleeding Heart;
There Love and Pity meet;
Nor will he bid the Soul depart,
That trembles at his Feet.

4 In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your Souls to come;
The Rebel ſhall be call'd a Child,
And kindly welcom'd Home.

5 O come, and with his Children taſte
The Bleſſings of his Love;
While Hope attends the ſweet Repaſt
Of nobler Joys above.

6 There, with united Heart and Voice,
Before th' eternal Throne,
Ten thouſand thouſand Souls rejoice,
In Ecſtaſies unknown.

7 And yet ten Thouſand Thouſand more,
Are welcome ſtill to come:
Ye longing Souls, the Grace adore;
Approach, there yet is Room.

CCCCLXXIV. L. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC, altered.

CHRIST *dying, riſing, and reigning.*

1 HE dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's Daughters weep around!
A ſolemn Darkneſs veils the Skies!
A ſudden Trembling ſhakes the Ground!
Come, Saints, and drop a Tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your Load;
He ſhed a thouſand Drops for you,
A thouſand Drops of richer Blood!

2 Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,
The LORD of Glory dies for Man!
But Lo! what ſudden Joys we ſee!
JESUS the Dead revives again!
The riſing GOD forſakes the Tomb!
Up to his Father's Court he flies;
Cherubic Legions guard him Home,
And ſhout him welcome to the Skies!

3 Break off your Tears, ye Saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns!
Sing how he ſpoil'd the Hoſts of Hell,
And led the Monſter, Death, in Chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wonderous King,
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the Monſter, "Where's thy Sting?
"And where's thy Victory, boaſting Grave?"

CCCCLXXV. C. M. I. STENNETT.

A Sacramental Hymn.

1 JESUS! O Word divinely ſweet!
How charming is the Sound!
What joyful News! what heavenly Senſe
In that dear Name is found!

1 Our Souls, all guilty, and condemn'd,
In hopeleſs Fetters lay;
Our Souls, with numerous Sins deprav'd,
To Death and Hell a Prey.

3 JESUS, to purge away this Guilt
A willing Victim fell,
And on his Croſs triumphant broke
The Bands of Death and Hell.

4 Our Foes were mighty to deſtroy;
He mighty was to ſave:
He dy'd, but could not long be held
A Priſoner in the Grave.

5 JESUS! who mighty art to ſave,
Still puſh thy Conqueſts on;
Extend the Triumphs of thy Croſs,
Where'er the Sun has ſhone.

6 O Captain of Salvation! make
Thy Power and Mercy known;
Till Crowds of willing Converts come
And worſhip at thy Throne.

CCCCLXXVI. L. M. I. STENNETT.

A Sacramental Hymn.

1 THUS we commemorate the Day,
On which our deareſt LORD was ſlain;
Thus we our pious Homage pay,
Till he appears on Earth again.

2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide
The Curtains of the parting Sky;
On a bright Cloud in Triumph ride,
And on the Wind's ſwift Pinions fly.

3 Come, King of Kings, with thy bright Train,
Cherubs, and Seraphs, heavenly Hoſts;
Aſſume thy Right, enlarge thy Reign
As far as Earth extends her Coaſts.

4 Come, LORD, and where thy Croſs once ſtood
There plant thy Banner, fix thy Throne;
Subdue the Rebels by thy Word,
And claim the Nations for thy own.

CCCCLXXVII. L. M. BEDDOME.

Holy Admiration and Joy.

1 JESUS, when Faith with fixed Eyes
Beholds thy wonderous Sacrifice,
Love riſes to an ardent Flame,
And we all other Hope diſdain.

2 With cold Affections who can ſee
The Thorns, the Scourge, the Nails, the Tree,
Thy flowing Tears, and purple Sweat,
Thy bleeding Hands, and Head, and Feet?

3 Look, Saints, into his opening Side,
The Breach how large, how deep, how wide;
Thence iſſues forth a double Flood,
Of cleanſing Water, pardoning Blood.

4 Hence, O my Soul, a Balſam flows,
To heal thy Wounds and cure thy Woes;
Immortal Joys come ſtreaming down,
Joys, like his Griefs, immenſe, unknown.

5 Thus I could ſit, and ever ſing
The Sufferings of my heavenly King;
With growing Pleaſure ſpread abroad
The Myſteries of a dying GOD.

CCCCLXXVIII. L. M.

Meditating on the Croſs of CHRIST.

1 COME ſee on bloody *Calvary*,
Suſpended on th' accurſed Tree,
A wretched Suff'rer cover'd o'er
With Shame, and weltering in his Gore.

2 Is this the Savior long foretold
To uſher in the Age of Gold?
To make the Reign of Sorrow ceaſe,
And bind the jarring World in Peace?

3 'Tis He, 'tis He,—he kindly ſhrouds
His Glories in a Night of Clouds,
That Souls might from their Ruin riſe,
And heir the unperiſhable Skies.

4 See to their Refuge and their Reſt,
From all the Bonds of Guilt releas'd,
Tranſgreſſors to his Croſs repair,
And find a full Redemption there.

5 JESUS, what Millions of our Race
Have been the Triumphs of thy Grace,
And Millions more to thee ſhall fly,
And on thy Sacrifice rely?

6 That TREE, that curſe-empoiſon'd Tree,
Which prov'd a bloody Rack to thee,
Shall in the nobleſt Bleſſings ſhoot,
And fill the Nations with its Fruit.

7 The Sorrow, Shame, and Death were thine,
And all the Stores of Wrath divine;
Ours are the Glory, Life, and Bliſs:
What Love can be compar'd to this.

CCCCLXXIX. L. M. D. TURNER.

Set him above all Principalities and Powers—worthy is the Lamb that was ſlain to receive Glory, and Bleſſing, Epheſ. i. 21. Rev. v. 12.

1 NOW far above theſe ſtarry Skies,
Our JESUS fills his brighter Throne,
Inviſible to mortal Eyes,
But not to humble Faith unknown.

2 [The countleſs Hoſts that round him ſtand,
The Subjects of his ſovereign Power;
Fly thro' the World at his Command,
Or proſtrate at his Feet adore.

3 Satan, and all his rebel Crew,
That rag'd to pull his Kingdom down;
Cruſh'd by his Hand, in Ruin now
Lie trembling at his awful Frown.

4 His Name above all Creatures great,
He all ſuſtains and all controls;
Yet from his high exalted State,
Looks kindly down on humble Souls.]

5 Tho', in the Glories he poſſeſs'd
Long e'er this World, or Time began,
He ſhines the SON OF GOD, confeſs'd,
Yet owns himſelf the SON OF MAN.

6 Here once in Agonies he dy'd,
Now in the Heavens he ever lives;
Of Joy *there* pours th' eternal Tide,
Here ſaves the Sinner who believes.

7 All hail! thou great IMMANUEL, hail!
Ten thouſand Bleſſings on thy Name!
While thus thy wonderous Love we tell,
Our Boſoms feel the ſacred Flame.

8 Come, quickly come, immortal King!
On Earth thy regal Honors raiſe;
The full Salvation promis'd, bring,
Then every Tongue ſhall ſing thy Praiſe!

CCCCLXXX. L. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC.

Love on a Croſs and a Throne.

1 NOW let our Faith grow ſtrong, and riſe,
And view our LORD in all his Love;
Look back to hear his dying Cries,
Then mount and ſee his Throne above.

2 See where he languiſh'd on the Croſs;
Beneath our Sins he groan'd and dy'd;
See where he ſits to plead our Cauſe
By his Almighty Father's Side.

3 If we behold his bleeding Heart,
There Love in Floods of Sorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing Smart,
And ſeals our Pleaſure with his Pains.

4 Or if we climb th' eternal Hills
Where the dear CONQUEROR ſits enthron'd;
Still in his Heart Compaſſion dwells,
Near the Memorials of his Wound.

5 How ſhall vile pardon'd Rebels ſhow
How much they love their dying GOD?
LORD, here we'd baniſh every Foe,
We hate the Sins that coſt thy Blood.

6 Commerce, no more, we hold with Hell,
Our deareſt Luſts ſhall all depart;
But let thine Image ever dwell
Stampt as a Seal on every Heart.

CCCCLXXXI. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

The Triumphs of the Croſs.

1 NO more, dear Savior, will I boaſt
Of Beauty, Wealth, or loud Applauſe:
The World hath all its Glories loſt,
Amid the Triumphs of thy Croſs.

2 In every Feature of thy Face,
Beauty her faireſt Charms diſplays;
Truth, Wiſdom, Majeſty and Grace
Shine thence in ſweetly mingled Rays.

3 Thy Wealth the Power of Thought tranſcends,
'Tis vaſt, immenſe, and all divine:
Thy Empire, Lord, o'er Worlds extends;
The Sun, the Moon, the Stars are thine.

4 Yet, (O how marvellous the Sight!)
I ſee thee on a Croſs expire;
Thy Godhead veil'd in ſable Night;
And Angels from the Scene retire.

5 But, why from theſe ſad Scenes retreat?
Why with your Wings your Faces hide?
He ne'er appear'd ſo good, ſo great,
As when he bow'd his Head and died.

6 The Indignation of a God
On him avenging Juſtice hurl'd:
Beneath the Weight he firmly ſtood,
And nobly ſav'd a falling World.

7 Theſe Triumphs of ſtupendous Grace
Surpriſe, rejoice, and melt my Heart;
Lord, at thy Croſs I ſtand and gaze,
Nor would I ever thence depart!

CCCCLXXXII. C. M. Dr. J. Stennett.

Sacramental Hymn.

1 LORD, at thy Table I behold
The Wonders of thy Grace;
But moſt of all admire that I
Should find a welcome Place.—

2 I that am all defil'd with Sin,
A Rebel to my GOD;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his Blood.

3 What ſtrange ſurpriſing Grace is this,
That ſuch a Soul has Room!
My Savior takes me by the Hand,
My JESUS bids me come.

4 Eat, O my Friends, the Savior cries,
The Feaſt was made for you:
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And roſe, and triumph'd too.

5 With trembling Faith, and bleeding Hearts,
LORD, we accept thy Love:
'Tis a rich Banquet we have had,
What will it be above?

6 Ye Saints below, and Hoſts of Heaven,
Join all your praiſing Powers:
No Theme is like Redeeming Love,
No Savior is like ours.

7 Had I ten thouſand Hearts, dear LORD,
I'd give them all to thee:
Had I ten thouſand Tongues, they all
Shou'd join the Harmony.

CCCCLXXXIII. C. M. Dr. S. Stennet

My Fleſh is Meat indeed, John vi. 65.

1 HERE at thy Table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on Food divine:
Thy Body is the Bread we eat,
Thy precious Blood the Wine.

2 He that prepares this rich Repaſt,
Himſelf comes down and dies;
And then invites us, thus to feaſt
Upon the Sacrifice.

3 The bitter Torments he endur'd
Upon the ſhameful Croſs,
For us, his welcome Gueſts, procur'd
Theſe Heart-reviving Joys.

4 His Body torn with rudeſt Hands,
Becomes the fineſt Bread;
And with the Bleſſing he commands,
Our nobleſt Hopes are fed.

5 His Blood that from each opening Vein
In purple Torrents ran,
Hath fill'd this Cup with gen'rous Wine,
That cheers both God and Man.

6 Sure there was never Love ſo free,
Dear Savior, ſo divine!
Well thou may'ſt claim that Heart of me,
Which owes ſo much to thine.

7 Yes, thou ſhalt ſurely have my Heart,
My Soul, my Strength, my All:
With Life itſelf I'll freely part,
My Jesus, at thy Call.

CCCCLXXXIV. L. M. BEDDOME.

JESUS *wept—he died—ſee how he loved us,*
John xi. 35.

SO fair a Face bedew'd with Tears!
What Beauty e'en in Grief appears?
He wept, he bled, he died for you;
What more, ye Saints, could JESUS do?

Enthron'd above with equal Glow
His warm Affections downward flow;
In our Diſtreſs he bears a Part,
And feels a ſympathetic Smart.

Still his Compaſſions are the ſame,
He knows the Frailty of our Frame;
Our heavieſt Burdens he ſuſtains,
Shares in our Sorrows, and our Pains.

CCCCLXXXV. C. M. STEELE.

The Wonders of Redemption.

AND did the Holy and the Juſt,
The Sovereign of the Skies,
Stoop down to Wretchedneſs and Duſt,
That guilty Worms might riſe?

Yes, the Redeemer left his Throne,
His radiant Throne on high,
(Surpriſing Mercy! Love unknown!)
To ſuffer, bleed and die.

He took the dying Traitor's Place,
And ſuffer'd in his Stead;
For Man, (O Miracle of Grace!)
For Man the Savior bled!

Dear LORD, what heavenly Wonders dwell
In thy atoning Blood?
By this are Sinners ſnatch'd from Hell,
And Rebels brought to GOD.

5 JESUS, my Soul, adoring, bends
To Love ſo full, ſo free;
And may I hope that Love extends
Its ſacred Power to me?

6 What glad Return can I impart
For Favors ſo divine?
O take my All—this worthleſs Heart,
And make it only thine.

CCCCLXXXVI. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Room at the Goſpel-Feaſt, Luke xiv. 22.

1 THE King of Heaven his Table ſpreads,
And Dainties crown the Board;
Not Paradiſe, with all its Joys,
Could ſuch Delight afford.

2 Pardon and Peace to dying Men,
And endleſs Life are given;
Thro' the rich Blood that JESUS ſhed
To raiſe the Soul to Heaven.

3 Ye hungry Poor, that long have ſtray'd,
In Sin's dark Mazes, come;
Come, from your moſt obſcure Retreats,
And Grace ſhall find you Room.

4 Millions of Souls, in Glory now,
Were fed, and feaſted here;
And Millions more, ſtill on the Way,
Around the Board appear.

5 Yet is his Houſe and Heart ſo large,
That Millions more may come,
Nor could the whole aſſembled World
O'er-fill the ſpacious Room.

6 All Things are ready, come away,
Nor weak Excuſes frame;
Crowd to your Places at the Feaſt,
And bleſs the Founder's Name.

CCCCLXXXVII. L. M. STEELE.

Communion with CHRIST *at his Table.*

1 TO JESUS our exalted LORD,
(Dear Name, by Heaven and Earth ador'd!
Fain would our Hearts and Voices raiſe
A cheerful Song of ſacred Praiſe.

2 But all the Notes which Mortals know,
Are weak and languiſhing and low;
Far, far above our humble Songs,
The Theme demands immortal Tongues.

3 Yet while around his Board we meet,
And humbly worſhip at his Feet;
O let our warm Affections move
In glad Returns of grateful Love!

4 Let Faith our feeble Senſes aid,
To ſee thy wonderous Love diſplay'd;
Thy broken Fleſh, thy bleeding Veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing Pains.

5 Let humble penitential Woe,
With painful, pleaſing Anguiſh, flow;
And thy forgiving Smiles impart
Life, Hope, and Joy to every Heart.

CCCCLXXXVIII. C.M. STEELE.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious Name,
Awake the ſacred Song!
O may his Love (immortal Flame!)
Tune every Heart and Tongue.

2 His Love, what mortal Thought can reach?
What mortal Tongue diſplay?
Imagination's utmoſt Stretch
In Wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant Throne on high,
Left the bright Realms of Bliſs,
And came to Earth to bleed and die!—
Was ever Love like this!

4 Dear LORD, while we adoring pay
Our humble Thanks to thee;
May every Heart with Rapture ſay,
The Savior dy'd for me.

5 O may the ſweet, the bliſsful Theme
Fill every Heart and Tongue;
Till Strangers love thy charming Name,
And join the ſacred Song.

CCCCLXXXIX. The 148th. DR. S. STENNETT.

A Song of Praiſe to CHRIST.

1 COME, every pious Heart
That loves the Savior's Name,
Your nobleſt Powers exert
To celebrate his Fame:
Tell All above, and All below,
The Debt of Love, to him you owe.

2 Such was his Zeal for GOD,
And ſuch his Love for you,
He nobly undertook
What Gabriel could not do:
His every Deed of Love and Grace
All Words exceed, and Thoughts ſurpaſs.

3 He left his ſtarry Crown,
And laid his Robes aſide;
On Wings of Love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endur'd, O who can tell?
To ſave our Souls from Death and Hell.

4 From the dark Grave he roſe,
The Manſion of the Dead;
And thence his mighty Foes
In glorious Triumph led:
Up thro' the Sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Savior GOD.

5 From thence he'll quickly come,
His Chariot will not ſtay,
And bear our Spirits Home
To Realms of endleſs Day:
There ſhall we ſee his lovely Face,
And ever be in his Embrace.

6 JESUS, we ne'er can pay
The Debt we owe thy Love:
Yet, tell us how we may
Our Gratitude approve:
Our Hearts, our All, to thee we give:
The Gift, tho' ſmall, thou wilt receive.

CCCCXC. L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

Self-Dedication at the LORD's *Table.*

1 LORD, am I thine, entirely thine?
Purchas'd and ſav'd by Blood divine?
With full Conſent thine I would be,
And own thy ſovereign Right in me.

2 Thee my new Maſter now I call,
And conſecrate to thee, my All:
LORD, let me live and die to thee,
Be thine thro' all Eternity.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

CCCCXCI. C. M.

A Morning Hymn.

1 TO Thee, let my firſt Offerings riſe,
Whoſe Sun creates the Day,
Swift as his gladdening Influence flies,
And ſpotleſs as his Ray.

2 This Day thy favoring Hand be nigh!
So oft vouchſaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, ſupply!
And I that Hand adore!

3 If Bliſs thy Providence impart,
For which reſign'd I pray;
Give me to feel the grateful Heart!
And without Guilt be gay!

4 Affliction, ſhould thy Love intend,
As Vice or Folly's Cure;
Patient, to gain that gracious End,
May I the Means endure!

5 Be this, and every future Day
Still wiſer than the Paſt!
And when I all my Life ſurvey,
May Grace ſuſtain at laſt.

[CCCCXCII. C. M. D. TURNER.

A Morning Hymn.

1 WITH thee, great GOD, the Stores of Light,
And Stores of Darkneſs lie;
Thou form'ſt the ſable Robe of Night,
And ſpread'ſt it round the Sky.

2 And when, with welcome Slumbers preſs'd,
We cloſe our weary Eyes,
Thy Power, unſeen, ſecures our Reſt,
And makes us joyous riſe.

3 Numbers, this Night, great GOD, have met
Their long eternal Doom;
And loſt the Joys of Morning Light
In Death's tremendous Gloom.

4 Numbers on reſtleſs Beds ſtill lie,
And ſtill their Woes bewail;
While we, by thy kind Hand uprais'd,
A thouſand Pleaſures feel.

5 To thee, great GOD, in thankful Songs,
Our Morning Thoughts ariſe;
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing Sacrifice.

CCCCXCIII. Chatham Tune. W—.

Morning.

1 LORD I am vile!—what ſhall I ſay?
I live to ſee another Day,
O let me live to thee!
A thouſand Years to hope for this,
Should be unutterable Bliſs;
What muſt Fruition be!

2 Eye hath not ſeen, nor Ear hath heard,
What JESUS hath for his prepar'd,
Nor can the Heart conceive;
Thou haſt commanded me, To-day,
To live by Faith, and I'd obey,
LORD, help me to believe.

CCCCXCIV. S. M. S—.

A Morning Hymn.

1 SEE how the mounting Sun
Purſues his ſhining Way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's Praiſe,
With every brightening Ray.

2 Thus would my riſing Soul
Its heavenly Parent ſing;
And to its great Original
The humble Tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian Care;
I ſlept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preſerver near!

4 Thus does thine Arm ſupport
This weak defenceleſs Frame;
But whence theſe Favors, LORD, to me,
All worthleſs as I am?

5 Oh! how ſhall I repay
The Bounties of my GOD?
This feeble Spirit pants beneath
The pleaſing, painful Load.

6 Dear Savior, to thy Croſs
I bring my Sacrifice;
Ting'd with thy Blood, it ſhall aſcend
With Fragrance to the Skies.

7 My Life I would anew
Devote, O LORD, to thee;
And, in thy Service, I would ſpend
A long Eternity.

CCCCXCV. L. M.

An Evening Hymn.

1 GREAT GOD, to thee my Evening Song,
With humble Gratitude I raiſe,
O let thy Mercy tune my Tongue,
And fill my Heart with lively Praiſe.

2 My Days unclouded, as they paſs,
And every gentle rolling Hour,
Are Monuments of wonderous Grace,
And witneſs to thy Love and Power.

3 And yet this thoughtleſs, wretched Heart,
Too oft regardleſs of thy Love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And fond of Trifles vainly rove.

4 Seal my Forgiveneſs in the Blood
Of JESUS: his dear Name alone
I plead for Pardon, gracious GOD,
And kind Acceptance at thy Throne.

5 Let this bleſt Hope mine Eye-Lids cloſe,
With Sleep refreſh my feeble Frame;
Safe in thy Care may I repoſe,
And wake with Praiſes to thy Name.

CCCCXCVI. L. M. BP. KEN.

An Evening Hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, my GOD, this Night,
For all the Bleſſings of the Light;
Keep me, O keep me, KING of KINGS,
Beneath thy own Almighty Wings.

2 Forgive me, LORD, for thy dear Son,
The Ill that I this Day have done;
That, with the World, myſelf and thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at Peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The Grave as little as my Bed;
Teach me to die, that ſo I may
Riſe glorious at the awful Day.

4 O may my Soul on thee repoſe!
And may ſweet Sleep mine Eye-Lids cloſe;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To ſerve my GOD, when I awake.

5 If in the Night I ſleepleſs lie,
My Soul with heavenly Thoughts ſupply;
Let no ill Dreams diſturb my Reſt,
No Powers of Darkneſs me moleſt.
Praiſe GOD, &c.

CCCCXCVII. C. M. M——

An Evening Hymn.

1 NOW from the Altar of our Hearts,
Let Flames of Love ariſe;
Aſſiſt us, LORD, to offer up
Our Evening Sacrifice.

2 Minutes and Mercies multiply'd,
Have made up all this Day;
Minutes came quick, but Mercies were
More ſwift and free than they.

3 New Time, new Favor, and new Joys,
Do a new Song require
Till we ſhall praiſe thee as we would,
Accept our Hearts Deſire.

4 LORD of our Days, whoſe Hand hath ſet
New Time upon our Score;
Thee may we praiſe for all our Time,
When Time ſhall be no more.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

CCCCXCVIII. C. M. NEEDHAM.

On the Spring.

1 THE icy Chains that bound the Earth
Are now diſſolv'd and gone:
Wak'd by the Sun, the blooming Spring
Puts his new Livery on.

2 Where awful Deſolation reign'd
Bleſt Plenty rears her Head;
Exulting with a Smile to ſee
Her late Deſtroyer fled.

3 Teeming with Life, th' advancing Sun
Protracts the falling Day;
Grand Light of Heaven! he ſeems to wiſh
To make a longer Stay.

4 In Clouds of Gold behold him ſet,
Beyond the Weſt he flies:
Short is his nightly Courſe, and ſoon
He gilds the eaſtern Skies.

5 My Soul! in every Scene admire
The Wiſdom and the Power:
Behold the GOD in every Plant,
In every opening Flower.

6 Yet in his Word, the GOD of Grace
Has wrote his fairer Name:
The Wonders of redeeming Love
My nobleſt Songs ſhall claim.

7 With warmeſt Beams, thou GOD of Grace,
Shine on this Heart of mine:
Turn thou my Winter into SPRING,
And be the Glory thine.

CCCCXCIX. S. M.

The Return of the Spring celebrated.

1 FROM Winter's barren Clods,
From Winter's joyleſs Waſte,
The Spring in ſudden Youth appears,
With blooming Beauty grac'd.

2 How balmy is the Air!
How warm the ſolar Beams!
And to refreſh the Ground, the Rains
Deſcend in gentle Streams.

3 Great GOD, at thy Command
Seaſons in Order riſe;
Thy Power and Love in Concert reign
Thro' Earth, and Seas, and Skies:

4 With grateful Praiſe we own
Thy providential Hand,
While Graſs for Kine, and Herb and Corn
For Men, enrich the Land:

5 But greater ſtill the Gift
Of thine incarnate Son;
By him Forgiveneſs, Peace, and Joy
Thro' endleſs Ages run.

D. C. M.

Spring.

1 BEHOLD! long wiſh'd-for Spring is come,
How alter'd is the Scene!
The Trees and Shrubs are dreſt in Bloom,
The Earth array'd in Green.

2 Where'er we tread, the cluſtering Flowers
Beauteous, around us ſpring;
The Birds, with joint harmonious Powers,
Invite our Hearts to ſing.

3 But ah! in vain I ſtrive to join,
Oppreſt with Sin and Doubt;
I feel 'tis Winter ſtill, within,
Tho' all is Spring without.

4 O! would my Savior from on high,
Break thro' theſe Clouds and ſhine!
No Creature then more bleſt than I,
No Song more loud than mine.

5 LORD, let thy Word my Hopes revive,
And overcome my Foes:
O make my languid Graces thrive
And bloſſom like the Roſe.

DI. C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

On a Year of threatening Drought.

1 THE Spring, great GOD, at thy Command
Leads forth the ſmiling Year;
Gay Verdure, Foliage, Blooms, and Flowers
T' adorn her Reign appear.

2 But ſoon canſt thou in righteous Wrath
Blaſt all the promis'd Joy,
And Elements await thy Nod
To bleſs or to deſtroy.

3 The Sun, thy Miniſter of Love,
That from the naked Ground
Calls forth the hidden Seeds to Birth,
And ſpreads their Beauties round;

4 At the dread Order of his GOD
Now darts deſtructive Fires;
Hills, Plains and Vales are parch'd with Drought,
And blooming Life expires.

5 Like burniſh'd Braſs, the Heaven around
In angry Terror burns,
While the Earth lies a joyleſs Waſte,
And into Iron turns.

6 Pity us, LORD, in our Diſtreſs,
Nor with our Land contend;
Bid the avenging Skies relent,
And Showers of Mercy ſend.

DII. C. M.

On a Year of threatening Rain.

1 HOW haſt thou, LORD, from Year to Year,
Our Land with Plenty crown'd!
And generous Fruit, and golden Grain
Have ſpread their Riches round.

2 But we thy Mercies have abus'd
To more abounding Crimes:
What Heights, what daring Heights in Sin,
Mark and diſgrace our Times.

3 Equal, tho' awful is the Doom
That fierce deſcending Rain
Should into Inundations ſwell,
And cruſh the riſing Grain!

4 How juſt that in the Autumn's Reign,
When we had hop'd to reap,
Our Fields of Sorrow and Deſpair
Should lie an hideous Heap!

5 But, LORD, have Mercy on our Land,
Theſe Floods of Vengeance ſtay;
Diſpel theſe Glooms, and let the Sun
Shine in unclouded Day!

6 To thee alone we look for Help;
None elſe of Dew or Rain
Can give the World the ſmalleſt Drop,
Or ſmalleſt Drop reſtrain.

DIII. L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric.

The God *of Thunder.*

1 O The immenſe, th' amazing Height,
The boundleſs Grandeur of our God,
Who treads the Worlds beneath his Feet,
And ſways the Nations with his Nod.

2 He ſpeaks; and lo, all Nature ſhakes,
Heaven's everlaſting Pillars bow,
He rends the Clouds with hideous Cracks,
And ſhoots his fiery Arrows thro."

3 Well, let the Nations ſtart and fly
At the blue Lightening's horrid Glare,
Atheiſts and Emperors ſhrink and die,
When Flame and Noiſe torment the Air:

4 Let Noiſe and Flame confound the Skies,
And drown the ſpacious Realms below,
Yet will we ſing the Thunderer's Praiſe,
And ſend our loud Hoſannahs thro'.

5 Celeſtial King, thy blazing Power
Kindles our Hearts to flaming Joys,
We ſhout to hear thy Thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's Voice.

6 Thus ſhall the God our Savior come,
And Lightenings round his Chariot play,
Ye Lightenings, fly to make him Room,
Ye glorious Storms, prepare his Way.

DIV. C. M.

Summer—An Harveſt Hymn.

1 TO praiſe the ever bounteous LORD,
My Soul, wake all thy Powers:
He calls, and at his Voice come forth
The ſmiling Harveſt Hours.

2 His Covenant with the Earth he keeps;
My Tongue his Goodneſs ſing:
Summer and Winter know their Time,
His Harveſt crowns the Spring.

3 Well-pleas'd the toiling Swains behold
The waving yellow Crop:
With Joy they bear the Sheaves away,
And ſow again in Hope.

4 Thus teach me gracious GOD, to ſow
The Seeds of Righteouſneſs:
Smile on my Soul, and with thy Beams
The ripening Harveſt bleſs.

5 Then in the laſt great Harveſt I,
Shall reap a glorious Crop:
The Harveſt ſhall by far exceed
What I have ſow'd in Hope.

DV. C. M.

Harveſt—or, *the accepted Time and Day of Salvation*, Prov. x. 5.

1 SEE how the little toiling Ant
Improves the Harveſt Hours:
While Summer laſts thro' all her Cells,
The choiceſt Grain ſhe pours.

2 While Life remains, our Harveſt laſts;
But Youth of Life's the Prime:
Beſt is this Seaſon for our Work,
And this th' accepted Time.

3 To-Day attend, is Wiſdom's Voice,
To-Morrow, Folly cries:
And ſtill To-Morrow 'tis, when O!
To-Day, the Sinner dies.

4 When Conſcience ſpeaks, its Voice regard,
And ſeize the tender Hour:
Humbly implore the promis'd Grace,
And GOD will give the Power.

DVI. C. M. STEELE.

Winter.

1 STERN Winter throws his icy Chains
Encircling Nature round:
How bleak, how comfortleſs the Plains,
Late with gay Verdure crown'd.

2 The Sun withdraws his vital Beams,
And Light and Warmth depart,
And drooping, lifeleſs Nature ſeems
An Emblem of my Heart.

3 My Heart, where mental Winter reigns
In Night's dark Mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold inactive Chains,
How deſolate and ſad!

4 Return, O bliſsful Sun, and bring
Thy Soul reviving Ray;
This mental Winter ſhall be Spring,
This Darkneſs cheerful Day.

5 O happy State, divine Abode,
Where Spring eternal reigns;
And perfect Day, the Smile of GOD,
Fills all the Heavenly Plains.

6 Great Source of Light thy Beams display,
My drooping Joys restore,
And guide me to the Seats of Day,
Where Winter frowns no more.

DVII. L. M. NEWTON.

Winter.

1 SEE, how rude Winter's icy Hand
Has stripp'd the Trees and seal'd the Ground,
But Spring shall soon his Rage withstand,
And spread new Beauties all around.

2 My Soul a sharper Winter mourns,
Barren and fruitless I remain;
When will the gentle Spring return,
And bid my Graces grow again?

3 JESUS, my glorious Sun, arise!
'Tis thine the frozen Heart to move;
O! hush these Storms, and clear my Skies,
And let me feel thy vital Love!

4 Dear LORD, regard my feeble Cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear;
Wilt thou permit thy Plant to die?
Must it be Winter all the Year?

5 Be still my Soul and wait his Hour,
With humble Prayer and patient Faith;
Till he reveals his gracious Power,
Repose on what his Promise saith.

6 He, by whose all-commanding Word,
Seasons their changing Course maintain;
In every Change a Pledge affords,
That none shall seek his Face in vain.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

DVIII. L. M.

The Seasons crowned with Goodness, Psalm. lxv. 11.

1 ETERNAL Source of every Joy!
Well may thy Praise our Lips employ,
While in thy Temple we appear
To hail thee, Sovereign of the Year.

2 Wide as the Wheels of Nature roll,
Thy Hand supports and guides the Whole:
The Sun is taught by thee to rise,
And Darkness when to veil the Skies.

3 The flowery Spring at thy Command,
Perfumes the Air and paints the Land;
The Summer Rays with Vigor shine
To raise the Corn and cheer the Vine.

4 Thy Hand, in Autumn, richly pours
Thro' all our Coasts redundant Stores;
And Winter, softened by thy Care,
No more the Face of Horror wears.

5 Seasons, and Months, and Weeks, and Days
Demand successive Songs of Praise;
And be the grateful Homage paid,
With Morning Light, and Evening Shade.

6 Here in thy House let Incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our Eyes,
Till to those lofty Heights we soar,
Where Days and Years revolve no more.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

DIX. ROBINSON.

Grateful Recollection—Ebenezer, 1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 COME, thou Fount of every Blessing,
Tune my Heart to sing thy Grace!

Streams of Mercy never ceaſing,
Call for Songs of loudeſt Praiſe:
Teach me ſome melodious Sonnet,
Sung by flaming Tongues above:
Praiſe the Mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of GOD's unchanging Love.

2 Here I raiſe my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy Help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good Pleaſure,
Safely to arrive at Home:
JESUS ſought me, when a Stranger
Wandering from the Fold of GOD;
He to ſave my Soul from Danger,
Interpos'd with precious Blood.

3 O! to Grace how great a Debtor,
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let that Grace, LORD, like a Fetter,
Bind my wandering Heart to thee!
Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it;
Prone to leave the GOD I love—
Here's my Heart, LORD, take and ſeal it,
Seal it from thy Courts above.

DX. L. M.

Help obtained of GOD, Acts xxvi. 22.
New Year's Day.

1 GREAT GOD, we ſing that mighty Hand,
By which ſupported ſtill we ſtand:
The opening Year thy Mercy ſhews;
Let Mercy crown it, till it cloſe.

2 By Day, by Night, at Home, Abroad,
Still are we guarded by our GOD;
By his inceſſant Bounty fed,
By his unerring Counſel led.

3 With grateful Hearts the Paſt we own;
The Future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian Care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy Feet.

4 In Scenes exalted or depreſs'd,
Be thou our Joy, and thou our Reſt:
Thy Goodneſs all our Hopes ſhall raiſe,
Ador'd thro' all our changing Days.

5 When Death ſhall interrupt theſe Songs,
And ſeal in Silence mortal Tongues,
Our Helper-GOD, in whom we truſt,
In better Worlds our Souls ſhall boaſt.

DXI. L. M. 8——.

The Barren Fig-Tree, Luke xiii. 6—9.

1 GOD of my Life, to thee belong
The thankful Heart, the grateful Song;
Touch'd by thy Love, each tuneful Chord,
Reſounds the Goodneſs of the LORD.

2 Thou haſt preſerv'd my fleeting Breath,
And chac'd the gloomy Shades of Death;
The venom'd Arrows vainly fly,
When GOD our great Deliverer's nigh.

3 Yet why, dear LORD, this tender Care?
Why does thy Hand ſo kindly rear
A uſeleſs Cumberer of the Ground,
On which no pleaſant Fruits are found?

4 Still may the barren Fig-Tree ſtand!
And, cultivated by thy Hand,
Verdure, and Bloom, and Fruit afford,
Meet Tribute to its bounteous LORD.

5 So ſhall thy Praiſe employ my Breath
Thro' Life, and in the Arms of Death,
My Soul the pleaſant Theme prolong,
Then riſe to aid th' angelic Song.

DXII. Sevens. FAWCETT.

A Birth-Day Hymn, Acts xxvi. 22.

1 I my *Ebenezer* raiſe
To my kind Redeemer's Praiſe;
With a grateful Heart I own,
Hitherto thy Help I've known.

2 What may be my future Lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This ſhould ſet my Heart at Reſt;
What thy Will ordains is beſt.

3 I my All to thee reſign;
Father, let thy Will be mine;
May but all thy Dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal Love.

4 Guard me, Savior, by thy Power,
Guard me in the trying Hour;
Let thy unremitted Care
Save me from the lurking Snare.

5 Let my few remaining Days
Be directed to thy Praiſe;
So the laſt, the cloſing Scene
Shall be tranquil and ſerene.

6 To thy Will I leave the Reſt,
Grant me but this one Requeſt,
Both in Life and Death to prove
Tokens of thy ſpecial Love.

DXIII. C. M.

A Wedding Hymn.

1 SINCE JESUS freely did appear
To grace a Marriage-Feaſt;
O LORD, we aſk thy Preſence here,
To make a Wedding-Gueſt.

2 Upon the bridal Pair look down,
Who now have plighted Hands,
Their Union with thy Favor crown,
And bleſs the nuptial Bands.

3 With Gifts of Grace their Hearts endow,
Of all rich Dowries beſt!
Their Subſtance bleſs, and Peace beſtow,
To ſweeten all the Reſt.

4 In pureſt Love their Souls unite,
That they, with Chriſtian Care
May make domeſtic Burdens light,
By taking mutual Share.

5 True Helpers may they prove indeed,
In Prayer, and Faith, and Hope;
And ſee with Joy a godly Seed
To build their Houſhold up.

6 As Iſaac and Rebecca give
A Pattern chaſte and kind;
So may this married Couple live,
And die in Friendſhip join'd.

7 On every Soul aſſembled here,
O make thy Face to ſhine;
Thy Goodneſs more our Hearts can cheer,
Than richeſt Food or Wine.

DXIV. L. M. NEWTON.

A Welcome to Chriſtian Friends.—At Meeting.

1 KINDRED in CHRIST, for his dear Sake,
A hearty Welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The Joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by Grace 'tis given,
To know the Savior's precious Name;
And ſhortly we ſhall meet in Heaven,
Our Hope, our Way, our End, the ſame.

3 May he, by whoſe kind Care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our Communications ſweet,
And cauſe our Hearts to burn with Love!

4 Forgotten be each worldly Theme,
When Chriſtians ſee each other thus;
We only wiſh to ſpeak of him,
Who liv'd, and dy'd and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did and ſaid,
And ſuffer'd for us here below;
The Path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the Moments paſs away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And haſten on the glorious Day,
When we ſhall meet to part no more.

DXV. L. M. Sevens.

At Parting.

1 FOR a Seaſon call'd to part,
Let us now Ourſelves commend
To the gracious Eye and Heart
Of our ever-preſent Friend.

1 JESUS, hear our humble Prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy Sheep!
Let thy Mercy and thy Care,
All our Souls in Safety keep.

2 In thy Strength may we be ſtrong,
Sweeten every Croſs and Pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
In thy Peace to meet again.

4 Then if thou thy Help afford,
Ebenezers ſhall be rear'd;
And our Souls ſhall praiſe the LORD,
Who our poor Petitions heard.

DXVI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Chriſtian Farewell, 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

1 THY Preſence, everlaſting GOD,
Wide o'er all Nature ſpreads abroad;
Thy watchful Eyes, which cannot ſleep,
In every Place thy Children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou doſt our Lives and Souls ſuſtain;
When abſent, happy if we ſhare
Thy Smiles, thy Counſels, and thy Care.

3 To thee we all our Ways commit,
And ſeek our Comforts near thy Seat;
Still on our Souls vouchſafe to ſhine,
And guard, and guide us ſtill as thine.

4 Give us, in thy beloved Houſe,
Again to pay our thankful Vows;
Or, if that Joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy Throne.

DXVII. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Early Piety, Matt. xii. 20.

1 HOW ſoft the Words my Savior ſpeaks!
How kind the Promiſes he makes!
A bruiſed Reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the ſmoking Flax.

2 The humble Poor he wont deſpiſe,
Nor on the contrite Sinner frown:
His Ear is open to their Cries,
And quickly ſends Salvation down.

3 When Piety in early Minds,
Like tender Buds, begins to ſhoot,
He guards the Plants from threatening Winds,
And ripens Bloſſoms into Fruit.

4 With humble Souls he bears a Part
In all the Sorrows they endure:
Tender and gracious is his Heart,
His Promiſe is for ever ſure.

5 He ſees the Struggles that prevail
Between the Powers of Grace and Sin:
He kindly liſtens while they tell
The bitter Pangs they feel within.

6 Tho' preſs'd with Fears on ev'ry Side,
They know not how the Strife may end;
Yet he will ſoon the Cauſe decide,
And Judgment unto Vict'ry ſend.

DXVIII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

The Encouragement young Perſons have to ſeek Christ, Prov. viii. 17.

1 YE Hearts with youthful Vigor warm,
In ſmiling Crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal Charm,
A Savior's Voice to hear.

2 He, LORD of all the Worlds on high,
Stoops to converſe with you;
And lays his radiant Glories by,
Your Friendſhip to purſue.

3 "The Soul, that longs to ſee my Face,
"Is ſure my Love to gain;
"And thoſe that early ſeek my Grace,
"Shall never ſeek in vain."

4 What Object, LORD, my Soul ſhould move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What Beauty ſhould command my Love,
Like what in CHRIST I ſee?

5 Away, ye falſe deluſive Toys,
Vain Tempters of the Mind!
'Tis here I fix my laſting Choice,
For here true Bliſs I find.

DXIX C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Seek firſt the Kingdom of GOD, Matt. vi. 33.

1 NOW let a true Ambition riſe,
And Ardor fire our Breaſts,
To reign in Worlds above the Skies,
In heavenly Glories dreſt.

2 Behold, Jehovah's royal Hand
A radiant Crown diſplay,
Whoſe Gems with vivid Luſtre ſhine,
While Stars and Suns decay.

3 Away each grovelling anxious Care,
Beneath a Chriſtian's Aim!
We ſpring to ſeize immortal Joys,
In our Redeemer's Name.

4 Ye Hearts, with youthful Vigor warm,
The glorious Prize purſue;
Nor fear the Want of earthly Good,
While Heaven is kept in View.

DXX. L. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons.

A lovely Youth falling ſhort of Heaven,
Mark x. 21.

1 MUST all the Charms of Nature then,
So hopeleſs to Salvation prove?
Can Hell demand, can Heaven condemn
The Man whom Jesus deigns to love?—

2 The Man, who ſought the Ways of Truth,
Paid Friends and Neighbours all their Due;
A modeſt, ſober, lovely Youth,
Who thought he wanted Nothing now?

3 But mark the Change: thus ſpake the Lord,
"Come part with Earth for Heaven To-day:"
The Youth aſtoniſh'd at the Word,
In ſilent Sadneſs went his Way.

4 Poor Virtues, that he boaſted ſo,
This Teſt unable to endure,
Let Christ, and Grace, and Glory go,
To make his Land and Money ſure!

5 Ah fooliſh Choice of Treaſures here!
Ah fatal Love of tempting Gold!
Muſt this baſe World be bought ſo dear!
And Life and Heaven ſo cheaply ſold!

6 In vain the Charms of Nature ſhine,
If this vile Paſſion governs me:
Transform my Soul, O Love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

DXXI. S. M. FAWCETT.

How shall a Young Man cleanse his Way?
Psalm cxix. 9.

1 WITH humble Heart and Tongue,
My GOD, to thee I pray;
O make me learn whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my Way.

2 Now in my early Days,
Teach me thy Will to know;
O GOD, thy sanctifying Grace
Betimes on me bestow.

3 Make an unguarded Youth,
The Object of thy Care;
Help me to choose the Way of Truth,
And fly from every Snare.

4 My Heart, to Folly prone,
Renew by Power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

5 O let thy Word of Grace
My warmest Thoughts employ;
Be this thro' all my following Days,
My Treasure, and my Joy.

6 To what thy Laws impart
Be my whole Soul inclin'd;
O let them dwell within my Heart,
And sanctify my Mind.

7 May thy young Servant learn,
By these to cleanse his Way;
And may I here the Path discern
That leads to endless Day.

LXXII. Chatham Tune. D. BRADBERY's, altered.

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL.—

The Importance of educating Youth.

Congregation.

1 NOW let our Hearts conſpire to raiſe
A cheerful Anthem to his Praiſe
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Let Muſic, ſweet as Incenſe, riſe,
With grateful Odors to the Skies,
The Work of Joy and Love.

Children.

2 Teach us to bow before thy Face;
Nor let our Hearts forget thy Grace,
Or ſlight thy Providence;
When loſt in Ignorance we lay,
To Vice and Death an eaſy Prey,
Thy Goodneſs ſnatch'd us thence.

Congregation.

3 O what a numerous Race we ſee,
In Ignorance and Miſery,
Unprincipled, untaught!
Shall they *continue* ſtill to lie
In Ignorance and Miſery?
We cannot bear the Thought.

Children.

4 Give, LORD, each liberal Soul to prove
The Joys of thine exhauſtleſs Love;
And while thy Praiſe we ſing,
May we the ſacred Scriptures know
And like the bleſſed JESUS grow,
That Earth and Heaven may ring.

Congregation.

5 We feel a ſympathiſing Heart,
LORD, 'tis a *Pleaſure* to impart,
To thee thine own we give:
Hear thou our Cry, and pitying ſee,
O let theſe Children live to thee,
O let theſe Children live.

DXXIII. C. M. J. STRAPHAN.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

1 BLEST is the Man whoſe Heart expands
At melting Pity's Call,
And the rich Bleſſings of whoſe Hands
Like heavenly Manna fall.

2 Mercy deſcending from above,
In ſofteſt Accents pleads;
O! may each tender Boſom move
When Mercy intercedes.

3 Be ours the Bliſs in Wiſdom's Way
To guide untutor'd Youth,
And lead the Mind that went aſtray
To Virtue and to Truth.

4 Children, our kind Protection claim,
And GOD will well approve,
When Infants learn to liſp his Name,
And their Creator love.

5 Delightful Work! young Souls to win,
And turn the riſing Race
From the deceitful Paths of Sin,
To ſeek redeeming Grace.

6 Almighty GOD, thy Influence ſhed
To aid this good Deſign:
The Honors of thy Name be ſpread,
And all the Glory thine.

DXXIV. C. M.

OLD AGE *approaching*; or, *Man frail and mortal.*

1 ETERNAL GOD! enthron'd on high!
Whom Angel-Hoſts adore;
Who yet to ſuppliant Duſt art nigh,
Thy Preſence I implore.

2 O guide me down the Steep of Age,
And keep my Paſſions cool:
Teach me to ſcan the ſacred Page,
And practice every Rule.

3 My flying Years Time urges on,
What's human muſt decay;
My Friends, my young Companions gone,
Can I expect to ſtay?

4 Can I Exemption plead, when Death
Projects his awful Dart?
Can Med'cines then prolong my Breath,
Or Virtue ſhield my Heart?

5 Ah! no—then ſmooth the mortal Hour,
On thee my Hope depends:
Support me with Almighty Power,
While Duſt to Duſt deſcends.

6 Then ſhall my Soul, O gracious GOD!
(While Angels join the Lay;)
Admitted to the bleſs'd Abode,
Its endleſs Anthems pay.

7 Thro' Heaven, howe'er remote the Bound,
Thy matchleſs Love proclaim,
And join the Choir of Saints that ſound
Their great Redeemer's Name.

FAST AND THANKSGIVING DAYS.

DXXV. C. M.

For a Public Faſt.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy Throne
Thy mourning People bend!
'Tis on thy ſovereign Grace alone,
Our humble Hopes depend.

2 Tremendous Judgments from thy Hand,
Thy dreadful Power diſplay;
Yet Mercy ſpares this guilty Land,
And ſtill we live to pray.

3 Great God, and why is *Britain* ſpar'd,
Ungrateful as we are!
O make thy awful Warnings heard,
While Mercy cries, "Forbear."

4 What numerous Crimes increaſing riſe,
Thro' this apoſtate Iſle!
What Land ſo favor'd of the Skies,
And yet what Land ſo vile?

5 How chang'd, alas! are Truths divine,
For Error, Guilt, and Shame!
What impious Numbers, bold in Sin,
Diſgrace the Chriſtian Name!

6 Regardleſs of thy Smile or Frown,
Their Pleaſures they require;
And ſink with gay Indifference down
To everlaſting Fire.

7 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy reſiſtleſs Grace;
Then ſhall our Hearts obey thy Word,
And humbly ſeek thy Face.

8 Then, ſhould inſulting Foes invade,
We ſhall not ſink in Fear;
Secure of never failing Aid,
If GOD, our GOD, is near.

DXXVI. C. M. S—

A Hymn for a Faſt-Day, Gen. xviii. 23—33.

1 WHEN Abram, full of ſacred Awe,
Before Jehovah ſtood,
And, with a humble fervent Prayer,
For guilty Sodom ſued

2 With what Succeſs, what wonderous Grace,
Was his Petition crown'd!
The LORD would ſpare if in the Place
Ten righteous Men were found.

3 And could a ſingle, holy Soul,
So rich a Boon obtain?
Great GOD, and ſhall a Nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 *Britain*, all guilty as ſhe is,
Her numerous Saints can boaſt,
And now their fervent Prayers aſcend,
And can thoſe Prayers be loſt?

5 Are not the Righteous dear to thee,
Now as in ancient Times?
Or does this ſinful Land exceed
Gomorrah in its Crimes?

6 Still are we thine, we bear thy Name,
Here yet is thine Abode;
Long has thy Preſence bleſs'd our Land,
Forſake us not, O GOD.

XXVII. L. M. STEELE.

On a Day of Prayer for Succeſs in War.

1 LORD, how ſhall wretched Sinners dare
Look up to thy divine Abode?
Or offer their imperfect Prayer
Before a juſt, a holy GOD?

2 Bright Terrors guard thy awful Seat,
And dazzling Glories veil thy Face:
Yet Mercy calls us to thy Feet,
Thy Throne is ſtill a Throne of Grace.

3 O may our Souls thy Grace adore,
May JESUS plead our humble Claim;
While thy Protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious Name.

4 With all the boaſted Pomp of War
In vain we dare the hoſtile Field;
In vain, unleſs the LORD be there;
Thy Arm alone is Britain's Shield.

5 Let paſt Experience of thy Care
Support our Hope, our Truſt invite!
Again attend our humble Prayer!
Again be Mercy thy Delight!

6 Our Arms ſucceed, our Councils guide,
Let thy right Hand our Cauſe maintain;
Till Wars deſtructive Rage ſubſide,
And Peace reſume her gentle Reign.

7 O when ſhall Time the Period bring
When raging War ſhall waſte no more;
When Peace ſhall ſtretch her balmy Wing
From Europe's Coaſt, to India's Shore?

When ſhall the Goſpel's healing Ray
(Kind Source of Amity divine!)
Spread o'er the World celeſtial Day?
When ſhall the Nations, LORD, be thine?

DXXVIII. L. M. PRESIDENT DAVIES.

National Judgments deprecated, and National Mercies pleaded, Amos iii. 1—6.

1 WHILE o'er our guilty Land, O LORD,
We view the Terrors of thy Sword;
Oh! whither ſhall the Helpleſs fly?
To whom but thee direct their Cry?

2 The helpleſs Sinner's Cries and Tears
Are grown familiar to thine Ears;
Oft has thy Mercy ſent Relief,
When all was Fear and hopeleſs Grief.

3 On thee our Guardian GOD, we call,
Before thy Throne of Grace we fall;
And is there no Deliverance there?
And muſt we periſh in Deſpair?

4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forſaken GOD we turn;
O ſpare our guilty Country, ſpare
The Church which thou haſt planted here.

5 We plead thy Grace, indulgent GOD;
We plead thy Son's atoning Blood;
We plead thy gracious Promiſes,
And are they unavailing Pleas?

6 Theſe Pleas, preſented at thy Throne,
Have brought ten Thouſand Bleſſings down
On guilty Lands in helpleſs Woe;
Let them prevail to ſave us too!

DXXIX. C. M.

Thanksgiving for Victory over our Enemies.

1 TO thee, who reign'ſt ſupreme above,
And reign'ſt ſupreme below,
Thou GOD of Wiſdom, Power, and Love,
We our Succeſſes owe.

2 The thundering Horſe, the martial Band
Without thine Aid were vain;
And Victory flies at thy Command
To crown the bright Campaign.

3 Thy mighty Arm, unſeen, was nigh,
When we our Foes aſſail'd;
'Tis thou haſt rais'd our Honors high,
And o'er their Hoſts prevail'd.

4 Their Mounds, their Camps, their lofty Towers
Into our Hands are given,
Not from Deſert or Strength of ours,
But thro' the Grace of Heaven.

5 What tho' no Columns lifted high
Stand deep inſcrib'd with Praiſe,
Yet ſounding Honors to the Sky,
Our grateful Tongues ſhall raiſe.

6 To our young Race will we proclaim,
The Mercies GOD has ſhown;
That they may learn to bleſs his Name,
And chooſe him for their own.

7 Thus, while we ſleep in ſilent Duſt,
When threatening Dangers come,
Their Father's GOD, ſhall be their Truſt,
Their Refuge and their Home.

DXXX. L. M. Beddome.

Peace prayed for.

1 ON Britain, long a favor'd Iſle,
Now overwhelm'd with Guilt and Shame,
Deign, mighty God, once more to Smile;
The ſame thy Power, thy Grace the ſame.

2 Let Peace deſcend with balmy Wing,
And all its Bleſſings round her ſhed;
Her Liberties be well ſecur'd,
And Commerce lift its fainting Head:

3 Let the loud Cannon ceaſe to roar,
The warlike Trump no longer ſound;
The Din of Arms be heard no more,
Nor human Blood pollute the Ground.

4 Let hoſtile Troops drop from their Hands,
The uſeleſs Sword, the glittering Spear;
And join in Friendſhip's ſacred Bands,
Nor one diſſentient Voice be there.

5 Thus ſave, O Lord, a ſinking Land,
Millions of Tongues ſhall then adore,
Reſound the Honors of thy Name,
And ſpread thy Praiſe from Shore to Shore.

DXXXI. L. M. Steele.

Praiſe for national Peace, Pſalm xlvi. 9.

1 GREAT Ruler of the Earth and Skies,
A Word of thy Almighty Breath
Can ſink the World, or bid it riſe:
Thy Smile is Life, thy Frown is Death.

2 When angry Nations ruſh to Arms,
And Rage, and Noiſe, and Tumult reign,
And War reſounds its dire Alarms,
And Slaughter ſpreads the hoſtile Plains.

3 Thy ſovereign Eye looks calmly down,
And marks their Courſe, and bounds their Pow'r;
Thy Word the angry Nations own,
And Noiſe and War are heard no more.

4 Then Peace returns with balmy Wing,
(Sweet Peace! with her what Bleſſings fled;
Glad Plenty laughs, the Vallies ſing,
Reviving Commerce lifts her Head.

5 Thou good, and wiſe, and righteous Lord,
All move ſubſervient to thy Will;
And Peace and War await thy Word,
And thy ſublime Decrees fulfil.

6 To thee we pay our grateful Songs,
Thy kind Protection ſtill implore;
O may our Hearts, and Lives, and Tongues,
Confeſs thy Goodneſs and adore.

DXXXII. L. M.

Thankſgiving for National Deliverance, and Improvement of it. Luke i. 74, 75.

1 PRAISE to the LORD, who bows his Ear
Propitious to his People's Prayer;
And, tho' Deliverance long delay,
Anſwers in his well-choſen Day.

2 Salvation doth to GOD belong;
His Power and Grace ſhall be our Song;
The Tribute of our Love we bring
To thee, our Savior, and our King!

3 Our Temples guarded from the Flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant Name;
And every peaceful private Home
To thee a Temple ſhall become.

4 Still be it our ſupreme Delight
To walk as in thy honor'd Sight;
Hence in thy Precepts and thy Fear,
'Till Life's laſt Hour to perſevere.

DXXXIII. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Delivering Goodneſs acknowledged, 2 Cor. i. 10.

A Song for the 5th. *of* November.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, whoſe mighty Hand
So oft reveal'd hath ſav'd our Land;
And, when united Nations roſe,
Hath ſham'd and ſcourg'd our haughtieſt Foes.

2 When mighty Natives from afar
To Britain wafted floating War,
His Breath diſpers'd them all with Eaſe,
And ſunk their Terrors in the Seas *.

While for our Princes they prepare
In Caverns deep a burning Snare;
He ſhot from Heav'n a piercing Ray,
And the dark Treachery brought to Day §.

4 Princes and Prieſts again combine
New Chains to forge, new Snares to twine;
Again our gracious God appears,
And breaks their Chains, and cuts their Snares.

Obedient Winds at his Command †
Convey his Hero to our Land;
The Sons of Rome with Terror view,
And ſpeed their Flight, when none purſue.

6 Such great Deliverance God hath wrought,
And down to us Salvation brought;
And ſtill the Care of Guardian-Heaven
Secures the Bliſs itſelf hath given.

* Spaniſh Armada, 1588. § Gun-Powder Plot. † King William, 1688.

7 In Thee we truſt, Almighty LORD,
Continu'd Reſcue to afford:
Still be thy powerful Arm made bare,
For all thy Servants Hopes are there.

DXXXIV. L. M. STEELE.

For the 5th of November.

1 TO thee, Almighty GOD, we bring
The humble Tribute of our Songs;
O teach our thankful Hearts to ſing!
Or Praiſe will languiſh on our Tongues.

2 While Britain (favor'd of the Skies)
Recalls the Wonders GOD hath wrought,
Let grateful Joy adoring riſe,
And warm to Rapture every Thought.

3 When Hell and Rome combin'd their Power,
And doom'd theſe Iſles their certain Prey;
Thy Hand forbade the fatal Hour,
Their impious Plots in Ruin lay.

4 Again our reſtleſs cruel Foes
Reſum'd, avow'd their black Deſign;
Again to ſave us GOD aroſe,
And Britain own'd the Hand divine.

5 Why, gracious GOD, is Britain ſav'd?
Why bleſs'd with Liberty and Light?
Nor by fell Tyranny enſlav'd
Nor loſt in Superſtition's Night?

6 Not for our Sake, we conſcious own;
A wretched, vile, ungrateful Race:
'Tis done to make thy Glory known;
To ſhew the Wonders of thy Grace.

7 The Wonders of thy Grace complete;
Reform this wretched guilty Land!
Let thankful Love, beneath thy Feet,
Confeſs thy kind, thy guardian Hand!

8 Let every Age adore thy Name,
While Nature's circling Wheels ſhall roll!
Thy Mercies every Tongue proclaim,
And ſound thy Praiſe from Pole to Pole.

DXXXV. L. M.

Deliverances, Num. xxiii. 23.

1 WHAT *hath* GOD *wrought!* might *Iſrael* ſay,
When *Jordan* roll'd its Tide away,
And gave a Paſſage to their Bands.
Safely to march acroſs its Sands.

2 *What hath* GOD *wrought!* might well be ſaid,
When JESUS, riſing from the Dead,
Scatter'd the Shades of *Pagan* Night,
And bleſs'd the Nations with his Light.

3 *What hath* GOD *wrought!* let *Britains* ſee,
Freed from the Plagues of *Popery*,
Its tenfold Night, its Iron Chains,
Its galling Yoke, its cruel Pains.

4 *What hath* GOD *wrought!* in glad Surpriſe,
Shall ſound thro' all the Earth and Skies,
When, like a Mill-Stone in the Main,
Proud *Rome* ſhall ſink, nor riſe again.

5 *What hath* GOD *wrought!* O bliſsful Theme!
Are we redeem'd, and call'd by him?
Shall we be led the Deſert thro'?—
And ſafe arrive at Glory too?—

6 The News ſhall every Harp employ
Fill every Tongue with rapturous Joy;
When ſhall we join the heavenly Throng,
To ſwell the Triumph and the Song!

DXXXVI. Chatham Tune.

Prayer for his Majeſty King GEORGE, *and the Royal Family.*

1 LORD, thou haſt bid thy People pray
For all that bear the ſovereign Sway,
And thy Vicegerents reign;
Rulers, and Governors, and Powers:
And lo! we humbly pray for ours;
Nor can we pray in vain.

2 JESUS, thy choſen Servant guard,
And every threatening Danger ward
From his anointed Head;
Bid all his Griefs and Troubles ceaſe,
Thro' Paths of Righteouſneſs and Peace
Our King, propitious lead.

3 Cover his Enemies with Shame,
Defeat their proud malicious Aim,
And make their Councils vain;
Preſerve him Providence divine,
And let the long illuſtrious Line,
To lateſt Ages reign.

4 Upon him *ſhower* thy Bleſſings down,
Crown him with Grace, with Glory crown,
And everlaſting Joys;
While Wealth, Proſperity and Peace,
Our Nation and our Churches bleſs,
And praiſe THE GLOBE employs.

SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

DXXXVII. C. M. STEELE.

Deſiring the Preſence of GOD *in Affliction.*

1 THOU only Centre of my Reſt,
Look down with pitying Eye,
While with protracted Pain oppreſt
I breathe the plaintive Sigh.

2 Thy gracious Preſence, O my GOD,
My every Wiſh contains,
With this, beneath Affliction's Load,
My Heart no more complains.

3 This can my every Care control,
Gild each dark Scene with Light;
This is the Sunſhine of the Soul,
Without it all is Night.

4 My LORD, my Life, O cheer my Heart
With thy reviving Ray,
And bid theſe mournful Shades depart,
And bring the Dawn of Day!

5 O happy Scenes of pure Delight!
Where thy full Beams impart
Unclouded Beauty to the Sight,
And Rapture to the Heart.

6 Her Part in thoſe fair Realms of Bliſs,
My Spirit longs to know;
My Wiſhes terminate in this,
Nor can they reſt below.

7 LORD, ſhall the Breathings of my Heart,
Aſpire in vain to thee?
Confirm my Hope, that where thou art,
I ſhall forever be.

8 Then ſhall my cheerful Spirit ſing
The darkſome Hours away,
And riſe on Faith's expanded Wing
To everlaſting Day.

DXXXVIII. C. M. Dr. Watt.

Complaint and Hope under great Pain.

1 LORD, I am pain'd; but I reſign
To thy ſuperior Will:
'Tis Grace, 'tis Wiſdom all divine,
Appoints the Pains I feel.

2 Dark are thy Ways of Providence,
While they who love thee groan:
Thy Reaſons lie conceal'd from Senſe,
Myſterious and unknown.

3 Yet Nature may have leave to ſpeak,
And plead before her God,
Leſt the o'erburden'd Heart ſhould break
Beneath thine heavy Rod.

4 Theſe mournful Groans and flowing Tears,
Give my poor Spirit Eaſe;
While every Groan my Father hears,
And every Tear he ſees.

5 [How ſhall I glorify my God
In Bonds of Grief confin'd?
Damp'd is my Vigor, while this Clod
Hangs heavy on my Mind.]

6 Is not ſome ſmiling Hour at Hand
With Peace upon its Wings?
Give it, O God, thy ſwift Command,
With all the Joys it brings.

DXXXIX. C. M. Leech.

For a Time of general Sickneſs.

1 DEATH, with his dread Commiſſion ſeal'd,
Now haſtens to his Arms;
In awful State he takes the Field,
And ſounds his dire Alarms.

2 Attendant Plagues around him ſtand,
And wait his dread Command;
And Pains, and dying Groans obey
The Signal of his Hand.

3 With cruel Force, he ſcatters round
His Shafts of deadly Power;
While the Grave waits its deſtin'd Prey,
Impatient to devour.

4 Look up, ye Heirs of endleſs Joy,
Nor let your Fears prevail;
Eternal Life is your Reward,
When Life on Earth ſhall fail.

5 What tho' his Darts, promiſcuous hurl'd,
Deal fatal Plagues around;
And Heaps of putrid Carcaſes
O'erload the cumber'd Ground;

6 The Arrows, that ſhall wound your Fleſh,
Were giv'n him from above,
Dipt in the great Redeemer's Blood,
And feather'd all with Love.

7 Theſe, with a gentle Hand, he throws,
And Saints lie gaſping too;
But heavenly Strength ſupports their Souls,
And bears them Conquerors thro'.

3 Joyful they ſtretch their Wings abroad,
And all in Triumph riſe
To the fair Palace of their GOD,
And Manſions in the Skies.

DXL. S. M. BEDDOME.

Submiſſion under Affliction.

1 DOST thou my Profit ſeek,
And chaſten as a Friend?
O GOD, I'll kiſs the ſmarting Rod,
There's Honey at the End.

2 Doſt thou thro' Death's dark Vale
Conduct to Heaven at laſt?
The future Good will make amends
For all the Evil paſt.

3 LORD, I would not repine
At Strokes in Mercy ſent;
If the Chaſtiſement comes in Love,
My Soul ſhall be content.

DXLI. L. M. W——.

Sickneſs and Recovery.

1 AWHILE remain'd the doubtful Strife,
Till JESUS gave me back my Life,
My Life?—my Soul, recall the Word,
'Tis Life to ſee thy gracious LORD.

2 Why inconvenient *now* to die?
Vile Unbelief, O tell me why?
When can it inconvenient be,
My loving LORD, to come to thee?

3 He ſaw me made the Sport of Hell,
He knew the Tempter's Malice well;
And when my Soul had all to fear,
Then did the glorious SUN appear!

4 O bleſs him!—bleſs, ye dying Saints,
The GOD of Grace, when Nature faints!
He ſhew'd my Fleſh the gaping Grave,
To ſhew me, he had Power to ſave.

DXLII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Praiſe for Recovery from Sickneſs, Pſ. cxviii. 18, 19.

1 SOVEREIGN of Life, I own thy Hand
In every chaſtening Stroke;
And, while I ſmart beneath thy Rod,
Thy Preſence I invoke.

2 To thee in my Diſtreſs I cried,
And thou haſt bow'd thine Ear;
Thy powerful Word my Life prolong'd,
And brought Salvation near.

3 Unfold, ye Gates of Righteouſneſs,
That, with the pious Throng,
I may record my ſolemn Vows,
And tune my grateful Song.

4 Praiſe to the LORD, whoſe gentle Hand
Renews our laboring Breath:
Praiſe to the LORD, who makes his Saints
Triumphant e'en in Death.

5 My GOD, in thine appointed Hour
Thoſe heavenly Gates diſplay,
Where Pain and Sin, and Fear and Death
For ever flee away.

6 There, while the Nations of the Bleſs'd
With Raptures bow around,
My Anthems to delivering Grace,
In ſweeter Strains ſhall ſound.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

DXLIII. L. M. STEELE.

The Shortneſs of Time and Frailty of Man, Pſ. xxxix.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my Frame,
Teach me the Meaſure of my Days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And ſpend the Remnant to thy Praiſe.

2 My Days are ſhorter than a Span,
A little Point my Life appears;
How frail at beſt is dying Man!
How vain are all his Hopes and Fears.

3 Vain his Ambition, Noiſe, and Show!
Vain are the Cares which rack his Mind!
He heaps up Treaſures mix'd with Woe;
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler Portion mine:
My GOD, I bow before thy Throne,
Earth's fleeting Treaſures I reſign,
And fix my Hope on thee alone.

DXLIV. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Wiſdom of redeeming Time, Eph. v. 15. 16.

1 GOD of Eternity, from thee
Did Infant-Time his Being draw;
Moments and Days, and Months and Years,
Revolve by thine unvaried Law.

2 Silent and ſlow they glide away;
Steady and ſtrong the Current flows,
Loſt in Eternity's wild Sea,
The boundleſs Gulf, from whence it roſe.

3 With it the thoughtleſs Sons of Men
Before the rapid Streams are borne
On to that everlaſting Home,
Where not one Soul can e'er return.

4 Yet while the Shore on either Side
Preſents a gaudy flattering Shew,
We gaze, in fond Amuſement loſt,
Nor think to what a World we go.

5 Great Source of Wiſdom, teach my Heart
To know the Price of every Hour;
That Time may bear me on to Joys
Beyond its Meaſure, and its Power.

DXLV. Sevens. RYLAND, Junior.

The Saint happy in being entirely at the Diſpoſal of his GOD.—*My Times are in thy Hand,*
Pſalm xxxi. 15. xxxiv. 1.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the Skies,
Ever gracious, ever wiſe;
All my Times are in thy Hand,
All Events at thy Command.

2 His Decree, who form'd the Earth,
Fix'd my firſt and ſecond Birth:
Parents, Native-Place, and Time,
All appointed were by him.

3 He that form'd me in the Womb
He ſhall guide me to the Tomb:
All my Times ſhall ever be
Order'd by his wiſe Decree.

4 Times of Sickneſs, Times of Health;
Times of Penury and Wealth:
Times of Trial and of Grief;
Times of Triumph and Relief.

5 Times the Tempter's Power to prove:
Times to taſte a Savior's Love:
All muſt come, and laſt, and end,
As ſhall pleaſe my heavenly Friend.

6 Plagues and Deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die:
Not a ſingle Shaft can hit
Till the GOD of Love ſees fit.

7 O thou gracious, wiſe, and juſt,
In thy Hands my Life I truſt:
Have I Somewhat dearer ſtill?
I reſign it to thy Will.

8 May I always own thy Hand—
Still to the Surrender ſtand:
Know that thou art GOD alone,
I and mine are all thy own.

9 Thee, at all Times, will I bleſs;
Having thee, I all poſſeſs:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee.

DXLVI. C. M. STEELE.

Time and Eternity; or, *longing after unſeen Pleaſures*, 2 Cor. iv. 18.

1 HOW long ſhall Earth's alluring Toys
Detain our Hearts and Eyes,
Regardleſs of immortal Joys,
And Strangers to the Skies?

2 Theſe tranſient Scenes will ſoon decay,
They fade upon the Sight;
And quickly will their brighteſt Day
Be loſt in endleſs Night.

3 Their brighteſt Day, alas, how vain!
With conſcious Sighs we own;
While Clouds of Sorrow, Care, and Pain,
O'erſhade the ſmiling Noon.

4 O could our Thoughts and Wiſhes fly
Above theſe gloomy Shades,
To thoſe bright Worlds beyond the Sky,
Which Sorrow ne'er invades.

5 There Joys unſeen by mortal Eyes,
Or Reaſon's feeble Ray,
In ever blooming Proſpects riſe,
Unconſcious of Decay.

6 LORD, ſend a Beam of Light divine,
To guide our upward Aim!
With one reviving Touch of thine,
Our languid Hearts inflame.

7 Then ſhall, on Faith's ſublimeſt Wing,
Our ardent Wiſhes riſe
To thoſe bright Scenes, where Pleaſures ſpring
Immortal in the Skies.

DXLVII. S. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Divine Mercies in conſtant Succeſſion, Lam. iii 22, 23.

1 HOW various and how new,
Are thy Compaſſions, LORD!
Each Morning ſhall thy Mercy ſhew,
Each Night thy Truth record.

2 Thy Goodneſs, like the Sun,
Dawn'd on our early Days,
E'er Infant-Reaſon had begun
To form our Lips to Praiſe.

3 Each Object we beheld
Gave Pleaſure to our Eyes;
And Nature all our Senſes held
In Bands of ſweet Surpriſe.

4 But Pleaſures more refin'd
Awaited that bleſs'd Day
When Light aroſe upon our Mind,
And chas'd our Sins away.

5 How new thy Mercies then!
How ſovereign and how free!
Our Souls that had been dead in Sin,
Were made alive to thee.

PAUSE.

6 Now we expect a Day
Still brighter far than this,
When Death ſhall bear our Souls away
To Realms of Light and Bliſs.

7 There rapturous Scenes of Joy
Shall burſt upon our Sight:
And every Pain, and Tear, and Sigh,
Be drown'd in endleſs Night.

8 Beneath thy balmy Wing,
O Sun of Righteouſneſs,
Our happy Souls ſhall ſit and
The Wonders of thy Grace.

9 Nor ſhall that radiant Day
So joyfully begun,
In Evening Shadows die away,
Beneath the ſetting Sun.

10 How various and how new
Are thy Compaſſions, LORD!
Eternity thy Love ſhall ſhew,
And all thy Truth record.

DXLVIII. L. M.

Eternity joyful, and tremendous.

1 ETERNITY is juſt at Hand;
And ſhall I waſte my ebbing Sand,
And careleſs view departing Day,
And throw my Inch of Time away?

2 Eternity, tremendous Sound!
To guilty Souls a dreadful Wound;
But O! if CHRIST and Heaven be mine,
How ſweet the Accents! how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only Care,
My high Purſuit, my ardent Prayer,
An Intereſt in the Savior's Blood,
My Pardon ſeal'd and Peace with GOD.

4 But ſhould my brighteſt Hopes be vain,
The riſing Doubt, how ſharp its Pain!
My Fears, O gracious GOD, remove,
Confirm my Title to thy Love.

5 Search, LORD, O ſearch my inmoſt Heart,
And Light, and Hope, and Joy impart;
From Guilt and Error ſet me free,
And guide me ſafe to Heaven and thee.

DXLIX. Chatham Tune.

A Prayer for Serioufneſs, in Proſpect of Eternity.

1 THOU GOD of glorious Majeſty!
To thee, againſt myſelf, to thee,
A ſinful Worm, I cry:
An half awaken'd Child of Man,
An Heir of endleſs Bliſs or Pain,
A Sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow Neck of Land,
'Twixt two unbounded Seas I ſtand,
Yet how inſenſible!
A Point of Time, a Moment's Space,
Removes me to that heavenly Place,
Or ſhuts me up in Hell!

3 O GOD, my inmoſt Soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful Heart
Eternal Things impreſs;
Give me to feel their ſolemn Weight,
And ſave me ere it be too late,
Wake me to Righteouſneſs.

4 Before me place in bright Array,
The Pomp of that tremendous Day,
When thou with Clouds ſhalt come
To judge the Nations at thy Bar:
And tell me, LORD, ſhall I be there
To meet a joyful Doom?

5 Be this my one great Buſ'neſs here,
With holy Trembling, holy Fear,
To make my Calling ſure!
Thine utmoſt Counſel to fulfil,
And ſuffer all thy righteous Will,
And to the End endure!

6 Then, Savior, then my Soul receive,
Tranſported from this Vale to live
And reign with thee above;
Where Faith is ſweetly loſt in Sight,
And Hope in full ſupreme Delight,
And everlaſting Love.

DEATH.

DL. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

Death and Eternity.

1 MY Thoughts that often mount the Skies,
Go, ſearch the World beneath,
Where Nature all in Ruin lies,
And owns her Sovereign, Death.

2 The Tyrant how he triumphs here*!
His Trophies ſpread around!
And Heaps of Duſt and Bones appear
Thro' all the hollow Ground.

3 Theſe Skulls, what ghaſtly Figures now!
How loathſome to the Eyes!
Theſe are the Heads we lately knew
So beauteous and ſo wiſe.

4 But where the Souls, thoſe deathleſs Things,
That left their dying Clay?
My Thoughts now ſtretch out all your Wings,
And trace Eternity.

5 O that unfathomable Sea!
Thoſe Deeps without a Shore!
Where living Waters gently play,
Or fiery Billows roar.

6 There we ſhall ſwim in heavenly Bliſs,
Or ſink in flaming Waves,
While the pale Carcaſe thoughtleſs lies
Among the ſilent Graves.

* Bunhill-Fields.

7 "Prepare us, LORD, for thy Right-Hand,
"Then come the joyful Day,
"Come, Death, and ſome celeſtial Band,
"To bear our Souls away."

DLI. As the 148th. TOPLADY's Collection.

The Midnight Cry, Matt. xxv. 6.

1 YE virgin Souls, ariſe,
With all the Dead awake,
Unto Salvation wiſe,
Oil in your Veſſels take:
Upſtarting at the Midnight-Cry,
Behold your heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The Nations to his Bar,
And take to Glory all
Who meet for Glory are;
Make ready for your free Reward,
Go forth with Joy to meet your LORD—

3 Go, meet him in the Sky,
Your everlaſting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his Saints aſcend.
Ye pure in Heart, obtain the Grace
To ſee, without a Veil, his Face.

4 Ye, that have here receiv'd
The Unction from above,
And in his Spirit liv'd,
And thirſted for his Love;
JESUS ſhall claim you for his Bride;
Rejoice with all the ſanctify'd.

5 Rejoice, in glorious Hope,
Of that great Day unknown,
When you ſhall be caught up
To ſtand before his Throne;
Call'd to partake the Marriage-Feaſt,
And lean on our Immanuel's Breaſt.

6 The everlaſting Doors
Shall ſoon the Saints receive,
Above thoſe Angel-Powers
In glorious Joy to live;
Far from a World of Grief and Sin,
With GOD eternally ſhut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The Trumpet's welcome Sound;
To ſee our LORD appear,
May we be watching found!
With that bleſs'd Wedding-Robe endu'd,—
The Blood and Righteouſneſs of GOD.

DLII. C. M.

Victory over Death thro' CHRIST, 1 Cor. xv. 57.

1 WHEN Death appears before my Sight
In all his dire Array,
Unequal to the dreadful Fight,
My Courage dies away.

2 But ſee my glorious Leader nigh!
My LORD, my Savior lives;
Before him Death's pale Terrors fly,
And my faint Heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling Throne above,
He met the Tyrant's Dart,
And (O, amazing Power of Love;)
Receiv'd it in his Heart.

4 No more, O grim Deſtroyer, boaſt
Thy univerſal Sway;
To Heaven-born Souls thy Sting is loſt,
Thy Night, the Gates of Day.

5 LORD, I commit my Soul to thee,
Accept the ſacred Truſt,
Receive this nobler Part of me,
And watch my ſleeping Duſt:

6 Till that illuſtrious Morning come,
When all thy Saints ſhall riſe,
And cloath'd in full immortal Blood,
Attend thee to the Skies.

7 When thy triumphant Armies ſing
The Honors of thy Name,
And Heaven's eternal Arches ring,
With Glory to the Lamb;

8 O let me join the raptur'd Lays,
And with the bliſsful Throng,
Reſound Salvation, Power, and Praiſe,
In everlaſting Song.

DLIII. C. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC.

The welcome Meſſenger.

1 LORD, when we ſee a Saint of thine,
Lie gaſping out his Breath,
With longing Eyes, and Looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in Death;

2 How we could e'en contend to lay
Our Limbs upon that Bed,
We aſk thine Envoy to convey,
Our Spirits in his Stead.

3 Our Souls are riſing on the Wing,
To venture in his Place;
For when grim Death has loſt his Sting,
He has an Angel's Face.

4 JESUS, then purge my Crimes away,
'Tis Guilt creates my Fears;
'Tis Guilt gives Death its fierce Array,
And all the Arms it bears.

5 Oh! if my threatening Sins were gone,
And Death had loſt his Sting,
I could invite the Angel on,
And chide his lazy Wing,

6 Away theſe interpoſing Days,
And let the Lovers meet;
The Angel has a cold Embrace,
But kind, and ſoft, and ſweet.

7 I'd leap at once my ſeventy Years,
I'd ruſh into his Arms,
And loſe my Breath, and all my Cares,
Amid thoſe heavenly Charms.

8 Joyful I'd lay this Body down,
And leave the lifeleſs Clay,
Without a Sigh, without a Groan,
And ſtretch and ſoar away.

DLIV. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Deſiring to depart and be with CHRIST, *Phil.* i. 23.

1 WHILE on the Verge of Life I ſtand,
And view the Scene on either Hand,
My Spirit ſtruggles with my Clay,
And longs to wing its Flight away.

2 Where JESUS dwells my Soul would be;
And faints my much-lov'd LORD to ſee;
Earth, twine no more about my Heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic Envoys, come,
And lead the willing Pilgrim Home?
Ye know the Way to JESUS' Throne,
Source of my Joys, and of your own.

4 That bliſsful Interview, how ſweet!
To fall tranſported at his Feet!
Rais'd in his Arms, to view his Face,
Thro' the full Beamings of his Grace!

5 As with a *Seraph's* Voice to ſing!
To fly as on a *Cherub's* Wing!
Performing with unweary'd Hands,
The preſent Savior's high Commands.

6 Yet, with theſe Proſpects full in Sight,
We'll wait thy Signal for the Flight;
For while thy Service we purſue,
We find a Heaven in all we do.

DLV. C. M. DR. WATTS'S LYRIC.

The Preſence of GOD *worth dying for*; or, *the Death of Moſes*, Gen. xxxii. 49, 50. xxxiv. 5.

1 LORD, 'tis an infinite Delight
To ſee thy lovely Face,
To dwell whole Ages in thy Sight,
And feel thy vital Rays.

2 This *Gabriel* knows, and ſings thy Name
With Rapture on his Tongue;
Moſes the Saint enjoys the ſame,
And Heaven repeats the Song.

3 While the bright Nation ſounds thy Praiſe
From each eternal Hill,
Sweet Odors of exhaling Grace
The happy Region fill.

4 Thy Love, a Sea without a Shore,
Spreads Life and Joy abroad;
O 'tis a Heaven worth dying for,
To ſee a ſmiling GOD!

5 Sweet was the Journey to the Sky,
The wonderous Prophet try'd;
"Climb up the Mount," ſays GOD, "and die,"
The Prophet climb'd and died.

6 Softly his fainting Head he lay,
Upon his Maker's Breaſt,
His Maker kiſs'd his Soul away,
And laid his Fleſh to Reſt.

7 Shew me thy Face, and I'll away,
From all inferior Things;
Speak, LORD, and here I quit my Clay,
And ſtretch my airy Wings.

DLVI. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Children dying in their Infancy, in the Arms of JESUS, Matt. xix. 14.

1 THY Life I read, my deareſt LORD,
With Tranſport all divine;
Thine Image trace in every Word,
Thy Love in every Line.

2 Methinks I ſee a thouſand Charms,
Spread o'er thy lovely Face,
While Infants in thy tender Arms
Receive the ſmiling Grace.

3 "I take theſe little Lambs," ſaid he,
"And lay them in my Breaſt;
"Protection they ſhall find in me,
"In me be ever bleſt.

4 "Death may the Bands of Life unloose,
"But can't diſſolve my Love:
"Millions of Infant-Souls compoſe
"The Family above.

5 Their feeble Frames my Pow'r ſhall raiſe,
"And mould with heav'nly Skill:
"I'll give them Tongues to ſing my Praiſe,
"And Hands to do my Will."

6 His Words the happy Parents hear,
And ſhout with Joys divine,
Dear SAVIOR, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

DLVII. C. M. STEELE.

At the Funeral of a young Perſon.

1 WHEN blooming Youth is ſnatch'd away
By Death's reſiſtleſs Hand,
Our Hearts the mournful Tribute pay,
Which Pity muſt demand.

2 While Pity prompts the riſing Sigh,
O may this Truth, impreſt
With awful Power,—I too muſt die,—
Sink deep in every Breaſt.

3 Let this vain World engage no more;
Behold the gaping Tomb!
It bids us ſeize the preſent Hour,
To-morrow Death may come.

4 The Voice of this alarming Scene
May every Heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly Warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to JESUS fly,
Whoſe powerful Arm can ſave;
Then ſhall our Hopes aſcend on high;
And triumph o'er the Grave.

6 Great GOD, thy ſovereign Grace impart,
With cleanſing, healing Power;
This only can prepare the Heart
For Death's ſurpriſing Hour.

DLVIII. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Comfort for pious Parents, who have been bereaved of their Children, Iſaiah lvi. 4, 5.

1 YE mourning Saints, whoſe ſtreaming Tears
Flow o'er your Children dead,
Say not in Tranſports of Deſpair,
That all your Hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling Duſt,
In fond Diſtreſs ye lie
Riſe, and with Joy and Reverence view
A heavenly Parent nigh.

3 Tho', your young Branches torn away,
Like wither'd Trunks ye ſtand,
With fairer Verdure ſhall ye bloom,
Touch'd by th' Almighty's Hand.

4 "I'll give the Mourner," ſaith the LORD,
"In my own Houſe a Place;
"No Names of Daughters and of Sons
"Could yield ſo high a Grace.

5 "Tranſient and vain is every Hope
"A riſing Race can give;
"In endleſs Honor and Delight
"My Children all ſhall live."

6 We welcome, LORD, thoſe riſing Tears,
Thro' which thy Face we ſee,
And bleſs thoſe Wounds, which thro' our Hearts
Prepare a Way for thee.

DLIX. L. M. FAWCETT.

The Death of the Sinner and the Saint.

1 WHAT Scenes of Horror and of Dread,
Await the Sinner's dying Bed!
Death's Terrors all appear in Sight,
Preſages of eternal Night.

2 His Sins in dreadful Order riſe,
And fill his Soul with ſad Surpriſe;
Mount *Sinai*'s Thunder ſtuns his Ears,
And not one Ray of Hope appears.

3 Tormenting Pangs diſtract his Breaſt,
Where'er he turns, he finds no Reſt;
Death ſtrikes the Blow, he groans and cries,
And, in Deſpair and Horror, dies.

4 Not ſo the Heir of heavenly Bliſs;
His Soul is fill'd with conſcious Peace;
A ſteady Faith ſubdues his Fear;
He ſees the happy *Canaan* near.

5 His Mind is tranquil and ſerene,
No Terrors in his Looks are ſeen;
His Savior's Smile diſpels the Gloom,
And ſmooths his Paſſage to the Tomb.

6 LORD, make my Faith and Love ſincere,
My Judgment ſound, my Conſcience clear;
And when the Toils of Life are paſt,
May I be found in Peace at laſt.

DLX. As the 104th.

On the Death of a Believer.

1 'TIS finiſh'd, 'tis done! the Spirit is fled,
Our Brother is gone, the Chriſtian is dead;
The Chriſtian is living in JESUS's Love,
And gladly receiving a Kingdom above.

2 All Honor and Praiſe, are JESUS's due;
Supported by Grace, he fought his Way thro':
Triumphantly glorious, thro' JESUS's Zeal,
And more than victorious o'er Sin, Death, and Hell.

3 Then let us record the conquering Name,
Our Captain and Lord, with Shoutings proclaim:
Who truſt in his Paſſion, and follow their Head,
To certain Salvation, ſhall ſurely be led.

4 O JESUS, lead on thy militant Care,
And give us the Crown of Righteouſneſs there;
Where dazzled with Glory, the Seraphim gaze,
Or proſtrate adore thee in Silence of Praiſe.

5 Within us diſplay thy Love, when we die,
And bear us away to Manſions on high:
The Kingdom be given, of Glory divine,
And crown us in Heaven eternally thine.

DLXI. S. M. TOPLADY's COLLECTION.

Preparation for Death, Matt. xxiv. 44.

1 PREPARE me, gracious GOD,
To ſtand before thy Face;
Thy Spirit muſt the Work perform,
For it is all of Grace.

2 In CHRIST's Obedience clothe,
And waſh me in his Blood:
So ſhall I lift my Head with Joy,
Among the Sons of GOD.

3 Do thou my Sins ſubdue,
Thy ſovereign Love make known;
The Spirit of my Mind renew,
And ſave me in thy Son.

4 Let me atteſt thy Power,
Let me thy Goodneſs prove,
Till my full Soul can hold no more
Of everlaſting Love.

DLXII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Departed Saints aſleep. Mark v. 39. 1 Theſs. iv. 13.

1 "WHY flow theſe Torrents of Diſtreſs?"
(The gentle Savior cries)
"Why are my ſleeping Saints ſurvey'd
"With unbelieving Eyes?

2 "Death's feeble Arm ſhall never boaſt,
"A Friend of Christ is ſlain;
"Nor o'er their meaner Part in Duſt
"A laſting Power retain.

3 "I come, on Wings of Love I come,
"The Slumberers to awake;
"My Voice ſhall reach the deepeſt Tomb,
"And all its Bonds ſhall break.

4 "Touch'd by my Hand, in Smiles they riſe;
"They riſe to ſleep no more;
"But rob'd with Light, and crown'd with Joy,
"To endleſs Day they ſoar."

5 Jesus, our Faith receives thy Word;
And, tho' fond Nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious Dead,
And emulate their Sleep.

6 Our willing Souls thy Summons wait
With them to reſt and praiſe;
So let thy much-lov'd Preſence cheer
Theſe ſeparating Days.

DLXIII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Submiſſion under bereaving Providences,
Pſalm xlvi. 10.

1 PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's Hand
That blaſts our Joys in Death;
Changes the Viſage once ſo dear,
And gathers back the Breath.

2 'Tis he, the Potentate ſupreme
Of all the Worlds above,
Whoſe ſteady Counſels wiſely rule,
Nor from their Purpoſe move.

3 'Tis he, whoſe Juſtice might demand
Our Souls a Sacrifice;
Yet ſcatters, with unwearied Hand,
A thouſand rich Supplies.

4 Our Covenant God and Father he,
In Christ our bleeding Lord;
Whoſe Grace can heal the burſting Heart
With one reviving Word.

5 Fair Garlands of immortal Bliſs
He weaves for every Brow,
And ſhall rebellious Paſſions riſe,
When he corrects us now?

6 Silent we own Jehovah's Name,
We kiſs the ſcourging Hand;
And yield our Comforts and our Life
To thy ſupreme Command.

DLXIV. L. M. S—.

Satisfaction in GOD *under the Loſs of dear Friends.*

1 THE GOD of Love will ſure indulge
The flowing Tear, the heaving Sigh,
When righteous Perſons fall around,
When tender Friends and Kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murmuring Thought
Should with our mourning Paſſions blend;
Nor would our bleeding Hearts forget
Th' Almighty ever-living Friend.

3 Beneath a numerous Train of Ills,
Our feeble Fleſh and Heart may fail;
Yet ſhall our Hope in thee our GOD,
O'er every gloomy Fear prevail.

4 Parent and Huſband, Guard and Guide,
Thou art each tender Name in one;
On thee we caſt our every Care,
And Comfort ſeek from thee alone.

5 Our Father GOD, to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend;
And, on thy Covenant-Love and Truth,
Our ſinking Souls ſhall ſtill depend.

DLXV. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

Death and Judgment appointed to all, Heb. ix. 27.

1 HEAVEN has confirm'd the great Decree,
That *Adam*'s Race muſt die:
One general Ruin ſweeps them down,
And low in Duſt they lie.

2 Ye living Men, the Tomb ſurvey,
Where you muſt quickly dwell;
Hark how the awful Summons ſounds
In every Funeral Knell!

3 Once you muſt die, and once for all
The ſolemn Purport weigh;
For know, that Heaven or Hell attend
On that important Day.

4 Thoſe Eyes, ſo long in Darkneſs veil'd,
Muſt wake, the Judge to ſee,
And every Word, and every Thought
Muſt paſs his Scrutiny.

5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Savior and my Friend,
And far beyond the Reach of Death
With all his Saints aſcend.

DLXVI. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Comfort under the Loſs of Miniſters.

1 NOW let our drooping Hearts revive,
And all our Tears be dry;
Why ſhould thoſe Eyes be drown'd in Grief,
Which view a Savior nigh?

2 What tho' the Arm of conquering Death
Does God's own Houſe invade?
What tho' the Prophet and the Prieſt
Be number'd with the Dead?

3 Tho' earthly Shepherds dwell in Duſt
The Aged and the Young,
The watchful Eye in Darkneſs clos'd,
And mute th' inſtructive Tongue:

4 Th' eternal Shepherd ſtill ſurvives
New Comfort to impart;
His Eye ſtill guides us, and his Voice
Still animates our Heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you," ſaith the LORD,
"My Church ſhall ſafe abide;
"For I will ne'er forſake my Own,
"Whoſe Souls in me confide."

6 Thro' every Scene of Life and Death,
This Promiſe is our Truſt;
And this ſhall be our Children's Song,
When we are cold in Duſt.

DLXVII. Helmſley Tune.

The Grave; or, CHRIST *a Guide thro' Death to Glory.*

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim thro' this barren Land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful Hand;
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the cryſtal Fountain,
Whence the healing Streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy Pillar
Lead me all my Journey thro':
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou ſtill my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the Verge of *Jordan*,
Bid my anxious Fears ſubſide;
Death of Deaths, and Hell's Deſtruction,
Land me ſafe on *Canaan*'s Side.
Songs of Praiſes,
I will ever give to thee.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

DLXVIII. C. M.

The Bodies of the Saints quickened and raiſed by the Spirit, Rom. viii. 11.

1 WHY ſhould our mourning Thoughts (delight
To grovel in the Duſt?
Or why ſhould Streams of Tears unite
Around th' expiring Juſt?

2 Did not the LORD our Savior die,
And triumph o'er the Grave?
Did not our LORD aſcend on high,
And prove his Power to ſave?

3 Doth not the ſacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the Saints?
And ſhould the Temples of his Grace
Reſound with long Complaints?

4 Awake, my Soul, and like the Sun
Burſt thro' each ſable Cloud;
And thou, my Voice, tho' broke with Sighs,
Tune forth thy Songs aloud.

5 The Spirit rais'd my Savior up,
When he had bled for me;
And ſpite of Death and Hell ſhall raiſe
Thy pious Friends and thee.

6 Awake, ye Saints, that dwell in Duſt,
Your Hymns of Victory ſing;
And let his dying Servants truſt
Their ever-living King.

DLXIX. C. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric.

A Proſpect of the Reſurrection.

1 HOW long ſhall Death the Tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the Juſt;
While the rich Blood of Martyrs ſlain
Lies mingled with the Duſt?

2 Lo, I behold the ſcatter'd Shades,
The Dawn of Heaven appears;
The ſweet immortal Morning ſpreads
Its Bluſhes round the Spheres.

3 I ſee the Lord of Glory come,
And flaming Guards around;
The Skies divide to make him Room,
The Trumpet ſhakes the Ground.

4 I hear the Voice, "*Ye Dead ariſe!*"
And lo the Graves obey;
And waking Saints with joyful Eyes
Salute th' expected Day.

5 They leave the Duſt, and on the Wing
Riſe to the Midway-Air,
In ſhining Garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

6 O may our humble Spirits ſtand
Among them cloath'd in White!
The meaneſt Place at his Right Hand
Is infinite Delight.

7 How will our Joy and Wonder riſe,
When our returning King,
Shall bear us homeward thro' the Skies,
On Love's triumphant Wing!

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

DLXX. L. M. President Davies.

Sinners and Saints in the Wreck of Nature,
Iſaiah xxiv. 18—20.

1 HOW great, how terrible that God,
Who ſhakes Creation with his Nod!
He frowns—Earth, Sea, all Nature's Frame,
Sink in one univerſal Flame.

2 Where now, O where ſhall Sinners ſeek
For Shelter in the general Wreck?
Shall falling Rocks be o'er them thrown?
See Rocks, like Snow, diſſolving down.

3 In vain for Mercy now they cry;
In Lakes of liquid Fire they lie;
There on the flaming Billows toſt,
For ever—O for ever loſt.

4 But Saints, undaunted and ſerene
Your Eyes ſhall view the dreadful Scene;
Your Savior lives, the Worlds expire,
And Earth, and Skies diſſolve in Fire.

5 JESUS, the helpleſs Creature's Friend,
To thee my All, I dare commend:
Thou canſt preſerve my feeble Soul,
When Lightnings blaze from Pole to Pole.

DLXXI. L. M.

The Books opened, Rev. xx. 12.

1 METHINKS the laſt great Day is come,
Methinks I hear the Trumpet ſound:
That ſhakes the Earth, rends every Tomb,
And wakes the Priſoners under Ground.

2 The mighty Deep gives up her Truſt,
Aw'd by the Judge's high Command;
The Small and Great now quit their Duſt,
And round the dread Tribunal ſtand.

3 Behold the awful Books diſplay'd,
Big with th' important Fates of Men;
Each Deed and Word now public made,
As wrote by Heaven's unerring Pen.

4 To every Soul, the Books aſſign
The joyous or the dread Reward:
Sinners in vain lament and pine,
No Pleas the Judge will here regard.

5 LORD, when theſe awful Leaves unfold,
May Life's fair Book my Soul approve:
There may I read my Name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming Love.

DLXXII. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The final Sentence and Miſery of the Wicked,
Matt. xxv. 41.

1 AND will the Judge deſcend;
And muſt the Dead ariſe?
And not a ſingle Soul eſcape
His All-diſcerning Eyes?

2 And from his righteous Lips,
Shall this dread Sentence ſound;
And, thro' the numerous guilty Throng,
Spread black Deſpair around?

3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
"To everlaſting Flame,
"For Rebel Angels firſt prepar'd,
"Where Mercy never came."

How will my Heart endure
The Terrors of that Day:
When Earth and Heaven, before his Face,
Aſtoniſh'd ſhrink away?

5 But e'er that Trumpet ſhakes
The Manſions of the Dead;
Hark, from the Goſpel's cheering Sound,
What joyful Tidings ſpread!

6 Ye Sinners, ſeek his Grace,
Whoſe Wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the Shelter of his Croſs,
And find Salvation there.

7 So ſhall that Curſe remove,
By which the Savior bled;
And the laſt awful Day ſhall pour
His Bleſſings on your Head.

DLXXIII. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

The Final Sentence, and Happineſs of the Righteous.
Matt. xxv. 34.

1 ATTEND my Ear, my Heart rejoice,
While Jesus from his Throne,
Before the bright angelic Hoſts,
Makes his laſt Sentence known.

2 When Sinners, curſed from his Face,
To raging Flames are driven;
His Voice, with Melody divine,
Thus calls his Saints to Heaven,

3 "Bleſs'd of my Father, all draw near;
"Receive the great Reward;
"And riſe, with Raptures to poſſeſs
"The Kingdom Love prepar'd.

4 "E'er Earth's Foundations firſt were laid,
"His ſovereign Purpoſe wrought,
"And rear'd thoſe Palaces divine,
"To which you now are brought.

5 "There ſhall you reign unnumber'd Years,
"Protected by my Power;
"While Sin and Death, and Pains and Cares,
"Shall vex your Souls no more."

DLXXIV. L. M. DR. WATTS's LYRIC.

Come, LORD JESUS.

1 WHEN ſhall thy lovely Face be ſeen?
When ſhall our Eyes behold our GOD?
What Lengths of Diſtance lie between,
And Hills of Guilt? A heavy Load!

2 Our Months are Ages of Delay,
And ſlowly every Minute wears:
Fly, winged Time, and roll away
Theſe tedious Rounds of ſluggiſh Years.

3 Ye heavenly Gates, looſe all your Chains,
Let the eternal Pillars bow;
Bleſt SAVIOR, cleave the ſtarry Plains,
And make the cryſtal Mountains flow.

4 Hark, how thy Saints unite their Cries,
And pray and wait the general Doom:
Come, thou, THE SOUL OF ALL OUR JOYS,
Thou, THE DESIRE OF NATIONS, come.

5 Put thy bright Robes of Triumph on,
And bleſs our Eyes, and bleſs our Ears,
Thou abſent LOVE, thou dear UNKNOWN,
Thou FAIREST OF TEN THOUSAND FAIRS.

6 Come, dear majeſtic Savior, come,
This Jubilee proclaim;
And teach us Language fit to praiſe
So great, ſo dear a Name.

DLXXV. Helmſley Tune.

Lo he cometh.

1 LO! He cometh, countleſs Trumpets
Blow to raiſe the ſleeping Dead;
Midſt ten Thouſand Saints and Angels
See their great exalted Head.
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome Son of GOD.

2 Now his Merit, by the Harpers,
Thro' th' eternal Deep reſounds;
Now reſplendent ſhine his Nail-Prints,
Every Eye ſhall ſee his Wounds:
They who pierc'd him
Shall at his Appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful Expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear:
Truth and Juſtice go before him,
Now the joyful Sentence hear.
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome Judge divine.

4 "Come ye Bleſſed of my Father,
"Enter into Life and Joy;
"Baniſh all your Fears and Sorrows,
"Endleſs Praiſe be your Employ."
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome to the Skies.

5 Now at once they riſe to Glory,
JESUS brings them to the King;
There, with all the Hoſts of Heaven,
They eternal Anthems ſing.
Hallelujah,
Boundleſs Glory to the Lamb.

DLXXVI.

Judgment, Rev. i. 7. Chap vi. 14.—17. Chap. xxii. 17, 20, 21.

1 LO! he comes with Clouds deſcending,
Once for favor'd Sinners ſlain!
Thouſand thouſand Saints attending,
Swell the Triumph of his Train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Every Eye ſhall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful Majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at Nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Meſſiah ſee.

3 Every Iſland, Sea, and Mountain,
Heaven and Earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate him muſt confounded
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day;
Come to Judgment!
Come to Judgment! come away!

4 Now Redemption long expected,
See! in ſolemn Pomp appear!
All his Saints, by Man rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the Air!
Hallelujah!
See the Day of GOD appear!

5 Anſwer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Haſten, LORD, the general Doom!
The new Heaven and Earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining Exiles Home:
All Creation
Travails! Groans! and bids thee come!

6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted Throne!
Savior, take the Power and Glory:
Claim the Kingdoms for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, LORD, come!

DLXXVII. NEWTON.

The Day of Judgment.

1 DAY of Judgment, Day of Wonders!
Hark, the Trumpet's awful Sound,
Louder than a thouſand Thunders,
Shakes the vaſt Creation round!
How the Summons
Will the Sinner's Heart confound!

2 See the Judge our Nature wearing,
Cloth'd in Majeſty divine!
You who long for his Appearing,
Then ſhall ſay this GOD is mine!
Gracious Savior,
Own me in that Day for thine!

3 At his Call, the Dead awaken,
Riſe to Life from Earth and Sea:
All the Powers of Nature ſhaken
By his Looks prepare to flee:
Careleſs Sinner,
What will then become of thee!

4 Horrors paſt Imagination,
Will ſurpriſe your trembling Heart,
When you hear your Condemnation,
"Hence, accurſed Wretch, depart!
"Thou with Satan
"And his Angels, have thy Part!"

5 But to thoſe who have confeſſed,
Lov'd and ſerv'd the LORD below;
He will ſay, "Come near, ye Bleſſed,
"See the Kingdom I beſtow:
"You for ever
"Shall my Love and Glory know."

6 Under Sorrows and Reproaches,
May this Thought our Courage raiſe!
Swiftly GOD's great Day approaches
Sighs ſhall then be chang'd to Praiſe:
We ſhall triumph
When the World is in a Blaze.

DLXXVIII. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

The laſt Judgment.

1 HE comes! he comes! to judge the World,
Aloud th' Archangel cries:
While Thunders roll from Pole to Pole,
And Light'nings cleave the Skies.

2 Th' affrighted Nations hear the Sound,
And upward lift their Eyes:
The ſlumb'ring Tenants of the Ground
In living Armies riſe.

3 Amid the Shouts of numerous Friends,
Of Hoſts divinely bright,
The Judge in ſolemn Pomp deſcends,
Array'd in Robes of Light.

4 His Head and Hairs are white as Snow,
His Eyes a fiery Flame,
A radiant Crown adorns his Brow,
And JESUS is his Name.

5 Writ on his Thigh his Name appears,
And Scars his Vict'ries tell:
Lo! in his Hand the Conqu'ror bears
The Keys of Death and Hell.

6 So he aſcends the Judgment-Seat,
And at his dread Command,
Myriads of Creatures round his Feet
In ſolemn Silence ſtand.

7 Princes and Peaſants here expect
Their laſt, their righteous Doom;
The Men who dar'd his Grace reject,
And they who dar'd preſume.

8 "Depart, ye Sons of Vice and Sin,"
The injur'd JESUS cries,
While the long-kindling Wrath within
Flaſhes from both his Eyes.

9 And now in Words divinely ſweet,
With Rapture in his Face,
Aloud his ſacred Lips repeat
The Sentence of his Grace:

10 "Well done my good and faithful Sons,
"The Children of my Love;
"Receive the Scepters Crowns and Thrones
"Prepar'd for you above."

DLXXIX. Chatham Tune.

Longing for a Place at the Right Hand of the Judge.

1 WHEN thou my righteous Judge ſhalt come
To fetch thy ranſom'd People Home,
Shall I among them ſtand?
Shall ſuch a worthleſs Worm as I,
Who ſometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy Right Hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious Feet to bow
Tho' vileſt of them all;
But can I bear the piercing Thought?
What if my Name ſhould be left out,
When thou for them ſhalt call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy Grace;
Be thou, dear LORD, my hiding Place,
In this th' accepted Day:
Thy pardoning Voice, O let me hear,
To ſtill my unbelieving Fear;
Nor let me fall I pray.

4 Let me among thy Saints be found,
When e'er th' Archangels Trump ſhall ſound,
To ſee thy ſmiling Face;
Then loudeſt of the Crowd I'll ſing,
While Heaven's reſounding Manſions ring
With Shouts of ſovereign Grace.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

DLXXX. C. M. RYLAND, Junior.

Hell, the Sinner's own Place, *Acts* i. 25.

1 LORD, when I read the Traitor's Doom,
To "his own Place" conſign'd,
What holy Fear and humble Hope
Alternate fill my Mind!

2 Traitor to thee I too have been,
But ſav'd by matchleſs Grace,
Or elſe the loweſt, hotteſt Hell
Had ſurely been my Place.

3 Thither I was by Law adjudg'd,
And thitherward ruſh'd on;
And there in my eternal Doom
Thy Juſtice might have ſhone.

4 But lo! (what wonderous matchleſs Love!)
I call a Place my own
On Earth, within the Goſpel Sound
And at thy gracious Throne.

5 A Place is mine among thy Saints,
A Place at JESU's Feet,
And I expect in Heaven a Place
Where Saints and Angels meet.

6 Bleſt Lamb of GOD, thy ſovereign Grace
To all around I'd tell,
Which made a Place in Glory mine
Whoſe juſt Deſert was Hell.

DLXXXI. L. M.

1 SINNER, O why ſo thoughtleſs grown?
Why in ſuch dreadful Haſte to die?
Daring to leap to Worlds unknown,
Heedleſs againſt thy GOD to fly?

2 Wilt thou deſpiſe eternal Fate,
Urg'd on by Sin's fantaſtic Dreams,
Madly attempt th' infernal Gate,
And force thy Paſſage to the Flames?

3 Stay, Sinner, on the Goſpel Plain
Behold the GOD of Love unfold
The Glories of his dying Pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

DLXXXII. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Rich Man and Lazarus, Luke xvi. 25.

1 IN what Confuſion Earth appears!
GOD's deareſt Children bath'd in Tears;
While they, who Heaven itſelf deride,
Riot in Luxury and Pride.

2 But patient let my Soul attend,
And, ere I cenſure, view the End:
That End, how different, who can tell?
The wide Extremes of Heaven and Hell.

3 See the red Flames around him twine,
Who did in Gold and Purple ſhine!
Nor can his Tongue one Drop obtain
T' allay the ſcorching of his Pain.

4 While round the Saint, ſo poor below,
Full Rivers of Salvation flow;
On *Abram*'s Breaſt he leans his Head,
And banquets on celeſtial Bread.

5 JESUS, my Savior, let me ſhare
The meaneſt of thy Servants Fare;
May I at laſt approach to taſte
The Bleſſings of thy Marriage-Feaſt.

DLXXXIII. C. M. STEELE

The Joys of Heaven.

1 COME LORD, and warm each languid Heart,
Inſpire each lifeleſs Tongue;
And let the Joys of Heaven impart
Their Influence to our Song.

2 Sorrow, and Pain, and every Care,
And Diſcord there ſhall ceaſe;
And perfect Joy, and Love ſincere
Adorn the Realms of Peace.

3 The Soul, from Sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its Power no more;
But, cloath'd in ſpotleſs Purity,
Redeeming Love adore.

4 There on a Throne, (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Savior ſhines;
And beams ineffable Delight
On all the heavenly Minds.

5 There ſhall the Followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal Songs;
And endleſs Honors to his Name
Employ their tuneful Tongues.

6 LORD tune our Hearts to Praiſe and Love,
Our feeble Notes inſpire;
Till, in thy bliſsful Courts above,
We join th' angelic Choir.

DLXXXIV. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

The promised Land.

1 ON Jordan's ſtormy Banks I ſtand,
And caſt a wiſhful Eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy Land,
Where my Poſſeſſions lie.

2 O the tranſporting rapturous Scene,
That riſes to my Sight!
Sweet Fields array'd in living green,
And Rivers of Delight!

3 There generous Fruits that never fail,
On Trees immortal grow:
There Rocks and Hills, and Brooks and Vales,
With Milk and Honey flow.

4 All o'er thoſe wide extended Plains
Shines one eternal Day:
There GOD the Sun for ever reigns,
And ſcatters Night away.

5 No chilling Winds, or poiſonous Breath,
Can reach that healthful Shore:
Sickneſs, and Sorrow, Pain, and Death
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When ſhall I reach that happy Place,
And be for ever bleſt?
When ſhall I ſee my Father's Face,
And in his Boſom reſt?

7 Fill'd with Delight, my raptur'd Soul
Can here no longer ſtay:
Tho' Jordan's Waves around me roll,
Fearleſs I'd launch away.

DLXXXV. As the Old 50th. J. STRAPHAN.

Heaven.

1 ON Wings of Faith, mount up my Soul and riſe,
View thine Inheritance beyond the Skies:
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can tell,
What endleſs Pleaſures in thoſe Manſions dwell:
Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er Sin and Death and Hell, he reigns victorious.

2 No gnawing Grief, no ſad Heart-rending Pain,
In that bleſt Country can Admiſſion gain;
No Sorrow there, no Soul-tormenting Fear,
For GOD's own Hand ſhall wipe the falling Tear.
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

3 Before the Throne a cryſtal River glides,
Immortal Verdure decks its cheerful Sides:
Here the fair Tree of Life majeſtic rears
Its blooming Head and ſovereign Virtue bears.
Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

4 No riſing Sun his needleſs Beams diſplays,
No fickly Moon emits her feeble Rays:
The Godhead here celeſtial Glory ſheds,
Th' exalted Lamb eternal Radiance ſpreads.
Here our Redeemer, &c.

5 One diſtant Glimpſe my eager Paſſion fires!
JESUS, to thee my longing Soul aſpires!
When ſhall I at my heavenly Home arrive,
When leave this Earth, and when begin to live?
For here my Savior is all bright and glorious,
O'er Sin and Death and Hell, he reigns victorious.

DLXXXVI. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Happineſs approaching! Rom. xiii. 11.

1 AWAKE, ye Saints, and raiſe your Eyes,
And raiſe your Voices high;
Awake, and praiſe that ſovereign Love,
That ſhews Salvation nigh.

2 On all the Wings of Time it flies,
Each Moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining Day!
And each revolving Year!

3 Not many Years their Round ſhall run,
Nor many Mornings riſe,
E'er all its Glories ſtand reveal'd
To our admiring Eyes.

4 Ye Wheels of Nature, ſpeed your Courſe;
Ye mortal Powers, decay;
Faſt as ye bring the Night of Death,
Ye bring eternal Day.

DLXXXVII. L. M. Steele.

The Worſhip of Heaven, John xvii. 24.

1 O For a ſweet, inſpiring Ray,
To animate our feeble Strains,
From the bright Realms of endleſs Day,
The bliſsful Realms, where Jesus reigns!

2 There, low before his glorious Throne,
Adoring Saints and Angels fall;
And with delightful Worſhip own
His Smile their Bliſs, their Heaven, their All.

3 Immortal Glories crown his Head,
While tuneful Hallelujahs riſe,
And Love, and Joy, and Triumph ſpread
Thro' all th' Aſſemblies of the Skies.

4 He ſmiles, and Seraphs tune their Songs
To boundleſs Rapture while they gaze;
Ten thouſand thouſand joyful Tongues
Reſound his everlaſting Praiſe.

5 There all the Favorites of the Lamb
Shall join at laſt the heavenly Choir;
O may the Joy-inſpiring Theme
Awake our Faith and warm Deſire!

6 Dear Savior, let thy Spirit ſeal
Our Intereſt in that bliſsful Place;
Till Death remove this mortal Veil,
And we behold thy lovely Face.

DLXXXVIII. C. M.

The everlaſting Song.

1 EARTH has engroſs'd my Love too long;
'Tis Time I lift mine Eyes
Upward, dear FATHER, to thy Throne,
And to my native Skies.

2 There the bleſt MAN my Savior ſits;
The GOD how bright he ſhines!
And ſcatters infinite Delights
On all the happy Minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated Strains,
Circle the Throne around;
And move, and charm the ſtarry Plains
With an immortal Sound.

4 JESUS, the LORD, their Harps employs;
JESUS, my Love, they ſing:
JESUS, the Life of both our Joys,
Sounds ſweet from every String.

5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow Bounds
Of Time and Space they run;
And echo in majeſtic Sounds
The Godhead of the SON!

6 And now they ſink the lofty Tune,
And gentler Notes they play;
And bring the FATHER'S EQUAL down
To dwell in humble Clay.

7 O ſacred Beauties of the MAN!
(The GOD reſides within:)
His Fleſh all pure, without a Stain;
His Soul without a Sin:

8 But, when to *Calvary* they turn,
Silent their Harps abide:
Suſpended Songs, a Moment, mourn
The GOD that lov'd and dy'd.

9 Then, all at once, to living Strains
They ſummon every Chord:
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his Pains,
And chant the riſing LORD.]

10 Now let me mount, and join their Song,
And be an Angel too:
My Heart, my Hand, my Ear, my Tongue,
Here's joyful Work for you.

11 I would begin the Muſic here,
And ſo my Soul ſhould riſe:
O for ſome heavenly Notes to bear
My Paſſions to the Skies!

12 There ye, that love my SAVIOR, ſit:
There I would fain have Place,
Among your Thrones, or at your Feet,
So I might ſee his Face.

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